

34

57



Scrap Book

72-77a-P.F.M.

#34

People II -
Women,
Colored,
Artists

18

e
t
e
h
t
f
t
h
t
f
t
t
-
r
p-
ny
nd
els
a-
e
s
-
e
il
-
of
en
ed
n-
t
s
n
r
r
e
g
es
n
e
n
g
t

34

17

People

2

Women
Colored
Artists



Always a Welcome Visitor to Nantucket.

"Augustino Dondero is visiting Nantucket this week."

Memory carries us back thirty-odd years, when the visit of the "scissors grinder" was a yearly event of great interest to the young folks. The genial, smiling face of the Italian was always welcome, as it is today, for he was fond of children and always had a penny for each child. It was entrancing to gather about his outfit and watch the sparks fly from the emery wheel as he sharpened the family scissors and knives, and when he was through there was always a couple of cookies or a piece of pie waiting for him—not in payment for his labors, but because everybody liked Augustino Dondero and delighted to have him call at the back door with his outfit slung over his shoulder and hear his "Any scissors to sharpen today, madam?"

Time has certainly dealt kindly with Augustino. He looks the same today as he did thirty years ago. True, he may have aged in the passing years—if so, he does not show it, either in face, form or voice—and he always receives and extends the same hearty greeting when he comes to Nantucket. Only twice in all these years has he missed coming—not as a summer visitor—usually after the "season" is over, when there are none but the Nantucket folk he has known so many years to greet him. And last week he was reported on the Cape,

bound this way. Today he is here and many an assortment of family scissors and knives are waiting his attention, too. Augustino has a fine memory—he knows his customers and his genial "Howdy!" will be heard from North Shore to Newtown before he departs.

Plying his humble calling these many years, peddling his emery wheel hour after hour and day after day, year after year, has brought to Augustino Dondero not only excellent health and a long life, but it has endowed him with enough worldly goods for one to say in perfect confidence that he is "well fixed," and he continues his vocation not so much from necessity as from choice. Endowed with a shrewdness which has stood by him well, he has made profitable investments and can look any man in the face with pride.

Born in Italy, Augustino B. Dondero received an excellent education in his own country and at the age of nineteen was teaching school in Genoa, also being appointed "town clerk" by the Italian government. He came to the United States in 1870 and has had his headquarters in Boston for forty-eight years. For twenty-eight years he served as a notary public, his present residential address being at 3 Stillman Place, Boston. He has been "on the road" as a scissors-grinder about forty years and has found the life both pleasant and profitable, making thousands of friends and acquaintances and finding a hearty welcome awaiting him wherever he goes.

Capt. Parker J. Hall, the "Lone Skipper."

From the New Bedford Standard.

Captain Parker J. Hall, known all along the Atlantic coast as the "lone navigator," brought his schooner into port here to escape being entrapped by a storm that was sweeping up the coast. To the surprise of the sailormen of the port, Captain Hall had with him a sailor, "his man Friday" the men along the waterfront jokingly called him, but Captain Hall's explanation of the presence of a sailor aboard his schooner satisfied his friends and acquaintances that the veteran navigator had lost none of his skill or daring in managing vessels single-handed, even during the wintry season along the dangerous North Atlantic coast.

The schooner, formerly the Nellie Dorr, is now named George R. Smith, and Captain Hall is sole owner, manager and skipper. The sailor who was making the trip with Captain Hall may or may not be on the schooner on the return trip; it all depends upon how Captain Hall feels about the matter when he discharges his cargo at a Connecticut port.

Captain Hall prefers to sail alone and for over a dozen years he has been knocking about along the coast single-handed, in one schooner or another, picking out the best weather to run from port to port, or anchorage grounds, and making a delivery of the cargo just as soon as convenient.

Captain Hall seldom before had any assistance in his work along the coast except what his wife gave him. In the summer season he generally had his wife for company and she assisted him in handling the schooner. Captain Hall often declared that sailormen, and women, too, were more of a bother aboard ship than a help. He relates a story of a trip over Nantucket shoals several years ago when a sailor was aboard to help run the schooner Angler, since wrecked.

"It was a clear night," said Captain Hall, "and when we were about two miles from the Cross Rip lightship, I gave the wheel to the sailor and told him to keep the schooner headed for the ship. Well, he did just as I told him, and before I knew it the old schooner, bowling along at a good rate of speed before a southwester, ran right into the lightship and nearly sank our vessel.

I have found that I can't depend upon anyone to handle my vessel just as I would like to have her run, and for that reason, principally, I don't have anyone with me. I take my time along the coast, and as the cargoes that I carry are not perishable, it don't make much difference whether I make the run in quick time or not.

I am my own boss and that is worth a good deal, and while many people wonder how I ever manage to handle a schooner of over 125 tons and nearly 100 feet overall, I don't have any trouble at all.

Of course I have to stand all the watches, and sometimes I don't get much sleep while running along the coast, but there is always so much time that my schooner is in port that I have never suffered from the loss of sleep.

The George R. Smith is 89 feet overall, is 136 gross tons, has a breadth of twenty-five feet and is of eight feet draught.

Of course the schooner is not of modern construction, as she was built in 1867, but she was built in a honest manner and is still in fairly good condition and, barring accidents, will likely last for many years. The sailormen along the coast all say that Captain Hall is a wonderful man in many ways. He has muscles of steel and the way that he handles his vessels single-handed they state is remarkable. Often he has been caught on the shoals or along the coast by storms, but he has never failed to bring his vessel safely into port.

At Nantucket Captain Hall is familiarly known and in years past he used to plan to take a cargo of coal to that island and after it was discharged would tie his vessel to one of the old wharves there and get frozen in for the winter. "Coal is good cargo to carry in the winter," Captain Hall stated, "for then if I get held up along the coast I am always sure of having plenty of fuel and can keep warm."

Captain Hall has been a navigator since he was a boy and he is familiar with every point and place along the coast. He hails from Duxbury and what little time he spends ashore lives in that place.

Since the Cape Cod canal has been in operation, Captain Hall finds that he can do considerable more business than formerly; he can now avoid going around Cape Cod in the winter and instead of tying up his schooner during the wintry season, as he often did, he now intends to keep everlastingly at his business, taking a sailor with him when he thinks best, or going single-handed.

FEBRUARY 12, 1916

Death of Hiram Reed.

The passing of Hiram Reed on Saturday last removed a character long familiar to the people of Nantucket—a man who was respected and highly esteemed by all who knew him. The aged negro had lived a long and eventful life. Born a slave in the family of Mrs. Harriet Reed of St. Louis, he first saw the light of day in a little log cabin on the banks of the Mississippi, May 4, 1830. Shortly after his birth his "Missus" married Thomas L. Snead of St. Louis, and it was in this gentleman's family that he lived until he came to Nantucket.

Hiram was an indoor servant—that is, he tended the front door of the family mansion, waited on table and acted as valet for his master. He declared that he was never mistreated, always had plenty to eat and lived as a slave quite comfortably.

In the year 1860 he was rented out to a steamboat company plying on the Mississippi, and it was while working on the old J. C. Swan, one of the fastest boats on the river at that time, that Hiram gained his freedom. One of the Union boats seized the vessel, and Reed, together with all the other



THE LATE HIRAM REED.
Photo by Boyer.

slaves, was taken to St. Louis, where he was set free by a "Deed of Manumission." This document, which he carefully preserved to his dying day, reads as follows:

Deed of Manumission.

Whereas, Thomas L. Snead, of the City and County of St. Louis, State of Missouri, has been taking active part with the enemies of the United States in the present insurrectionary movement against the government of the United States, now therefore, I, John Charles Fremont, Major-General commanding the western department of the army of the United States, by authority of law and the power vested in me as such commanding general, declare Hiram Reed, heretofore held to "service or labor" by said Thomas L. Snead, to be free and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude, giving him full right and authority to have, use and control his own labor or service as to him may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said Thomas L. Snead or anyone, to claim, by, through or under him. And this deed of manumission shall be respected and treated by all persons and in all courts of justice as the full and complete evidence of the freedom of said Hiram Reed.

In testimony whereof this act is done at headquarters of the western department of the army of the United States, in the City of St. Louis, State of Missouri, on this twelfth day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and sixty-one, as is evidenced by the Departmental Seal hereto affixed by my order.

J. C. Fremont,
Maj.-Gen'l Commanding.

The pass issued to Hiram Reed by the provost-marshal at this time reads:

Office of Provost Marshal,
St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 16th, 1861.
Permission is granted to Hiram Reed (colored) to pass beyond the limits of the city and county of St. Louis to go to Chicago.

J. McKinstry,
Major U. S. A., Provost Marshal.
Issued by E. H. Tunnick.

Description of Person.
Name, Hiram Reed; age, 19; height, 5 feet 3 inches; color of eyes, black; color of hair, black; peculiarities, colored.

It is understood that the within-named and subscriber accepts this pass on his word of honor that he is and will be ever loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be death.

his
Hiram X Reed.
mark

Witness E. Hayward.

The originals of these two documents were read at the convention of the Bristol County G. A. R. Association, in Nantucket, in July, 1908, and the scene enacted as the aged negro tottered to the front of the stage and received the ovation from the four hundred persons gathered in the hall was one never to be forgotten.

After he was "freed," the California Rangers took charge of Hiram and one of their number, Joseph Palmer, who was going to Nantucket, offered to take him along with him, which he did. Upon his arrival here Reed settled down on the island and shortly after joined the Company I, of 5th Massachusetts regiment, under Col. Henry H. Russell, and went into the cavalry. He fought all through the war and was in at the fall of Richmond.

Returning to Nantucket at the close of the war, he married and engaged in business as a teamster, which calling he followed up to about ten years ago, when failing health and increasing years compelled him to retire to his little home on Pleasant street, where he died on Saturday, at the ripe age of eighty-one years.

Funeral services were held at his late residence, Monday afternoon, under the auspices of Thomas M. Gardner Post, No. 207, G. A. R., of which the deceased was a member, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. P. B. Covell, of the Baptist church.

Card of Thanks.

I DESIRE to extend my sincere and heartfelt thanks to those who, in one way and another, extended to my beloved wife and myself kindness and courtesy, both during her illness and after her decease. May the great giver of all good richly reward you, one and all, for the kindnesses bestowed.

It SAMPRON D. POMPEY.

OBITUARY.

WESLEY BERRY, an elderly colored man, died on Friday, 20th inst., at the age of 77 years. He came to Nantucket from New Jersey, and his early life was spent upon the sea. Subsequently he kept a sailor boarding-house. During the height of the anti-slavery excitement, he took an active part in behalf of his race, and was an ardent laborer in the question of admitting colored children to the public schools. His later years have been spent in farming in a small way.

Machine Which Picks Cranberries by Horse-power.

Cranberry growers throughout New England are greatly interested in an invention recently perfected by Horace B. Maglathlin, president of the Nantucket Cranberry Company, which has for several weeks been in practical operation on the Nantucket bog. The invention is propelled by horse-power, and picks the cranberries from the vines in a method similar to that of a mowing-machine—picking them many times quicker than can be done by the most expert hand-picker, picking them cleaner than can be done by scoops, and doing the work of a number of laborers far more satisfactorily in every way and at less expense. This "horse-picker" is something that cranberry growers have long had visions of, but it was Mr. Maglathlin, one of the best-known cranberry men in the country, who finally invented it, and he has demonstrated that the invention is an unqualified success.



HORACE B. MAGLATHLIN.

Those who have seen it in operation on the Nantucket Cranberry Company's bogs are loud in praise of the work it does, for it will pick from five to ten acres of cranberry bog every pleasant day.

This is not Mr. Maglathlin's first successful invention, by any means, as there are several inventions of his which are in use every day in the year in practically every tack factory in the world. One of his inventions is known as the "positive clearer" and enables the tack makers to run their machines at a very high speed and at the same time ensures them of obtaining a perfect tack every time.

APR. 28, 1883

2

Mrs. Lucy Cooper—The Slave Who Died in Her 110th Year.

Last year saw the passing of the island's oldest resident—Mrs. Lydia B. Cushman—at the age of 103. At the time it was generally supposed that she was the only person in Nantucket's history ever to attain more than one hundred years.

This week, however, it was discovered that sixty years ago there lived on the island a woman who was 110 years old. She was Mrs. Lucy Cooper, who died on Feb. 3, 1866, in her 110th year.

Mrs. Cooper was a colored woman, the wife of the Rev. Arthur Cooper, who was well-known for years as the minister of the "Zion Church" on Upper York street. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cooper had extraordinary experiences before they found a haven on the island, safe from Southern slave owners.

Mrs. Cooper was stolen from her home on the African coast when a girl of 18. She was brought to a plantation in South Carolina, where she became one of those slaves known as field hands. It was a rice plantation and the youngster was put to work with the older hands, clearing swamps, hauling brush and digging ditches.

A year after her arrival in this country, the Revolution broke out. Her obituary records that she had a wonderful memory and could recall many stirring events of the war in the south, especially in the vicinity of the plantation.

In 1811, she was sold to a man in Newport, Rhode Island, being then in her 54th year. Here she first heard the gospel preached by a Rev. Mr. Webb, and became a Christian. Soon after, she married a Mr. Goadley, who died several years later.

Mrs. Cooper became the second wife of the Rev. Arthur Cooper and both lived the remainder of their lives on Nantucket. She preserved her remarkable memory to the last, history recording that her longevity as having no impairment upon those faculties.

Rev. Cooper's Career Equally Varied.

The Rev. Arthur Cooper had a career fully as interesting. In 1821 or 1822, he escaped from Virginia with a woman who became his wife as soon as they landed on Nantucket. It is thought that the two slaves found refuge aboard one of the many Nantucket ships which sailed between Norfolk and the island in those days. At any rate, they were kindly cared for by sympathetic people here as soon as they arrived.

Late in 1822, Cooper and the woman were traced to Nantucket. It is believed that some member of the "underground railroad" in Virginia had betrayed the method of escape used by several groups of slaves. The Virginian owner immediately applied to the State marshal at Boston, asking that the runaways be apprehended. The marshal came down from Boston, accompanied by two deputies. The betrayer in Virginia evidently knew Cooper's new employer, for the Boston authorities set out for the home of Cooper, then situated on Pleasant street, in that section of the town known as Guinea.

Nantucket history records that the marshal and his deputies were surrounded by a crowd of angry colored folk who were ready to resist by force any attempt to re-capture Cooper and his wife. But a few secretive words from the Nantucketers set them aright. A good Friend answered the marshal's loud rap at the door, asked his business, inquired for his warrant, and in general consumed a deal of time. All the while, Cooper and his wife, frightened to the point where they were almost helpless, had been kidnapped by two other well-known members of this Quaker community and taken to the Folger homestead on Main street, where they were safely hidden in the attic.

Rev. Arthur Cooper had a long record for good as minister of the Zion Church. He was not so versatile a man as the Rev. Mr. Crawford who came later, to preach in another little church, just below, but he lived an honorable life, devoted to the colored folk of the island which had saved him from slavery.

Jan. 25, 1936

For the Inquirer and Mirror.
From the Nantucket Inquirer of Oct. 29th,
1822. Samuel H. Jenks, Editor.

KIDNAPPING IN NANTUCKET.

A correspondent informs us that very early on Thursday morning last, there was observed an unusual commotion among the blacks who inhabit that quarter of the town called New Guinea. On hastening by request to the spot, in company with a magistrate, he remarks that he found a large collection of coloured men, women and children, gathered round four "gentlemanly-looking men" who informed him that they were come with an intention to carry to Virginia a man and his family as run-away slaves. The whole body of blacks were so exceedingly incensed against the measure, that they were with difficulty restrained from committing violence on the four strangers, one of whom was Mr. Bass, a deputy marshal from Boston, decorated with buttons and a cockade; who it appeared was not only acting without authority, but even against his conscience, for he declared that he disliked slavery exceedingly. Mr. Bass, though no salmon, was considerably smoked by some of the sable canaille. On the remonstrances of the magistrate, however, and the agreement of the parties concerned, the whole matter was referred to a legal tribunal, and the marshal was advised to go home and "get his errand." Meantime, on searching for the alleged slaves, it was found that they had escaped into the swamps, where it is supposed they remain concealed among the vast subterranean vaults which have been made by peat diggers! We should be glad to know if there exists a statute of the United States fraught with such monstrous injustice as to condemn to perpetual servitude the free-born wife of a fugitive slave—and, above all, their children, born in a free state. Such it seems was the ground on which these dealers in two-legged cattle meant to proceed; visiting the sins of the father upon his whole family and generation.

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man—
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey."

Messrs. Editors: The above alleged fugitive was ARTHUR COOPER. As there has been of late a strong desire expressed, to know the precise time of his attempted abduction, I have copied as above, for the benefit of those who are interested to know the date of the last act of the kind that will ever occur on this little isle of the free.

W. R. E.

May 10, 1873

"Morning Star" Reminisces Once More.

Arthur C. Brock, writing to the Brockton Enterprise from his home in East Bridgewater, again recalls his boyhood days on Nantucket, as follows:

Yes, dear old Scrap Islanders, here I come again. This time at memory's shrine, and as a boy again.

I can see that "little church around the corner", just as plain as of yore; can hear that wonderful bass voice of my dear old friend, the Rev. James E. Crawford, my grandfather's (Capt. Peter Coffin Brock of the whaler Lexington) "ship's doctor"—old salts' sobriquet for "cook".

He was pastor of the colored Baptist church and also town barber. What a man. We young "white trash" all loved him. His father was a former governor of the Old Dominion and the bluest blood of Virginia flowed in his veins. His mother was his father's favorite quadroon slave and his father had taught him in secret. What a mine of information he was, and truly his life was a checkered one.

It was the delight of us young folk to sit in the gloaming and hear that wonderful voice. He used to tell how he was a slave in his own father's mansion, how his brother promised his dying father to set him free. He was lighter in coloring than his brother, with wonderful brown hair, and the merriest blue eyes and dimples, and that large, humorous, lovely, mouth that spoke evil of no man.

After the father's death his brother broke his sacred promise to his dying father and sent him into the field to work. He ran away and was with the Seminole Indians in Florida as preacher for two years. His brother spent a fortune and finally captured him and brought him back to Virginia and strung him up by the thumbs, himself lashing him on his bare back until he swooned. I have laid my fingers into the scars. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Then he again escaped and reached Canada via the underground railroad just as George Harris did in Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin. Then he shipped, passing as a white man, as cook on a merchantman, bound for England. In the years that followed he sailed the seven seas, finally dropping anchor on the tight little Isle of Nantucket one Yuletide long ago.

I always think of him at this time for he was a living personification of good old Saint Nick for "he had a round face and a little round belly that shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly."

Oh, I can hear that beautiful, wonderful voice—his spirit is right here with me now as I write—when he raised it in song, especially in those which told of merry Christmas and the merry Christmas bells.

Yes, dear friend, I know you are there waiting for this old wayward pilgrim.—Gramp Brock.

Feb. 6, 1937

[For The Inquirer and Mirror.]

Mr. Editor:

At this critical period of our country's existence, when the question of the Tariff, the question of the Currency, and the Labor question are shaking us to the centre, the balance decidedly yielding to the sober side of life, anxiety written on the brow of every thoughtful citizen, it is certainly beneficial to read the rhymes and verses which your last few papers have presented. The authors have done their amount of good in giving us a corresponding amount of enjoyment.

While many names, dating not as far back as the original purchasers of our Island, are sung and commented upon by our bards, may I, in plain prose, in a prosy manner, call to the front our worthy colored colony? The names of Pompey, Boston, Ross and Groves, Godfrey, Barlow and Bears, have been associated with Nantucket for more than one entire century, they having unwittingly taken important parts in our civilization. Could any Health Society have had its fortnightly dance without the dignified Triloni? Could any levee have been held without Flora, Lydia Greene, or Sophy Godfrey; without Harriet Kelley or Celia Robinson, or Harry Wheeler, the fiddler? Are they not represented at the present time, by the Portes, the Harrises and the Lewises; by the gifted secretary of a Baptist association; by the Eliots and the Primuses? Are they not represented in the various churches, giving comfort to the aged and the sorrowing? Does not the old Quaker Jeff, with his Clara and his Chloe, stand out as a familiar landmark? The Tweedy family, springing as they did, from that wonder of our youth, Charlot-ty—Charlot-ty, whose corn pudding could put the modern "cooking school" to the blush, and cause Mrs. Parloa to grow pale with envy! Is not her grandson (generations removed) doing a great work in the South, after graduating from a Northern divinity school? As Florida's gain is our loss, will he not come to the front at this time? And among our active men, whose business signs we read upon Main street, do we not find another whose genealogy is traceable to the same honored woman, whose usefulness as a citizen is fully recognized, his worth fully established?

Was not one of the greatest events of our past, the rescue of the run-away-slave Arthur Cooper by the Quakers, secreting him as they did, in the very face and eyes of the pursuers. Will not Arthur Cooper's heirs work with the grandchildren of those Quakers, who not only rescued liberty for Arthur and his children, but taught the father to read and write? Let every one, native to the "manner born," male or female, colored or white, prove worthy of citizenship, by lending a helping hand towards the success of this 1805 celebration, the two hundredth anniversary of our settlement.

A. M. M.

June 29, 1895

Hiram Reed Was Born a Slave. One of the First Emancipated.

Many of our readers readily recognized the memory picture printed in our last issue as that of the late Hiram Reed, an esteemed colored citizen of Nantucket, who passed away in June, 1911, at the age of eighty-one. Mr. Reed was born in slavery and was one of the first of his race emancipated in 1861, following which he fought with the Union forces and won commendation for bravery. His life was one of early trials, yet he always spoke well of his master while he was in slavery, and during the years when he resided on Nantucket he took pride in being a good citizen. Born a slave in the family of Mrs. Harriet Reed of St. Louis, he first saw the light of day in a little log cabin on the banks of the Mississippi, May 4, 1830. Shortly after his birth his "Missus" married Thomas L. Snead of St. Louis, and it was in this gentleman's family that he lived until he came to Nantucket.

Hiram was an indoor servant—that is, he tended the front door of the family mansion, waited on table and acted as valet for his master. He declared that he was never mistreated, always had plenty to eat and lived as a slave quite contentedly.

In the year 1860 he was rented out to a steamboat company plying on the Mississippi, and it was while working on the old J. C. Swan, one of the fastest boats on the river at that time, that Hiram gained his freedom. One of the Union boats seized the vessel, and Reed, together with all the other slaves, was taken to St. Louis, where he was set free by a "Deed of Manumission". This document, which he carefully preserved to his dying day, reads as follows:

Deed of Manumission.

Whereas, Thomas L. Snead, of the City and County of St. Louis, State of Missouri, has been taking active part with the enemies of the United States in the present insurrectionary movement against the government of the United States, now therefore, I, John Charles Freemont, Major-General commanding the western department of the army of the United States, by authority of law and the power vested in me as such commanding general, declare Hiram Reed, heretofore held to "service or labor" by said Thomas L. Snead to be free and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude, giving him full right and authority to have, use and control his own labor or service as to him may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said Thomas L. Snead, to anyone, to claim by, through, or under him. And this deed of manumission shall be respected and treated by all persons and in all courts of justice as the full and complete evidence of the freedom of said Hiram Reed.

In testimony whereof this act is done at headquarters of the western department of the army of the United States, in the City of St. Louis, State of Missouri, on this twelfth day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and sixty-one, as is evidenced by the Departmental Seal hereto affixed by my order.

J. C. Freemont,

Maj.-Gen'l Commanding.

The pass issued to Hiram Reed by the provost-marshal reads:

Office of Provost-Marshal,

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 16, 1861.

Permission is granted to Hiram Reed (colored) to pass beyond the limits of the city and county of St. Louis to go to Chicago.

J. McKinstry

Major, U. S. A., Provost-Marshal.

Description of Person.

Name, Hiram Reed; age, 19; height, 5 feet 3 inches; color of eyes, black; color of hair, black; peculiarities, colored.

It is understood that the within-named and subscriber accepts this pass on his word of honor that he is and will be ever loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be death.

his
Hiram X Reed
mark

The originals of these two documents were read at the convention of the Bristol County G. A. R. Association, in Nantucket, in July, 1908, and the scene enacted as the aged negro tottered to the front of the stage and received the ovation from the four hundred persons gathered in the hall was one never to be forgotten.

After he was "freed", the California Rangers took charge of Hiram and one of their number, Joseph Palmer, who was going to Nantucket, offered to take him along with him, which he did. Upon his arrival here Reed settled down on the island and shortly after joined the Company I, of 5th Massachusetts regiment, under Col. Henry H. Russell, and went into the cavalry. He fought all through the war and in the fall at Richmond.

Returning to Nantucket at the close of the war, he married and engaged in business as a teamster, which calling he followed until failing health and increasing years compelled him to retire to his little home on Pleasant street, where he died in 1911, at the ripe age of eighty-one years.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

ARTHUR COOPER AGAIN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the *Inquirer and Mirror* of March 16th, on the "Subject of Slavery," there was an allusion to the "Arthur Cooper trouble," in which were some mistakes. It says, "Lucy, his wife, was one of those fugitives." She was his second wife, Mary, his first wife, was the fugitive slave. At that time they had five children—one daughter and four sons: Eliza, Cyrus, Randolph, Robert and Arthur, Jr. Two only are now living, one on the island and one in California. I often conversed with Lucy. She always appeared charitable, and manifested a great deal of gratitude for favors bestowed on her, and seemed as good as represented. They did not live "on the hill" at the time; they lived in a retired part of the town known as Angola street, near Pleasant street, where there were only a few respectable colored families living. Living in full view of the house at the time, I well remember the crowd and mob around there and the very pompous appearance the strangers assumed. His wife, Mary, lived and died there some years after. Arthur also was buried from the same home. Lucy lived there until a few years before her death, since which every house on that street has been taken down. The last one was owned by his son Cyrus's widow, which he had built after returning from a sea voyage. The site where Arthur's house stood is now occupied as a garden by Capt. Charles W. Hussey, which may be known by its unparalleled neatness. Arthur was a very industrious, nice, quiet man, also exemplary in a Christian life. He was minister of the Zion's Church, (which is still standing) for some years. In writing about him, his serene countenance is brought vividly to my mind, as he passed along on Sundays to church with his brown beaver and white cravat, resembling much a Quaker costume. The house they occupied now stands on the Cliff beach, and is used as a bathing house.

The matter was again referred to in your paper of May 4th, so I thought it best to rectify those mistakes.

June 10, 1878

LUCK.—Mr. Sampson D. Pompey reports to us that he has received from the Court of Commissioners on Alabama claims, the snug sum of \$957.00, with interest at four per cent. for the past eleven years. Mr. Pompey was on board the bark Congress, 2d, of New Bedford, when she was captured and burned by the pirate Shenandoah in the Arctic Ocean, in 1865; and the sum received is a remuneration for losses sustained at the time. The receipt of the amount was as much a surprise to Mr. Pompey, as the payment of some of the bills due for the *Inquirer and Mirror* would be to us; but he seemed to get along with his good fortune, and we congratulate him.

March 18, 1876

OBITUARY.

ROSS.—Miss Eunice F. Ross, who died at her home on York street last Wednesday, was the prominent figure in an event in the town's history, which, though well known to the older residents, will be of interest to our younger readers. It was at the time when the color line was closely drawn in the public schools, and an attempt to gain admission for a colored pupil on terms of equality with white scholars, was frowned upon. Miss Ross had been a pupil of Miss Anna Gardner at what was known as the "African School," on York street. She was an apt scholar, and Miss Gardner had advanced her until she was qualified for entrance to the High School, where she made application for admission. Public indignation was aroused at this (as then termed) "outrage." But the advocates of equal rights would not "down," and clung tenaciously to their cause—and won the fight. Miss Ross was particularly fond of the study of French, in which language she became proficient.

March 2, 1895

Mrs. Eliza A. King, the oldest colored person and woman on the island, died Tuesday at the great age of nearly 95 years. Eliza A. King was for years employed as a domestic in leading families of the town, and was greatly esteemed for noble elements of character, and her old employers and friends were frequent callers upon her during her declining years to minister to her comfort.

Eliza A. King was the daughter of Arthur and Mary Cooper, who came to this island in the early twenties, fugitive slaves from Virginia. The story of their experiences is well known to our older residents—how they were traced here by the agents of their owners, and of the active part that Oliver C. Gardner and other strong anti-slavery citizens of the place, took to prevent them again falling into the hands of the men who sought their capture. They were traced to the house of Garduer, where officers appeared with a warrant for them. By a prearranged plan, Gardner obliged the officers to read the warrant outside the door before he would permit them to enter, and in the time the two slaves were spirited through a rear window and led to a place of safety, and the agents were compelled to leave the island without effecting their capture and the couple lived and died here in peace. They reared a family of five children, viz: Eliza A., Cyrus, Randolph, Robert and Arthur. Mary, the mother, died a few years later, and Arthur married again, and his second wife, aunt Lucy Cooper, will be remembered by very many of our readers, and there are also those who will recall the father, Arthur Cooper. Eliza was the eldest child, and married Thomas King, who died long years ago, and the widow has lived to the present time alone to see her entire family gathered to the great beyond. She was buried Wednesday from the little church at the corner of York and Pleasant streets, within a stone's throw of the little home in which she so long dwelt, the services being in charge of Rev. J. O. Rutter, of the Centre Street M. E. Church, of which she had been a member for more than thirty years. There was a large attendance, and many flowers were laid on her bier in tender memory of her.

Nov. 15, 1902

Levi Coffin, well known in ante-bellum days as president of the Underground Railroad, and always a prominent anti-slavery man, died at his residence in Avondale, near Cincinnati, on Sunday last. He was born in New Garden, N. C., Oct. 26, 1779. He was a son of Levi and Prudence Coffin, of that place, who were of Nantucket descent, being the lineal descendants of William and Priscilla Coffin, of this place. Mr. Coffin was a grandson of Samuel, (called "King Samuel") Coffin, whose house stood on the land occupied by the residences of George and Mrs. Catherine Starbuck, on Main street.

Apr. 20, 1878

May 4, 1878

4

ANNIVERSARY SUPPER.—Our friend, the Rev. J. E. Crawford, has been the recipient of many kind regards lately; but none surpassed the surprise greeting at his comfortable home on Monday evening last. This was the 31st anniversary of his landing upon our Island. In spite of "weary winter coming fast," a large company assembled at an early hour, and the time went swiftly by, in music, social chat, and friendly wishes. A bountiful supper was served in grand style. The table was full of the choicest things good to eat. Bouquets of rare flowers, from the conservatory of Dr. J. B. King, graced the table. Rich cakes, ornamented with flowers, were tempting bits indeed. But there was one beautiful loaf, marked with the initials of the pastor, "Rev. J. E. C.," with the date of his coming, and that of the present year. This cake was the gift of Mrs. Sarah Cathcart. For once Mr. Crawford's wife, who is unequalled in the art domestic, and in cookery, was enabled to sit down with her honored husband, and be waited upon as a guest at her own table. The chorals were led by Mr. Wm. B. Stevens, assisted by all present, young and old. Mr. David B. Andrews addressed Mr. Crawford, whose response and gratitude were very becoming rejoinders. The company was entertained by many a recital of dramatic experience in the life of Mr. Crawford, as told pathetically by himself. Brief remarks were made by Mr. V. O. Holmes and others, and after many hearty wishes that the year might be a prosperous one, the party were dismissed with prayer. All who were there will not soon forget the happy anniversary occasion of Jan. 20th, 1879.

ANNIVERSARY PARTY.—A number of the friends of the Rev. James E. Crawford assembled at his residence on Monday evening last to celebrate the thirty-third anniversary of his coming to the island. The number of guests would have been much larger, but for the inclemency of the weather which prevented many from attending. A snug little sum comprising donations from all the clergy of the town and many other friends of the reverend gentlemen was presented Mr. Crawford accompanied by the following letter which was read by Rev. Mr. Ransom:

NANTUCKET, Mass., Jan. 23, 1882.
Reverend and Dear Sir:—
 Remembering this as the thirty-third anniversary of your coming amongst us, and being desirous of expressing to you—in a form more tangible than words—our appreciation of the services which you have for so many years freely given, *without money and without price*, we herewith present to you a *very slight* token of our regard for you as a man, a citizen and a clergyman; and, although the intrinsic value may be small, we trust you will believe us when we say, that were every dollar of it in ten parts, and every part multiplied ten times, and every part a dollar, it would be no more than you deserve. Wishing you many more years of happiness and prosperity, we are now and ever,
 YOUR FRIENDS.
 To Rev. James E. Crawford.

Mr. Crawford responded fittingly and remarks indicative of the high esteem in which he is held by the community were made by Rev. Mr. Ransom, Mr. David B. Andrews and others. There was fine music furnished under the direction of Mr. William B. Stevens and a bountiful collation served later in the evening to which all did ample justice.

The Historical Society of Wayne County, Indiana, purpose to secure possession of the homestead of Levi Coffin at Fountain City, formerly known as Newport. This homestead was one of the chief depots on the line of the "underground railroad," the work done by Levi Coffin and wife not being excelled, perhaps, by any other two individuals. They resided at Fountain City from 1827 to 1847, and in that time more than 2,000 fugitive slaves were helped onward towards Canada by them, and not one of them was ever captured. The old house is still standing and in good condition, appearing the same as when Levi Coffin and his wife, Aunt Katie, lived in it. The shed where the big wagon was kept still adjoins the back of the barn. In 1847 the Coffins went to Cincinnati to reside and work in the interest of the free soil cause.

*Written for the Journal.
 In Memoriam.*

The death of Rev. James E. Crawford deserves more than usual notice. He was one who for many years had been a bulwark for the right in the town he honored as his chosen home. One who has remembered with pleasure the many kind greetings of Bro. Crawford in the days of childhood, and who has since esteemed it a high privilege to call upon the brother while in the retirement of his home, would fain lay a tribute of respect upon the grave of the departed.

Bro. Crawford had a genial welcome for all. Many of the children and young men recall kindly words of counsel which they received from him in the plying of his usual vocation. Rising from poverty and the ignorance of his early life in bondage, he became fairly well educated, and by his original and forceful traits of character, he won the esteem and respect of many of the cultured of the land. The late Hon. Charles O'Connor, as is well known, considered him of no mean ability. He was very fond of music, always desiring song on occasion of my visits during his last sickness.

An especial feature of our brother's character was his religious experience. This always was deep, and fervent. He loved to minister unto the poor, and the people of Nantucket will recall with affectionate memories his labors in the "little church around the corner," and at the asylum. He rests in peace, but his works live on in our hearts.

"Friends of yore have flown to Heaven,
 Springing from this house of clay,
 Glad to gain their glorious freedom,
 Borne by angel hands away."

W.

"Angora Street," the African Coast of Angola, and the fugitive slaves: At the end of the brick wall a narrow, sandy lane leading westward is known as "Angora Street"—the derivation of the name a matter for conjecture; the odd-est part of the situation is that it is meant for "Angola Street," which according to the old records in reality runs to the south and almost parallel to the present "Angora." That such an error should have gone unnoticed when the town had certain street signs placed (several years ago) is understandable, because today Angola Street exists as a mere cart-tract, with no traces of the houses which formerly stood along its short length. The name is derived from that portion of the African coast frequented by Nantucket whalemens before the Revolution—the Angola coast. In 1828 a number of free Negro families lived here, and there was a large warehouse at the farther end of the street.

The genuine "Angola Street" was once the scene of an exciting incident in Nantucket history. In the year 1820, two young Negroes escaped from a Virginian plantation, were taken aboard a Nantucket coasting vessel at Norfolk, and smuggled into this island. They were Arthur and Mary Cooper, newly married and desperate for freedom. They found a haven here in a section of the town known as "New Guinea," where several free island negro families had lived for half a century. Their marriage and escape, so happily climaxed, was one of similar incidents as the Quakers of Nantucket were opposed to slavery, and in 1733, Elihu Coleman, young island Quaker, had written one of the earliest pamphlets against slavery printed in America.

In August, 1822, one Camilus Griffiths, agent for the Virginian plantation owner from whom the Coopers had escaped, came to the island with two deputies named Bass and Taylor, having been informed by someone of their presence. The three officers learned that the Coopers lived on Angola Street and proceeded hence, intending to arrive at daybreak and so surprise the two fugitives. But the strategy "leaked out." Griffiths had made an effort to secure a warrant from Magistrate Alfred Folger, the latter had refused—and then openly discussed the matter on Main Street's sidewalks. Thus, when Griffiths arrived with his deputies, he found a crowd of "free" colored folk all around the house. Some prominent Nantucketers were apprised of the situation by messengers, William Mitchell, Sylvanus Macy, Gilbert Coffin and Oliver Gardner among them. They went quickly to the scene, thus preventing a riot. While Sylvanus Macy, Gilbert Coffin and Magistrate Alfred Folger calmly argued the point with Griffiths, the two fugitives carrying an infant daughter, were spirited out the back door by Oliver Gardner and taken to Alfred Folger's home on Upper Main street, where they were secreted in the attic until the baffled slave-hunters left the island. Cooper was so grateful for his family's rescue that he studied theology, became a minister among his people, and preached for years at the Zion Church, and was an example in Christian living to his fellows.¹⁵

In the appropriate place this morning will be found the record of the death of the wife of Rev. James E. Crawford. It is but a short time since we noticed the death of his former companion; now her sister, with whom Mr. C. by whose indefatigable exertions she was freed from the bonds of slavery, had been united but a few short months, has passed away. Mr. C. is a valuable and highly respected citizen, one who has accomplished much more by far, under adverse circumstances, for the welfare of his fellows, than many would imagine. The public sympathize with him in his affliction and may He, in whose faith is well founded, be with and comfort him in this afflictive hour.

Edward Stackpole
 Sheets Lanes Nant.

OBITUARY

The death of Rev. James E. Crawford, who passed away on Saturday morning last, removes from our midst one of our best known and most highly respected citizens.

Though a descendant of the African race, there was little if anything in features and nothing in complexion to indicate that aught but Anglo-Saxon blood coursed in his veins. Nevertheless Mr. Crawford was born and reared a slave in "Old Virginia." At the age as 16 he made his escape from bondage and shipped on board a merchant vessel, and for a number of years followed the roving life of a sailor, encountering the usual vicissitudes incident to that career suffering shipwreck, &c.

During one of his voyages, while in port at Boston, he was led to visit the Seamen's Bethel and there heard Father Taylor preach. This sermon made a profound impression on his mind and ultimately led to his conversion. Subsequently he gave up following the sea, located at Providence, and for a while engaged in the jewelry business. A long fit of sickness gave him opportunity for serious reflection and he became impressed with the idea that it was his duty to engage in evangelical work. At this time he could neither read nor write, but by patient and laborious application he overcame these obstacles, and was eventually licensed as a Methodist preacher. Subsequently his theological opinions underwent a change and he embraced the Baptist doctrine.

In or about the year 1848 he came to Nantucket on a religious mission, and was prevailed upon by the Colored Baptist society to remain as their pastor. He was ordained here, and here, for forty years, so long as health and strength permitted, he has continued his ministry out compensation and during the remainder content with over that church—part of the time with the small stipend that the limited means of the society enabled them to pay, contributing to his own maintenance by the work of his hands in his barber shop, and on the Sabbath finding rest from manual labor by administering to the spiritual wants of his parishioners.

Mr. Crawford has been thrice married. His second wife he purchased from slavery, also her daughter. The story of how he accomplished these undertakings would of itself make an interesting and thrilling narrative. To and fro in the states and even Canada he traveled telling the story of his mission and soliciting aid, and when the requisite means were obtained he proceeded boldly into the heart of the slaveholders' domains, and notwithstanding notice of his coming had preceded him and sheriffs and constables were vigilantly watching to apprehend him, his Anglo-Saxon features enabled him to pass undetected as an easy-going English gentleman, accomplish the object of his mission, and return with his charge to safety and freedom. It is hardly necessary to say he was an ardent Abolitionist, and during his residence in Providence and elsewhere he rendered valuable assistance to many a fugitive slave.

As a man he was affable and courteous to all, highly respected and esteemed for his sterling uprightness and earnest Christian character. As a preacher he was a striking exemplification of the traditional eloquence and fervor of the colored race to which he ever took pride in demonstrating his alliance and allegiance.

Of his immediate family and descendants only a grandson survives, but in his declining years he had found many friends who esteemed it a pleasure to minister unto his comfort, and now ripe and full of years he has been called to enter that heavenly mansion to which he had long looked forward.

Editor of the Journal:

Will you kindly correct an historical error which appeared in the last issue of the Journal? It was stated that about the year 1850 a runaway slave, Arthur Cooper, was secreted in the house of Alfred Folger, Oliver C. Gardner, and others, when an attempt was made to capture him by a United States marshal. The authentic record of this rescue gives the date 1822, and the slave was concealed in the attic or cellar of Oliver C. Gardner's and not in the houses of Alfred Folger and others. Alfred Folger kindly offered his house as a retreat in case there should be an attempt to search the premises of Oliver C. Gardner. But Arthur Cooper and his family remained in the house of the latter five or six weeks, until all danger of their being molested seemed at an end. Then they returned to their home in that part of the town called Guinea. The United States marshal, though holding authority from a deputy marshal of Massachusetts, was probably convinced that it would not pay to attempt to capture a slave in the Quaker town of Nantucket. A. G.

[The historical error referred to was the result of a typographical error, which made 1820 read 1850.—Ed.]

OBITUARY.

CRAWFORD.—Rev. James E. Crawford, who died Saturday last, was a highly respected citizen of this community, where for forty years he has made his home. His early career was full of romantic and stirring incident, which would form the basis of an interesting literary work. He was a descendant of the African race, but his skin gave no evidence that he was other than an Anglo-Saxon. He was born in Virginia, and at the age of 16 years sailed on his first voyage in the merchant service, following a roving life. At one time in Boston he was converted by the irresistible language of Father Taylor at the Seamen's Bethel, and resolved to devote himself to religious work. He learned to read and write, and was afterwards licensed as a Methodist preacher, subsequently embracing the Baptist doctrine. In 1848 he came to Nantucket, and the colored Baptist Society induced him to remain as their pastor, and here he was ordained. His ministrations have been faithful, and it was only when ill health compelled it a few years since that he relinquished his pastoral duties. Mr. Crawford was three times married, his second wife having been bought from slavery by Mr. Crawford personally. Mr. Crawford carried on the barbering business all through his active life. Only a grandson of his immediate descendants survives him.

Hiram Reed Was Born a Slave. One of the First Emancipated.

Many of our readers readily recognized the memory picture printed in our last issue as that of the late Hiram Reed, an esteemed colored citizen of Nantucket, who passed away in June, 1911, at the age of eighty-one. Mr. Reed was born in slavery and was one of the first of his race emancipated in 1861, following which he fought with the Union forces and won commendation for bravery. His life was one of early trials, yet he always spoke well of his master while he was in slavery, and during the years when he resided on Nantucket he took pride in being a good citizen. Born a slave in the family of Mrs. Harriet Reed of St. Louis, he first saw the light of day in a little log cabin on the banks of the Mississippi, May 4, 1830. Shortly after his birth his "Missus" married Thomas L. Snead of St. Louis, and it was in this gentleman's family that he lived until he came to Nantucket.

Hiram was an indoor servant—that is, he tended the front door of the family mansion, waited on table and acted as valet for his master. He declared that he was never mistreated, always had plenty to eat and lived as a slave quite contentedly.

In the year 1860 he was rented out to a steamboat company plying on the Mississippi, and it was while working



on the old J. C. Swan, one of the fastest boats on the river at that time, that Hiram gained his freedom. One of the Union boats seized the vessel, and Reed, together with all the other slaves, was taken to St. Louis, where he was set free by a "Deed of Manumission". This document, which he carefully preserved to his dying day, reads as follows:

Deed of Manumission.

Whereas, Thomas L. Snead, of the City and County of St. Louis, State of Missouri, has been taking active part with the enemies of the United States in the present insurrectionary movement against the government of the United States, now therefore, I, John Charles Freemont, Major-General commanding the western department of the army of the United States, by authority of law and the power vested in me as such commanding general, declare Hiram Reed, heretofore held to "service or labor" by said Thomas L. Snead to be free and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude, giving him full right and authority to have, use and control his own labor or service as to him may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said Thom-

as L. Snead, to anyone, to claim by, through, or under him. And this deed of manumission shall be respected and treated by all persons and in all courts of justice as the full and complete evidence of the freedom of said Hiram Reed.

In testimony whereof this act is done at headquarters of the western department of the army of the United States, in the City of St. Louis, State of Missouri, on this twelfth day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and sixty-one, as is evidenced by the Departmental Seal hereto affixed by my order.

J. C. Freemont,
Maj.-Gen'l Commanding.

The pass issued to Hiram Reed by the provost-marshal reads:

Office of Provost-Marshal,
St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 16, 1861.

Permission is granted to Hiram Reed (colored) to pass beyond the limits of the city and county of St. Louis to go to Chicago.

J. McKinstry
Major, U. S. A., Provost-Marshal.

Description of Person.

Name, Hiram Reed; age, 19; height, 5 feet 3 inches; color of eyes, black; color of hair, black; peculiarities, colored.

It is understood that the within-named and subscriber accepts this pass on his word of honor that he is and will be ever loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be death.

his
Hiram X Reed
mark

The originals of these two documents were read at the convention of the Bristol County G. A. R. Association, in Nantucket, in July, 1908, and the scene enacted as the aged negro tottered to the front of the stage and received the ovation from the four hundred persons gathered in the hall was one never to be forgotten.

After he was "freed", the California Rangers took charge of Hiram and one of their number, Joseph Palmer, who was going to Nantucket, offered to take him along with him, which he did. Upon his arrival here Reed settled down on the island and shortly after joined the Company I, of 5th Massachusetts regiment, under Col. Henry H. Russell, and went into the cavalry. He fought all through the war and in the fall at Richmond.

Returning to Nantucket at the close of the war, he married and engaged in business as a teamster, which calling he followed until failing health and increasing years compelled him to retire to his little home on Pleasant street, where he died in 1911, at the ripe age of eighty-one years.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

IN MEMORY.

The death of Mrs. Rebecca Elaw Crawford, wife of Rev. James E. Crawford, of this town, is an irreparable loss to her husband and to her two surviving sons. For half a century she has lived in our community, and ever bore the name of one most estimable in her daily life, and truly faithful to all her domestic duties. She was a Christian woman in the highest and the truest sense, and a devoted member of the Methodist Church. She was born in Buck's County, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of Feb., 1812, and was brought up in Burlington, New Jersey. She afterwards came to Nantucket, and married Mr. Thomas Pierce, in 1833. Left a widow for a number of years, no sacrifice was too great for her in behalf of her two sons who now mourn the loss of a dear mother. On the 22d of Nov., 1868, she married Rev. James E. Crawford. Mrs. Crawford was the daughter of Zilpha Elaw, well known as a Methodist preacher. Mrs. Elaw went to London on a Christian mission, where a chapel was built for her. She died in London, leaving a remarkable record as a religious teacher. All that sympathy and due respect can afford are now tendered to the bereaved husband and surviving relatives of Mrs. Crawford. One by one the aged people of our town are departing; but there is consolation for the sorrowing in the following tender lines:

"Death hath left no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sound, or sign, our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, tho' mortal tongues be dust."

Written for The Inquirer and Mirror.

A GREAT MAN GONE.

Burial of Frederick Douglass—Funeral Honors Bestowed by Citizens of Rochester, N. Y.

On Tuesday forenoon, February 26, at 10 o'clock the body of the late Hon. Frederick Douglass arrived in Rochester, N. Y., and was met at the New York Central station by a company of forty-eight policemen, a number of representative colored citizens, as active pallbearers; resident ex-mayors, as honorary bearers, and by a special committee of the common council in carriages. The solemn procession then moved to the City Hall, headed by the Fifty-fourth Regiment band. Thousands of people thronged the streets.

I have witnessed many imposing ceremonies in this beautiful city; parades of Grand Army men; visits of Governors, and of a President of the United States; labor processions; and other civic demonstrations; but I never looked upon a more impressive scene than that of the late Frederick Douglass, lying in state, in our city hall. The National colors, gracefully festooned, combined with lines of trailing smilax, and relieved by rare flowers, and floral emblems, furnished a notable decoration to the main hall, where a guard of honor carefully allowed a multitude, including the city's school children, to view the remains.

Quite three thousand persons assembled at 2 p. m., in the Central Church, one of the finest edifices of Rochester, to witness the funeral ceremonies. For this remarkable occasion, the floral tributes were the choicest of the florist's art. The Giddings school, of Washington, contributed an emblem of "Love and Sympathy;" the Washington High School sent an exquisite offering. Ex-Senator and Mrs. Pinchbeck, of Washington, donated a lovely display. Cut flowers, in the forms of a heart and dove, were conspicuous; cut flowers surrounded the casket, upon which lay beautiful wreaths. A charming design in flowers, which lifted its fragrant spiral beneath the pulpit, was a delicate floral souvenir representing Bunker Hill monument in miniature; this was contributed by the colored citizens of Boston. Not Raphael's marvellous painting of "The Transfiguration" can approach the moral miracle which the dead orator presented, while lying before the altar of the Central Church of Rochester, on the afternoon of his funeral. It was an indescribable illustration of the exchange of the bondman's disgraceful servitude in a Southern state, for the crown of a moral kingship, given him at last by the Empire State of the North, in his adopted city home. The lesson of his obsequies transcends the fertility of language to convey; only the human heart and reverential mind can appropriate the hidden meaning.

The stillness that settled over the vast congregation, while the body was tenderly borne down the aisle, was a profound tribute of respect and national homage. Whose were the hands that so carefully held the silent form? Those of colored men, and the bearers' names are worthy of publication: Charles P. Lee, William Allen, A. H. Harris, R. J. Jeffry, R. L. Kent, J. W. Thompson, F. S. Cunningham, and C. B. Lee. From the hands of a poor slave mother who fondled him in infancy, theirs were next in tenderness, to consign him, a free American citizen, in all his great manhood, to his last resting place! The deference of Rochester city officials to these colored gentlemen, was merited as it was graceful. As the body was borne to the altar, the organist played Chopin's "Funeral March;" during the services, a touching adaptation of the old negro melody, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the Brick Church, offered prayer, and Col. Sherman D. Richardson read an impressive poem. Rev. Dr. Wesley A. Ely, (colored) of the Zion Methodist Church, read the Scriptural lessons. Following, the appearance in the pulpit of Miss Mary Anthony, sister of Susan B. Anthony, was not without peculiar significance. Her address was timely and pertinent. The funeral oration, by Rev. Dr. W. C. Gannett, of the Unitarian Church of Rochester, was a masterly effort, dignified, and exceptionally impressive, from the opening to its close. His allusion to the first public speech of Mr. Douglass, as having been delivered before an anti-slavery meeting in Nantucket, Mass., thrilled me, while I listened to the mention of my island home, in his eulogy before such an immense audience of this inland city. Naturally, I asked myself: With what pivotal issue of the nineteenth century is Nantucket not associated? It was one more proof of the close alliance of

my native town with some of the most important epochs in American history! Nantucket, when first visited by Frederick Douglass, was the home of some of the foremost abolitionists of our country—Nathaniel Barney, Eliza Barney, Lucretia Mott, Anna Gardner, and others. In a personal letter to a friend, Mr. Douglass wrote: "It is often easier to face pistols, than to face prejudice. A little brute courage can do the former; but only rare moral courage can unflinchingly do the latter." It was an act of moral courage for Miss Gardner to face the color prejudice of that early time; to espouse the cause of the slave; to personally and publicly recognize the manhood of Frederick Douglass, in the streets of her native town. There are island residents now living, who recollect the storm of obloquy that beat upon her. But she was verily a prophetess. Like Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison, she was in a vanguard of her time. She saw, far ahead of her, the breaking dawn of freedom for the slave; and as Mr. Douglass lived to tread upon the lash that once smote him, and to behold his race redeemed, so she has lived to see the triumph of all that she foretold, and to become a sharer in the plaudits now bestowed upon her dead friend, who early found in her a true woman's friendship, at a time when he needed her encouragement so much. American womanhood, that today mourns the death of Frederick Douglass, in the National Council of Women in Washington, is indebted to Miss Anna Gardner, of Nantucket, who half a century ago, walked through the streets of her native town with the colored man whom she knew, in her heart, was destined to rank, some day, with the most illustrious of the world's reformers. For this, her own name is associated with the names of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Anna Shaw, life-long friends of the great emancipator, Frederick Douglass.

After the oration of Dr. Gannett, Rev. Dr. Stebbins, pastor of the Central Church, offered the final prayer and benediction. The mourners from Washington were Mrs. Frederick Douglass, widow, Lewis and Charles Douglass, sons, and Mrs. Frederick Sprague, daughter; Misses Estelle and Hattie Sprague, granddaughters, and Joseph Douglass, grand-son of the deceased, and distinguished personal friends. I never beheld a more significant funeral pageant than that which accompanied the form of Mr. Douglass to the Central Church, where eloquent addresses paved the way of his tried feet to their last resting-place in Mt. Hope Cemetery! A delegation from the Douglass League acted as escort to the hearse which was drawn by four spirited white horses, elegantly caparisoned, and the procession was led by the Fifty-fourth Regiment band, immediately followed by the Eighth Separate Company, and a platoon of policemen commanded by Captain McDermott. In carriages were the family of the deceased, active and honorary bearers, ex-mayors of Rochester, the mayor and city officials.

I thought, as I stood on the crowded thoroughfare, while the cortege moved slowly by: From the crack of the slave-driver's whip across his bleeding back; through bloody chasms; over trembling bridges of alternate hopes and fears; through so many dismal swamps of scorn and prejudice; now in thick darkness; again, "walking in the light;" onward still, as editor, orator, statesman—what a lesson of struggle and glory of a divine purpose has crystallized in the death of

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Born 1817—Died 1895.

Fallen, to rise again transfigured, when
Our country's grief shall pass away, and men
Shall see the moral beauty of a life
Unscathed by toil, thro' years of bitter strife!

Not Vulcan at his forge struck fiercer blows;
With every breaking chain his courage rose.

His warfare was a moral battle-field,
Where Truth and he were never known to yield!

Twice his, alone, in saddest hours, to ring
The tocsin for his brothers, suffering!

With ready pen, and eloquence that stirred
The beating hearts of all who ever heard,

This master mind refused not to rehearse
The woes of slavery—its bitter curse.

Four chattel-yoke that bound him binds not now!
He spurned each shackle; lifted up his brow,

Stood forth, a man undaunted; seeking aid
Of Heaven, until the hateful plague was stayed.

He had no rival in his scathing speech
Of this great wrong. No orator could reach

Such depths of pathos—for no other knew
The dread miasma that his life led through—

Or, like him, weave the olive branch of peace
In leveler chaplet at the slaves' release.

But, when he died, how suddenly his face
Shone with the light that streams from honor's
place!

Then, statesmen bowed, each with uncovered head,
Within the presence of the honored dead,—

And wrote the name of Freedom's gifted son
With that of Lincoln and of Washington.

His voice is still. The champion of his race
Has laid his armor by; yet, in its place,

Grand, phoenix-like, in sculpture's purest form,
Shall stand this hero of the fire and storm!

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

March 9, 1895

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

An Old Letter.

Mr. Editor:

Among the effects of my late and lamented uncle, George M. Bunker, which have recently come under my inspection, I found an old letter written by William Bunker, Esq., at Nantucket, and addressed to my uncle, at New Bedford, giving a partial account of the anti-slavery mob at Nantucket, in 1842, about which there was some controversy in the Nantucket papers a few years ago. It bears evidence of being a second epistle upon the subject, the first of which was not found. And as it was written at the time the mob occurred, by a gentleman who was then prominent in the anti-slavery ranks, it may prove interesting to readers of today who care for the history of the island, and desire a correct version of such historical events.

ALLEN COFFIN.

THE LETTER.

SEPT. 11—On Sunday evening, it having been incorrectly reported that a meeting would be held at the Town Hall, a large concourse gathered in front of that place, and from thence proceeded to the Big Shop, the use of that place having been previously tendered for that purpose. About twenty members of Liberty Hall volunteered to preserve order. Some mobocrats made their appearance, put with little tumult, and no missiles were thrown, although the speakers were quite as severe as at any previous meeting.

This meeting was adjourned to meet again at the call of the President.

On Monday a Town meeting was called, the petition for which, I have before alluded to as being signed in Temperance Hall, to which the selectmen added an article in these words "To see if the Town will reconsider their vote taken at the last meeting appointing a committee." You will recollect this committee was to inquire into the cause of their neglect. On coming to this article and motion having been made to reconsider, some lengthy debate ensued, and the question was on the point of being put, when Alfred Folger remarked, that the other meeting not having yet closed, but only stood adjourned, this meeting could not meddle with its proceedings. This was so evident that they immediately gave it up and adjourned. At this meeting Isaac Austin exhibited a half brick and piece of coal which were thrown through the windows of his house the evening before, and requested an expression of the sentiments of the meeting on the subject. Few observations were made, when some one proposed that the selectmen offer a reward for the apprehension of the perpetrator. Without taking any vote on the question, several proposed sums to be offered, one fifty dollars, another one hundred, and so on, when one of the *Selectmen* proposed ten dollars! One thousand, fifteen hundred, and so on were immediately proposed; but as the warrant contained nothing on the subject; the meeting could take no step in the matter, and here the matter dropped.

On Monday evening a very full meeting assembled at the Town Hall, the tumult, and hooting immediately commenced in the street, which was literally filled with riotous men and boys. In a short time an egg was thrown at the speaker, apparently from the inside of the house. The egg missed the speaker,

struck the wall and a large portion fell back on Collins's neck. In a few moments another egg came from the same direction. The tumult now became general, inside and outside the House. The speakers still continued, notwithstanding the noise, until near ten o'clock. Eggs were thrown at short intervals during all this time, yet few persons left the house. The meeting then adjourned, and when about half the people had left the Hall, a rush was perceived at the west door. Those who remained instantly surrounded the speakers, and prevented any injury to them. A cry was raised by those that rushed in "Pull him out;" "Drag him out;" and some one cried "Ring the bell." The bell was rang, I know not by whom. (You know this bell is not to be rung, but in case of Fire.) The other bells began ringing and the Town was fully alarmed. At this time Foster, (who I suppose was the object of their malignity) quietly and unobserved, left the house, in company with a friend, and reached his lodging without interruption. Boyle, Collins, Bradburn and others then left, in company with many friends and were not interrupted. Alfred Folger, Jesse Coffin, and myself accompanied Collins to his home, at I. Austin's, where we found Foster, apparently as cool as if nothing had happened. We stayed nearly an hour with them and returned home, mortified at the loss of the good name our Town had heretofore sustained.

This was the last meeting. The friends remained the next day, and on the following morning left on the boat.

I have now given you a brief, but I think correct statement of things, as they transpired. I am mortified and grieved, not so much that this spirit has shown itself, but that it exists to such an extent among us, we have been and are now, completely under mob law, freedom of speech is crushed, and we know not what will follow. Our authorities do nothing. They seem willing the mob should rule, there is no safety here; but I do not despair, No. Truth is powerful and will finally prevail. The rottenness of the Church will be exhibited, the mirror will be held to her face, until she sees herself the scoff of all good men and reforms herself. Our cause—the cause of equal liberty, is progressing. It is like the mustard seed, it will grow until it overshadows the whole Land, South as well as North. Then may Miller's Millennium commence, and not till then.

Yours for the downfall of tyranny and oppression, and the progress of equal liberty throughout the World.

WM. BUNKER.

May 26, 1894

—FREDERICK DOUGLASS died suddenly at his home near Washington, in the District of Columbia, on the 20th, aged 78 years. He was justly called the greatest colored orator of America. His first speech that attracted attention was made in Nantucket, in 1841, at an anti-slavery meeting held here. He was then a resident of New Bedford. He has visited Nantucket several times since, and has always had a fondness for the place where he was first made to feel that he was a man among men. He had three sons and a daughter by his first wife.

Feb. 23, 1895

See also
"People"

GARDNER.—Miss Anna Gardner died at her late home on Orange street, Monday afternoon, at the advanced age of 85 years. Although she had been aware for many months that she was suffering from an incurable disease, she had manifested no sign of pain or suffering until within a very short time, when her friends became aware of her physical condition. Even under the severest suffering she bore up with cheerfulness and fortitude to the end.

In the death of Miss Gardner, Nantucket has lost another of its many gifted women, for she was one of the brightest of the galaxy of literary geniuses of which our island has boasted. She was a strong woman mentally and physically. She was strong in her convictions and sustained them with courage. She was strong in her ideas of principle, and stood steadfast for the right, as she saw it, even though she stood alone. She was strong in her religious views, taking always the broad or liberal ideas of advanced thinkers. She was imbued with a strong liking for psychical research, and followed out any new thought unless she felt sure it should be retained rejected. She was strong in personality and her presence was always to be felt, and, to use a homely phrase, she had a square side to everything with which she had to do. She was of kindly disposition, and was, we may say, universally esteemed for her sterling qualities. Of strong constitution, she had lived practically free from physical ailments, excepting for being invalided from the effects of a carriage accident, and her mind was clear to the close of life. She was one of a family of twelve children, but one of whom remains—Mr. Roland Gardner, whose sorrow will be publicly shared.

Miss Gardner was deeply interested in the cause for the elevation of her sex, and was one of the founders and leaders of Nantucket Sorosis, of which she had been president and secretary. She was a strong advocate of total abstinence, and a member of the Woman's Relief Corps.

Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon in Unitarian Church, and the auditorium was well filled, a delegation from Thomas M. Gardner Post, No. 207, G. A. R., and the W. R. C. in a body, attending. There were also delegations from the W. C. T. U., the Pacific Club, and Nantucket Sorosis. The casket occupied a place in front of the pulpit, and upon it rested two floral wreaths from the women's organizations. Rev J. F. Meyer officiated, and his Scripture lessons were well-chosen selections, a poetic selection from Martineau being particularly appropriate. The choir sang two hymns, including "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Mr. Meyer's address was a simple but beautiful tribute to a deeply religious life—a life of faithful, untiring work, in which prominent characteristics and incidents of the life of Miss Gardner were recited. From a copy of the Boston Standard of May 21, 1896, loaned us by Nantucket Sorosis, we reprint the following faithful and fitting sketch of one of Nantucket's greatest women:

"Anna Gardner was born in the historic island of Nantucket, Jan. 25, 1816, of Quaker ancestry. She is a descendant of that 'Vent'rous Macy,' whom Whittier has sung into immortality in his ballad, 'The Exile.' Through her father, Oliver C. Gardner, she is connected with the most prominent families in the history of the island, which has always been her home. Through the Cartwrights of Nantucket, she can trace her lineage to Peter Folger, the grandfather of that philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, and through them also she is related to those distinguished women, Lucretia Mott and Maria Mitchell. On the side of her mother, Hannah (Mackerel) Gardner, she is a descendant of Tristram Coffin, the first magistrate of Nantucket.

Thus, on this quaint island, she can trace seven generations of her ancestry. Miss Gardner inherits her literary ability (for she is a writer of great strength, both in prose and verse), from her mother, who was born in the good old town of Dunkirk, French Flanders. This woman was a great lover of the best literature, and especially of the classical poetry. The literary taste of one generation manifested itself in the literary ability in the next.

But most important of all was the spirit which she seems to have inherited from her father, which from girlhood has ever made her a recognized friend and champion of liberty and human rights. In the year 1822, when she was about 6 years of age, an incident happened which made an indelible impression upon her, and which, perhaps, hastened the beginning of her work for the suffering bondsmen of the South. It is, no doubt, remembered by the oldest resident of Nantucket today.

In a voice in which there was not the slightest trace of advancing years, Miss Gardner told the story for the writer's benefit. It seems that a number of escaped slaves had found refuge among the liberty-loving people of the island and that the fact became known to certain slaveholders residing near Alexandria, Va., who sent an agent to Nantucket to recover possession of their property. Among the slaves were Arthur Cooper, his wife and family. The slavehunters attempted to get possession of Cooper, but when they went to his house they found it surrounded by a large assemblage of the enraged islanders, who showed every disposition to protect the fugitive. Miss Gardner's grandfather on her mother's side, Francis G. Macy, was among the foremost in objecting to the designs of the agents. With him at the time were his son, Thomas Macy, and his son-in-law, Oliver C. Gardner, Miss Gardner's father. What followed is best told in her own words:

"While the altercation was proceeding and the warrant being read, at the front of the house, my father and my Uncle Thomas slipped around to the back window and adroitly assisted the trembling fugitives to make their escape from it, disguised in one of father's coats and Uncle Thomas' broad-brimmed Quaker hat. Arthur Cooper had nearly reached our back door before the wrangle was so far over that the officers dared to enter the house. And, behold, the house was empty! The fugitives had flown. I recollect that I stood (I was then 6 years old) upon our back stairs, when a man black as midnight, with lips so paled with fright that they were white as snow, came up the steps and stood in the doorway. The striking contrast of white lips and black face was shocking. Such a sight was too indelibly impressed upon the mind of a child to be forgotten. He and his family were concealed for weeks in our attic and cellar."

At an early age Miss Gardner, contrary to the rule of girls, became greatly interested in all subjects which had to do with human welfare and social reform. She became a subscriber to the Liberator, the paper published by William Lloyd Garrison, in the interest of the anti-slavery movement, when she was about 18 years of age. In speaking of the way she happened to subscribe to the paper, and of Garrison, with whom she afterwards became acquainted, and who was one of her warmest friends, Miss Gardner said:

"It was just previous to the Boston mob, when Garrison found 'safe lodging,' as he wittily said, 'which the state had provided for him in the Leverett street jail. As a girl, I was always interested in what concerned the public welfare. Works on moral philosophy, on political economy, and on government, best suited my taste. I was an enthusiastic Republican before I became an Abolitionist, and this paper served at once to remove the delusion which I had fondly cherished, that we were living in a true republic. I read every line of it with eager interest."

In the year 1841 Anna Gardner was instrumental in calling an anti-slavery convention on the island of Nantucket. Her intention was known to but few, and the greater part of these were hardly in sympathy with her. But the intrepid young woman of 25 kept up a correspondence with Garrison until she assured the doubters that the convention would not be a failure. At that time the whaling industry was at its best, and there were over a thousand more inhabitants on the island than at the

present time. The attendance at the convention meetings was very large. Nearly all the leading Abolitionists were present and participated in the exercises. But the thing which now leads those who remember this convention to recall it with so much interest was the fact that it marked the debut of Frederick Douglass as a public speaker. Douglass was unexpectedly called upon to speak to the gathering, and did so after much hesitation. Despite his embarrassment, his words "gave evidence of great intellectual power, and all present were astonished. Garrison followed him in one of his sublimest speeches, saying, 'Here is a living witness of the severest condemnation he had ever uttered of slavery.'" At the close of the meeting, Mr. John A. Collins, then the general agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, urgently invited Mr. Douglass to become a lecturer in the interest of his fellows. Douglass felt incompetent to assume such a position, but finally yielded to pressure and began his brilliant career.

After the war broke out, when the northern forces had succeeded in occupying the coast lands of the Carolinas, there came a call to the North for teachers to instruct the large number of freedmen who flocked to the cities in the possession of the Union troops. Anna Gardner was one of the first to respond. She taught in Newbern, N. C., and in Camden and in Virginia, returning to the North in 1878. Soon after she was injured by a carriage in Brooklyn, N. Y., and for weeks she lay between life and death at the house of a nephew. But God spared her life, as it seemed, in order that she might continue her grand work.

The greatest of her life's desires was realized in the freeing of the slaves. Miss Gardner turned her attention to the cause of woman's rights and universal suffrage, and has been an indefatigable worker along these lines up to the present time. Some of her best writings on the subject have been published in a modest volume which bears the title "Harvest Gleanings." It contains among other articles a paper on "Woman Suffrage," read before the Association for the Advancement of Women at Philadelphia in the centennial year, 1876; the text of an address entitled "Woman's Political Freedom," delivered at a school suffrage meeting in the Friends' meeting-house, Nantucket, in August, 1879; also, an "Appeal to Voters," written later. Miss Gardner has taken several prizes in open competition. One was awarded her for an agricultural essay, in which contest she competed with many well-known writers on agricultural subjects, taking great care to conceal the fact that her essay was written by a woman until the decision of the judges had been made. In a more recent contest, conducted by a suffrage society in this city, on the question of allowing women to become members of the school board, hers was the only essay which received a prize, and it was published in tract form to be distributed broadcast in the city on two successive years. Her verses are fully up to the high standard of her prose."

Feb. 23, 1901

Residents of "Guinea" Fifty Years Ago.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In the lower section of Nantucket, east from Orange street and south from Silver street, fifty years ago, there was a localized community of colored residents. I know not how it is now. I say "localized" because there at that time practically all of that class of people lived. For the most part they were quiet, peaceable citizens. West from Orange street, south from Silver street, and east of Pleasant street, the section was then called "Guinea," while to the northwest from the westerly end of York street and west from Pleasant street, on the little hill there, it was called "New Guinea." I most pleasantly recall a number of the people then resident there. Space and time forbid special mention of all of the most prominent of them. I will, however, make brief mention of a few.

On Silver street, at the foot of Pine street, lived "Uncle" Jacob Jones, a genial, quiet, unostentatious and venerable colored man. He was well advanced in years at the time of which I write. His black face always wreathed in a smile, his high lustrous brow, his black crinkly, curly hair, mixed with gray across the back and sides of his head, and lying quite thickly over his ears, made him an impressive personage. On errands, or pursuing his small lines of personal business, he used to draw a little four-wheeled wagon, which even now I can mentally see, his withered hand clasping one side of the cross-piece at the end of the tongue as he trudged along drawing it after him. "Uncle Jacob" used to go to the wharves and about the coal yards and gather up coal dust, which he took to his home. By a liquified, plastic process of his own, he worked this dust over into "coal balls," which, when dried, hardened, and he then used them for fuel. I am sure that in securing the material for this purpose it was always by permission, for this respected and esteemed old colored citizen was absolutely true and honest—at any rate, I believed and still believe so.

Nantucketers of my day, and scores, both young and old, for many years since, appreciatively remember James Crawford. He prayed and preached on Sundays, and shaved and cut hair on week days. Under his ministerial leading, and by his messages presented, his Baptist chapel on York street proved indeed a Bethel to many seeking Christian consolation and ethical uplift. He not infrequently preached for the white people in the Summer Street Baptist Church. "Brother Crawford," as he was always reverently known, was a man of broad, open, smiling face, a little under average height, thick set and rotund. He was as faithful, sincere and helpful in his ministerial labors, as he was neat, finished and expert in his tonsorial art. His was always a popular barber-shop. Rev. James Crawford was a man honored and honorable in Nantucket, where he so long lived, and was loved and respected by both white and colored citizens. He would have graced and dignified any people among whom his life might have been spent. He belonged to the colored race, yet he was of a light and attractive complexion.

At the old South school on Orange street there were many lassies whom boys of my time admired and respected. One of these was Miss Annie Nahar. She was older than I, and was in the Grammar School while I was in the Primary. To one unacquainted she would, unquestionably, have passed for a white girl, so light and clear was her face and attractive her features. She had a fine complexion, beautiful black hair, and bright sparkling eyes—yet she was of African parentage, was loyal to and dwelt with the colored people. She was a young woman of rare character and attractiveness.

Another who comes before me in my backward thought is Tom Boston, a well matured young man while I was but a small boy, yet I distinctly and distinctively remember him. He took especial pride in his personal appearance, was a dandy but not a fop, and was faultless and neat in his dress. He was well liked by the associates of his age and respected by all of his fellow-citizens. Most keenly did he rue the fate that nature had born him black. Often he used to say, in effect, that if it would make him white he would be willing to be skinned alive.

One more of these colored subjects appears strikingly to me in memory. She was once a southern slave—a refugee who had found a haven at Nantucket, where she lived many years until her death. I refer to old Lucy Cooper, thin and wan, one who had suffered an early life and history of servitude and wicked oppression. Mentally, I can now see her, with the conspicuous "bunch of grapes" which was branded on her forehead. Her life was indeed sad and pathetic, yet her years passed at Nantucket were so quiet and tranquil that the experiences of them pleasantly mellowed and materially softened recollections of her early life. Nantucket people, old and young, had naught but respect and pity for her.

Then there was little Jane Valentine, that diminutive darkey girl, albeit she was quite mature as to years, when I was a boy. I am of the opinion that there are yet some who will remember her. She was vivacious, an interesting individual, and was comical in life and conduct so peculiar to her race.

As I write many of these colored people continue to possess my memory. But I must forbear to name them. There is one more, however, of whom I will particularize briefly. Up in New Guinea lived Wesley Berry. If memory is true to me he was a teamer. At any rate he had his own team, and I now, in mental vision, see him seated on the corner of the front (fore buck, we called it) of his typical Nantucket tip-cart, and can again hear his "Get-ap!" as he urged on his horse. He was of large, powerful frame and figure, and one of the blackest of the negro race. He was literally a black Berry—one of the kind in color of whom my father used to say that charcoal would make a white mark on.

These respected colored people of the past, segregated in residence in my native town so many years ago, I presume have mostly passed on to he great assize. Doubtless there are descendants of some of them who are living.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, January 16, 1913.

HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The gentleman whose name heads this article, and who is extensively known as possessing a visible admixture of African blood, accompanied by his wife, a lady of the Caucasian race, arrived in Nantucket, on Saturday last, and became guests at the Sherburne house. It was not the first visit of Mr. Douglass to this island. He came here in 1841, from New Bedford, to attend an anti-slavery convention, at which William Lloyd Garrison, Stephen S. Foster, and other advocates of the anti-slavery cause, were present. He met a different reception then, and here made his first public address. Of the people who greeted him with sympathy, espoused his cause, and defended his right to speak in Nantucket, but few are left to welcome him now. Those early apostles of freedom, Oliver C. Gardner, George Bradburn, Nathaniel Barney, Isaac Austin, David Joy, John H. Shaw, William Bunker, Eben Coleman, Edward W. Gardner, and the stalwart band that frequented "Liberty Hall" and the "Big Shop," and made free speech possible for Mr. Douglass, against the howling mob of well-dressed citizens armed with offensive missiles of hatred, have all passed from the scenes of earth, with possibly a single exception. Of the Nantucket ladies who saw Garrison standing on the side of an eternal principle, and went and joined hands with him, but a very limited number remain. To Mrs. Charlotte Austin Mann and Miss Anna Gardner, who tendered to Mr. Douglass a reception at the residence of Mrs. Matthew Starbuck, on Thursday evening last, belongs the victory that awaits only the true-hearted, loyal few. It costs nothing now to salute the black man, but when Mr. Douglass made his debut in Nantucket, forty-four years ago, those who met him upon terms of social equality made sacrifices and endured an ostracism, which it is difficult under the present auspicious circumstances to portray or understand.

The change which Mr. Douglass experienced during his recent visit, in pleasing contrast with his former reception, must have been profoundly gratifying to him. On his first visit, together with his coadjutors, he was driven from two halls where anti-slavery meetings were attempted to be held. But he found true hearts strong enough to afford him a hearing. Not that they cared particularly then for the freedom of the slave in the South, but that the freedom of speech in Nantucket should not be stricken down. Now, the announcement that the Hon. Frederick Douglass would speak in the Unitarian church on Sunday evening drew together a throng that overcrowded the auditorium, some hundreds being unable to obtain admission.

Mr. Douglass was unfortunate in selecting for a theme "William the Silent." For, although as an historical production, it may have some claim to literary excellence, yet Mr. Douglass's reputation as an orator having been achieved in an entirely different field, he could not hold the attention of his audience, many of whom were standing, by reading from his manuscript. Perceiving this, he laid aside his prepared lecture, and talked familiarly upon the condition of the black man in America and his development through the instrumentalities incident upon the rebellion and emancipation.

On Monday evening, at the regular meeting of the Sorosis, Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, and a few other friends, were among the invited guests. They both spoke in a conversational manner, in which others participated, to the edification of those in attendance.

The formal reception given by Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Mann and Miss Anna Gardner at the residence of Mrs. Matthew Starbuck, on Thursday evening, was a brilliant affair, and was attended by about one hundred and fifty invited guests, largely representing the intellectual element of the island, and there were also present several distinguished visitors to the island. The evening was pleasantly enjoyed, and a collation was served of ice cream and cake.

SLAVERY IN NANTUCKET.—The deed of manumission given by William Swain releasing his negro slaves from bondage under certain conditions, is to be found on record in our County Registry of Deeds. The document is so interesting and reads so strangely in the light of our present ideas on this subject, that no apology will be necessary for publishing it entire, as a curiosity.

Be it Known to all People that I William Swain of Sherborn in the County of Nantucket in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England yeoman for and in Consideration of the Many good & faithful Services by my Negro Slaves Boston & Maria his wife Done Me I hereby have Manumitted Quitted & Set free My said Negro Slaves Boston & Maria together with all their Children under the following Restrictions that is to Say their Children to Serve until they arrive to twenty Eight years of age their births to be accounted as follows viz Toby on the 9th of the 5th month 1739, Essex on the Eighth of the 7th month 1741 Seneca on the 17th of the 3rd month 1744 Patience on the 13th of 3rd month 1747 Prince on the 15th of March 1750 Silas on the 28th of June 1752 Georges on the 20th of June 1755 their youngest Son Boston to Remain free with his father and Mother Notwithstanding any thing above Written if Toby Serves faithfully until he arrives to twenty five years old he Shall then be free absolutely and I hereby discharge manumitt & Set free my Negro slaves above Mentioned according to the above Specified Conditions from my heirs Executors and administrators fully and absolutely in Confirmation and for Better Security thereof I hereby allow & order this Instrument of Manumission to be Recorded in the County Registers Office in Witness Whereof I hereunto Set My hand and Seal this thirty first Day of July annoque Domini one Thousand Seven hundred & Sixty—

the X mark
of WILLIAM SWAIN [SEAL]
he being lame

Signed Sealed & Delivered
in Presence of
THOS ARTHUR
SILVANUS BUNKER

NANTUCKET SS.

March ye 17th 1760 this Day the afore named William Swains Daughter Hepzibath Pinkham Brought the above Instrument to me and She Saith her father being lame Cannot Come abroad him Self but Dezires that this may be poot upon the County Register and her father further Saith that Each of the above Named Negroes Except Boston and his Wife & their young Son Boston Shall pay forty Shillings old tenor per annum from the time they are free as above mentioned as Long as they live: and at the Dezire of the Sd William Swaine

I hereunto Set my hand
JERR GARDNER
Justice of ye Peace.

Recorded March ye 23th 1761
NATHAN COFFIN Regr

An Impressive Service.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

A funeral service in respectful regard for the late Mrs. Susan B. Pompey, wife of Mr. Sampson D. Pompey, of this town, was conducted in the Summer Street Baptist church, of which she was a devoted member, on Sunday afternoon last. There was a large attendance of personal friends, among whom were many of our island's influential people, including the Woman's Relief Corps, who mourn the loss of an executive associate Member of Thomaas M. Gardner Post, No 207, G. A. R., of which the bereaved husband is a member, were present.

Floral offerings were beautiful reminders of the universal esteem in which the deceased was held. The choral services under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Robinson, were choice in selection and in rendition: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Nearer My God To Thee," and "Asleep In Jesus." The pastor, Rev. Mr. Higgins, outlined in brief but tender words the Christian character of the deceased, and paid a merited tribute to her fidelity, and to her untiring labors in the church, and for the betterment of the community.

Mrs. Pompey, as I knew her, was an honored representative of a respected colored family of Nantucket, intelligent, industrious, active in good word and work from girlhood to womanhood. She was secretary and treasurer of the Summer Street Baptist church, and relinquished her responsible duties a short time before her death. All through her intense physical suffering she kept the faith; thus "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," she departed this life. To her aged husband now left alone in his sorrow, the sympathy of our community is extended.

Arthur Elwell Jenks.

OBITUARY.

WESLEY BERRY, an elderly colored man, died on Friday, 20th inst., at the age of 77 years. He came to Nantucket from New Jersey, and his early life was spent upon the sea. Subsequently he kept a sailor boarding-house. During the height of the anti-slavery excitement, he took an active part in behalf of his race, and was an ardent laborer in the question of admitting colored children to the public schools. His later years have been spent in farming in a small way.

In the appropriate place this morning will be found the record of the death of the wife of Rev. James E. Crawford. It is but a short time since we noticed the death of his former companion: now her sister, with whom Mr. C. by whose indefatigable exertions she was freed from the bonds of slavery, had been united but a few short months, has passed away. Mr. C. is a valuable and highly respected citizen, one who has accomplished much more by far, under adverse circumstances, for the welfare of his fellows, than many would imagine. The public sympathize with him in his affliction and may He, in whom his faith is well founded, be with and comfort him in this afflictive hour.

The following is from the New Bedford Mercury and we know our readers will peruse it with interest.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.—Few things are more curious than the social distinctions. They have been studied by philosophers, mourned over by philanthropists, and sung by poets, — wars have been fought over them, and revolutions have been founded on nothing more important than some petty animosity between classes of society. In our own favored country, we have as fine an exhibition of these distinctions as exist anywhere in the world.

Our attention was called to this matter, by the account that the Rev. J. E. Crawford for many years a Baptist minister in Nantucket, gave on Sunday evening last, at one of our churches, of his recent visit South, to purchase a slave. The reverend gentleman is a highly intelligent and well educated man and would pass anywhere for a well-bred and competent American citizen. He gave a full and admirable narrative of his journey to Wilmington, described the perils of his journey and the system of things South. Few speakers, whether among the clergy or the laity, would have made a better address.

There was nothing especially remarkable in this, but the extraordinary feature of the matter is, that this same reverend gentleman at the South would not pass (if it was known he was colored) for a gentleman at all; hardly for a man. As it was, he trembled for his safety in North Carolina, as free negroes are at a discount there, and Mr. Crawford is a free negro. Here, this gentleman is a clergyman. He is recognized as such, goes about the country as such, — there, he is obliged to use every practicable caution to keep himself from arrest and incarceration, and all this, "in the freest nation on which the sun has ever shined."

Mr. Crawford went South to buy a slave. She was the niece of his wife, a young woman of about 21 years of age, and as intelligent as young women of that age usually are, for anything that appears to the contrary. She was not, however, allowed to ride in the first class cars on the railroad, but was put in the baggage car. Mr. Crawford was anxious about the girl, lest she should be entrapped, or spirited away, or seized as a fugitive slave (blessed land of liberty, where one class in society may be hunted and shot down like so many mad dogs, if they have a will of their own.)

Mr. Crawford, therefore, to make all sure went into the baggage car, to see if his niece was there and in safety, and when he did so found a man seated by the girl with his arm around her neck. The reverend gentleman, who has sojourned on the island of Nantucket, by no means admired this gratuitous affection towards his niece from a stranger, and inquired of the unknown who he was, and what he was doing with the girl. "O she's your gal is she?" was the reply, "yes" replied Mr. Crawford "she belongs to me and I have bought her for a thousand dollars." He then asked Mr. Crawford where he was from and where he was going, &c., and explained his freedom with the girl thus: "Why you see, I've dealt considerable with niggers, and when I want to find whether a gal is a runaway, you see, I coax her a little. That's the way to get round the niggers."

This curious and brutal fact occurred but a few hundred miles from this city, not in the interior of Africa or New Holland, but in the great State of North Carolina. And on Sunday last, the same girl was in one of our churches among her friends, and the subject of the warmest congratulation by reason of her escape from the land of captivity, even if she was purchased for so much gold.

Such are social distinctions, and this kind appear to be cruel mockeries of human life and human rights. It is desired to extend the arena of human slavery, — to plant it on the free prairies of the West and incorporate it with the breeze from the Rocky Mountains. No doubt many would welcome it, as a blessing and a boon. Slavery indeed! What a mockery and absurdity it is, then, to call ours a land of freedom. — [N. B. Mercury.]

A Card.

As it is generally known in this place and its vicinity, that Cornelia W. Read, who has just been ransomed from Southern slavery, is now with her friends on this island, the family take this method, to publicly express their deep gratitude to all who have aided in accomplishing an end, so long and fervently desired by many anxious hearts.

The amount demanded and paid was \$1000, nearly one half of which was raised in England by the subscription and efforts of Henry and Anna H. Richardson, members of the Society of Friends in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a Miss Hilditch, of Shrewsbury.

Our friend, Mr. Christopher C. Hussey, of this town, (to whom we wish to express our obligations) commenced a correspondence on the subject with Mrs. Richardson about nine months ago, acknowledging our gratitude for her great kindness and philanthropy in raising and sending \$500 towards the ransom of Cornelia's mother, (also recently purchased) and soliciting further aid in the daughter's case. This was immediately responded to by an interesting and feeling letter, (now in possession of Mr. Hussey) followed by others, and by an effort which resulted in the raising and sending to this country of \$481 through Mr. Lewis Tappan, of New York. — For this great assistance we would return to our trans-Atlantic friends our heartfelt thanks and deepest gratitude.

We also feel particularly grateful to Dr. T. C. Worth, of Wilmington, N. C., Joseph S. Tillinghast, Wm. C. Taber, Matthew and Rachel Howland, of New Bedford; Wm. Shaler, D. D. of Portland, Me., Rev. J. S. Bronson of Hyannis; to the Barnstable Baptist Association; Rev. Mr. Steer and others of the Free-Will Baptist denomination; Rev. Mr. Woodbury and others of the Unitarian denomination; Rev. Messrs. Wolecott and Edwards, also others of the Congregational denomination; Rev. Mr. Snow and others of the Methodist denomination; Rev. Messrs. Eaton and Cook, also others of the Universalist denomination; Rev. Mr. Pollard and others of the Taunton Baptist Association; Col. Borden, of Fall River, and to the Honorable Selectmen and Mess. Wm. Hadwen, John W. Barrett, Francis M. Mitchell, and James F. Cobb, of this town, for the part they have taken, and the labor they have performed in raising the balance of the required sum. This has been mostly done by private subscriptions and small public collections, and while it would occupy too much space to give a more detailed account, or name every individual, we wish to express our deeply felt obligations to EACH ONE who has aided, as if specified; to invoke upon them the blessings of those who were ready to perish, and to express, thus publicly, our belief that their names have been entered by the recording angel in an imperishable record, and that they will be rewarded by Him who looks with approbation on every effort to ameliorate the condition of down-trodden humanity, and who has said that "for the crying of the poor and the sighing of the needy, I will arise."

J. E. CRAWFORD & FAMILY.

RESIGNED.—For nine years Rev. Crawford has ministered to the Pleasant Baptist Church in this town, the last years without "fee or reward," (except received from a recent Soiree,) and preaches only \$275 a year; preaching regularly every Sabbath, and discharging all other duties devolving upon salaried ministers. During that period he has supported himself and family by his own labor, collected and secured the freedom of his wife. He has now relinquished his ministerial connection and his business here, and will engage in an effort to raise \$1000 to purchase the liberty of a niece; the daughter of the sister-in-law who was rescued from slavery by his zealous labors. Such a man is deserving of encouragement; his industry, intelligence, ministerial devotion, and uprightness as a citizen, justly commend him to favorable considerations.

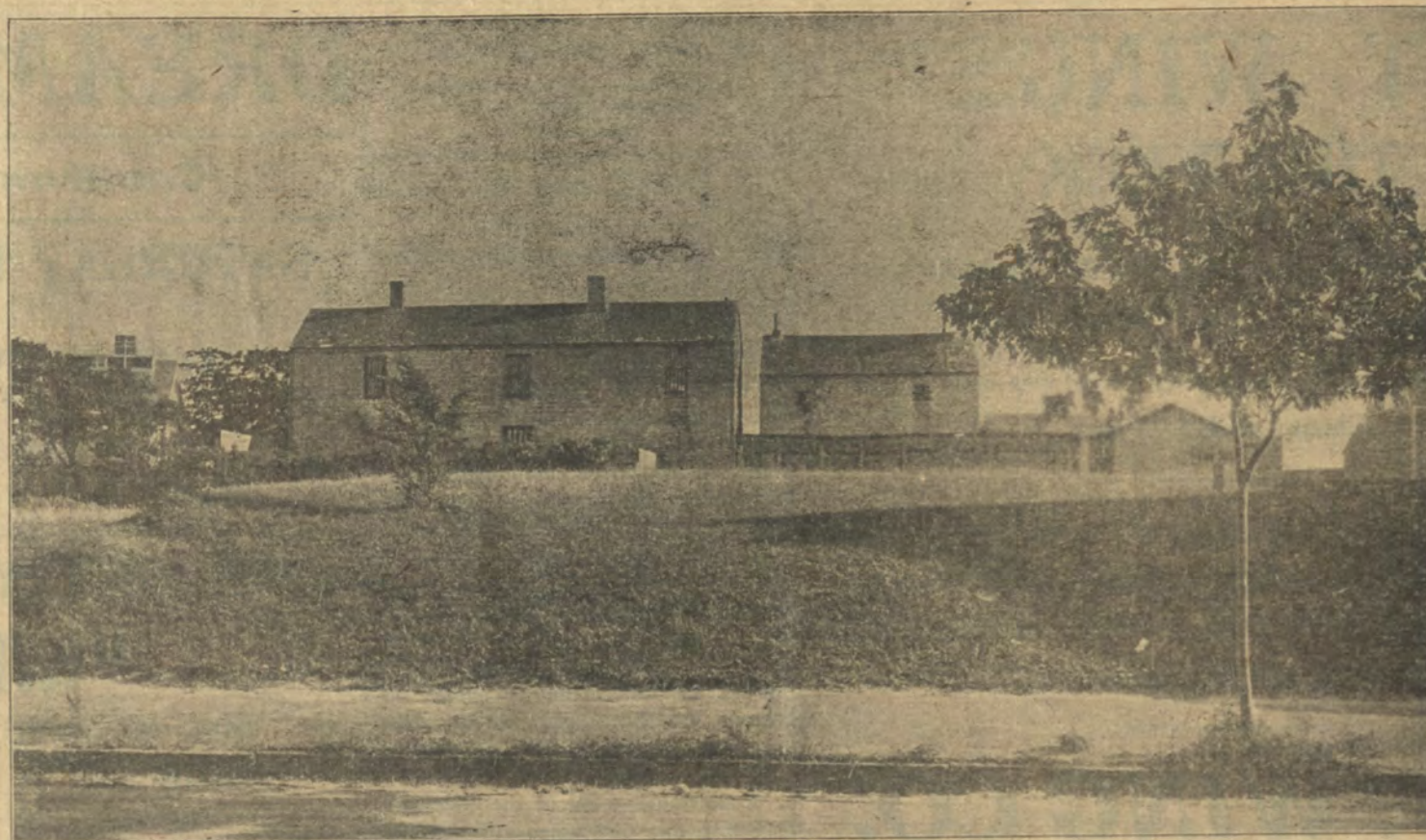
Wherever he may visit, we freely endorse him as a man worthy of implicit confidence and deserving of patronage. In the effort Mr. Crawford is about to make to free his niece from slavery, we can say to those to whom he may apply that they can place full confidence in his statements, and feel sure that their contributions will be applied to the purpose designated.

MR. CRAWFORD'S LABORS.—We learn from Rev. J. E. Crawford of this town, that he met with very gratifying success, in his efforts abroad, to raise money for the release of his niece from Slavery. His bank book shows that he has deposited the sum of \$280 in the Suffolk Savings bank, Boston, collected by him for that object. At their last meeting, the Selectmen of Nantucket audited his accounts, and found them perfectly satisfactory. At the session of the Baptist Association yesterday, Rev. Mr. Bronson of Hyannis offered a Resolution endorsing the standing and labors of Mr. Crawford, which was unanimously passed. In presenting it, Mr. B. made some very eloquent and touching remarks. The Resolution is as follows:—

Resolved, That as an Association we hereby certify that Rev. J. E. CRAWFORD of Nantucket is in full standing in this body as a Christian and a minister, and that we tender to him our sympathy and assistance in his effort to secure the sum of \$1000, to rescue his niece from Slavery.

G. F. WARREN Chairman,
F. B. ASHLEY, Clerk.

Rev. J. E. Crawford will give an interesting account of his travels for the past six months, together with various entertaining facts connected with the redemption of the two slaves, the liberation of whom Mr. Crawford has for years been endeavoring to effect, and who now has the infinite satisfaction of seeing his labors amply rewarded, on Wednesday evening next, at the Summer Street Baptist Church. An admission fee of 10 cents will be charged, for the purpose of relieving Mr. Crawford from embarrassment occasioned by the necessity of borrowing money to prosecute his mission. We think Mr. C. will attract a large audience on this occasion, as he has an extensive circle of friends who will improve the opportunity to hear the account of his adventures.



NANTUCKET'S HOUSE OF CORRECTION (left) And OLD JAIL (right) AS IT LOOKED YEARS AGO.

The view is from Main Street and houses now occupy the foreground of the picture. The House of Correction is where Patience Cooper served her ten-year sentence for the assault and resulting death of Mrs. Phebe Fuller. The town has now transferred the old structures to the Nantucket Historical Association for preservation.

Patience Cooper and Nantucket's Murder-Mystery of Years Ago.

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

With the taking over of the Old Jail and its attendant House of Correction by the Nantucket Historical Association, there has been a revival of interest in the weather-beaten structures which have so long been a part of the landscape on Vestal street.

"Who was the most famous prisoner?" is a question which has made the rounds, during the varied and many reminiscences associated with the various inmates of Nantucket's unique penal institution. Invariably some one will mention the name "Patience Cooper," but aside from the fact that she was for many years a prisoner—having been convicted of a murder—little else seems to be known about her.

As a matter of history, Patience Cooper created a sensation in this island town which lasted for many years. The impress of her story is evident from the circumstance that, despite the fact that she died over sixty years ago, her name was among the first mentioned in relation to the story of the Old Jail.

* * * * *

Patience Cooper moves like an eerie shadow all through the tragedy of her time—the period of the Civil War. She was found guilty of having caused the death of an old lady who, apparently, had never harmed her. And she was sentenced to ten years in the House of Correction—a sentence so light in view of the enormity of her crime that there has been a further deepening of the mystery.

It was eighty-six years ago that the story began—November 22, 1860. It was not an outright murder that startled usually quiet Nantucket on that gray November evening—it was a brutal, shocking assault upon the person of Mrs. Phebe Fuller, a widow, between 60 and 70 years of age. The victim lingered for a month before she passed away—suffering and pain-wracked, an object of great pity.

On that particular November night a moon shone through a low haze of clouds, casting a sickly half-light in the narrow streets and lanes of the town. Mrs. Fuller lived in the house on the north side of Silver street just west of the corner of Orange. She lived alone and kept a shop in the lower floor of the house as it faced Silver street. No one recalled any person appearing along the way after dark that night. At any rate, the widow's shop was not frequented between the hours of 6 and 9:00 o'clock.

At 9:10, a neighbor entered and, seeing no one, called "Phebe!" several times. There was no response.

No light was to be seen in the shop, which was unusual, as Mrs. Fuller rarely left her shop or home at night.

The door to the living room was nearly shut, a faint glow of light showing through a crack. Fearing that her friend was ill, the neighbor went into the next room. The solitary oil-lamp had been turned down low, but in its feeble glow the neighbor could make out the body of Mrs. Fuller—sprawled on the floor.

The neighbor quickly knelt beside the prostrate form—then recoiled in horror. Mrs. Fuller's head was reposing in a pool of blood; her white hair was smeared with red stains. Screaming for help the frightened woman ran out into the gloom of Silver street.

* * * * *

One of the first to respond to the alarm was Capt. Nathaniel Fitzgerald, a retired mariner. Rushing into the house, he picked Mrs. Fuller up and carried her to a couch. She was still unconscious. Dr. John H. Sherman was called and arrived within fifteen minutes. The two men were of like opinion—this was a case for the authorities. There was no established police force in those days in Nantucket, the watchmen being stationed in the tower to look for fires, and so Alfred Macy, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, was hastily summoned.

Mrs. Fuller was found to be barely alive. The aged woman had been beaten savagely about the head, her scalp being torn from her head in several places. Her right ear was split and her nose fractured. Her right arm and hand were severely

bruised, mute evidence that she had attempted to ward off the blows of her assailant. Blood had spattered walls and floor of the room to an amazing degree.

By her side, on the floor, was a whale-bone "fid," (used on board ship like a marline-spike) which was covered with blood—the instrument used by the attacker. In the store, the little drawer in which Mrs. Fuller kept her money was found half-open but it was impossible to ascertain whether any of the coins had been taken. The first report had it that the drawer had been rifled—that the assailant's object was theft—but this was not true.

The town fairly seethed with indignation and excitement during the next few days. Rumors stirred new questions into the puzzle; the selectmen instructed the Sheriff, Frederick H. Chase, and his Constable, Robert Folger, to stand ready to arrest the first suspect named by them.

On the morning of the Nov. 24th, Mrs. Fuller revived a little. Her attendants eagerly awaited opportunity to question her, but the victim's power of speech was temporarily paralyzed.

"Who did this dreadful thing?" was the question asked of her a hundred times.

Mrs. Fuller's eyes were dazed during those first hours of returning consciousness. When she began to gasp her first strained words, in pitiful attempts to reply, the sounds were unintelligible. Toward evening a wave of new life swept through her and she said very clearly: "Patience—Patience Cooper...."

Patience Cooper was a mulatto who lived on upper Pleasant street in a district long occupied by respectable colored folk. It was a district known as "Guinea," and the colony of Nantucket colored people included the Pompeys, Jones and Rosses. There were two churches maintained by the colored folk there, the Zion Church on West York street, and the Baptist, on the corner of Pleasant and York.

Sheriff Chase and Constable Folger immediately took Patience Cooper into custody. She lived some 400 yards from Silver street, in a small house which was the home of her deceased mother, Patience Dyer.

Examined before the Trial Justice, James M. Bunker, the mulatto firmly denied the attack on Mrs. Fuller. She admitted she had seen the old woman during the day—and had done some sewing for her, bringing the work to the store. While the examination was in progress, a message came from the bedside of the victim. She had muttered that her attacker was a white man whom she had never seen before. This new development, of course, left no alternative and Justice Bunker very properly allowed Patience Cooper to go free.

There was one man, however, who had become so keenly interested in the case that he resolved to do some detective work. This was Capt. Fitzgerald, the man who had been first on the scene when Mrs. Fuller was found on the night of the assault. He visited the sick room on successive evenings, joining the watch, always keenly alert to the mutterings of the stricken one.

He could not understand why Mrs. Fuller's first words had been "Patience—Patience Cooper," and then, upon becoming stronger temporarily, she had accused an unknown man.

His vigil was rewarded. One night, reviving suddenly to a lucid state of mind, Mrs. Fuller began to talk in a rational manner.

"Can you remember a little of what happened?" asked Capt. Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Fuller's voice became halting again: "I can't—remember—much."

"But you told us first it was Patience Cooper!"

"I—I did—see her that night," Mrs. Fuller's low voice became vague again.

"Patience said she was here," Capt. Fitzgerald hastened to say. "She told us about it."

For the first time Mrs. Fuller betrayed new alarm. "She—she told you!"

Quick to press the advantage, Capt. Fitzgerald went on: "She told us!"

"Yes—she did it," said Mrs. Fuller quite clearly, now. "She came in—I was in the sitting room in the rocking chair. Patience came into the room, then—there was an evil smile on her face. She said she had come to pay—to pay a bill."

"And she struck you then?" asked Capt. Fitzgerald, noticing the rigid set to the stricken woman's face.

"I got up to fix the wick of my lamp. I was talking to her—then I heard a noise, and turned just—just as she was starting to hit me with something—something she had done up in a white handkerchief."

That "something," of course, was the whalebone fid found on the floor—but there was no sign of the white handkerchief.

Captain Fitzgerald asked only a few more questions. An hour later he had secured a warrant for the arrest of Patience Cooper.

The next day the mulatto was again before Justice Bunker. Displaying that same detached calmness which had characterized her first arraignment, Patience Cooper denied the charge of attempted murder. Only a partial examination was made, owing to the inability of Mrs. Fuller—the only material witness—to appear and testify.

But the fact of the assault was proved, and it appeared, by the declaration of Mrs. Fuller, (made when in apprehension of death) and by other evidence, that there was a reasonable ground for detaining the prisoner to answer further examination, which was conducted ten days later.

The bone fid used in the assault was introduced as exhibit A. It was a formidable weapon, about 18 inches long, heavy and tapering. (A fid is larger than a marline spike, used on board ship to separate the strands in splicing a rope or in untying knots.)

Further examination of the accused woman took place on December 6th. Mrs. Fuller was apparently holding her own, Dr. Sherman expressing the belief that she would recover. She now stated positively and without reservation that Patience Cooper was her assailant.

Edward M. Gardner took over the duty of defending the accused mulatto. He advised her to waive examination, which was a course most expedient to the prisoner and the Commonwealth. Justice Bunker then ordered her held in the sum of \$10,000 for an appearance at the next session of the Superior Court, to be held in July, 1861.

Patience Cooper was taken to the House of Correction and confined. It was to be her experience to remain there during the next 10 years, but she was not then aware of the possibility and neither were the authorities.

In regard to the postponement of the trial, it speaks well for the character of the town officials in those days. When it is remembered that this was before the Civil War, at a time when the colored people had little or no right under the law, it reflects considerable credit upon Nantucket and the temper of its people to find this display of impartial justice. The weekly *Mirror* commented:

"The public mind could hardly fail to be influenced by the disclosure of the facts of the case; so far as known, as it might be difficult to obtain a jury free from bias. The prisoner, any prisoner, is entitled to a fair trial, and to all rights defined in the Constitution."

Mrs. Fuller suffered a relapse on December 12. Oddly enough she was conscious until a hour before death, while her body became paralyzed. She stated again that her attacker was Patience Cooper. As an anti-climax, she began to talk about her funeral, saying at one time:

"I do not wish many at my funeral. I am principled against it. There was Cap'n Morey—hundreds followed him to his grave—and forgot him the very next day."

An autopsy was performed by Dr. Sherman, assisted by his fellow physicians Fearing, King and Robinson. It was found that the right side of the brain was congested with blood to a high degree; inflammation had set in on the other side; commencing at the temple on the right side of the skull, a deep fracture extended upward and backward.

The Superior Court session following the death of Mrs. Fuller occurred on June 3, 1861, with Judge Lincoln Bridgman, presiding. The case was transferred to the Supreme Court, which alone had jurisdiction over capital crimes.

Twenty-two men, as a Grand Jury, under the direction of District Attorney Marston, arraigned Patience A. Cooper on a charge of murder.

The Supreme Court met at Nantucket the first Tuesday in July. Edward M. Gardner and J. M. Day, Counsel for the defence, won their point in having the first indictment dismissed, and in October a second indictment was brought in—this one being for manslaughter.

The date of the trial was set as of May 27, 1862, but on that day further arraignment was made to the 30th of June. Acting in accordance with the Attorney General's ruling, District Attorney Marston had the second indictment found and ready for the June session of the Court.

Patience Cooper was asked to take the stand and listen to the indictment. She did so, without any expression on her face and no excitement showing in her impassive manner. In a clear voice she pleaded "Not Guilty."

The government's case rested principally upon the statements as made by Mrs. Fuller. The introduction of these were sought by the prosecution, and vigorously opposed by the defendant's counsel on the grounds that the testimony of no witness should be used against any party unless that party has an opportunity to cross-examine the witness.

The present case, however, represented an exception to this rule. From the bare necessity of the situation, declarations made by one in view of imminent death, as to the cause of that death, had to be admitted. The Court was satisfied that the fear of impending death was firm in the mind of Mrs. Fuller, and that her remarks

to Captain Fitzgerald were made in this frame of mind recognized by law.

Capt. Fitzgerald's testimony, therefore, became the keystone of the prosecution. He stated in substance that Mrs. Fuller had told him Patience Cooper had come in through the shop on that fateful night, with an "evil smile on her face," which the old lady could never forget.

The words of the victim seem to sound again as Capt. Fitzgerald spoke them in that crowded courtroom:

"Patience seated herself in the rocking chair I had just left and began to converse beautifully. Then she said: 'I have come to settle that bill!'"

"I got up to get a pair of scissors from the mantle with which to snuff the wick of the lamp....I heard a noise behind me....then Patience began to strike me with something hard done up in a white handkerchief....I'll feel those blows always."

A witness was called to tell of seeing Patience Cooper that evening on Pompey's corner, with something in her hand "done up in a white napkin."

The defendant declared it was a beef bone someone had given her.

By further testimony it was established that she had asked a neighbor to go into court and state that there was a light in her (the defendant's) house on that evening.

12

over

The testimony of Patience Cooper herself re-acted strongly against her. Not only did she fail to establish her whereabouts on that fateful night but she failed to show where she got the "beef bone," or what she did with a bundle she mentioned her sister had asked her to deliver. Her attorneys took exceptions to certain questions the prosecution asked on these points.

After hearing the lawyers' final arguments, the trial jury retired. Three hours later they returned with a verdict of "guilty."

Judge Brigham reserved his findings in the case until the various exceptions granted the defense counsel could be further investigated.

But when the October session of the Superior Court was held, the disposition of the case was further postponed, the final decision of Judge Brigham being reserved.

At this time the Supreme Judicial Court, acting upon an appeal from the defense counsel, ordered a new trial for Patience Cooper upon the ground of a single erroneous ruling on the part of the judge. This action was sudden and unexpected, for in the minds of all who had reviewed the case the evidence against the defendant was overwhelming.

The ruling in question was that of Judge Brigham in excluding the evidence of a respected colored woman—Mrs. Trillonia Pompey—in regard to Mrs. Fuller's knowledge of persons and names.

It was this witness' contention that Mrs. Fuller often displayed a difficulty in remembering the proper names of the colored people with whom she came in contact often. It was the contention of the defense that Mrs. Fuller's injury to her head, plus her known vagaries in remembering the colored folk, had caused her to name the wrong person as her assailant.

At the June session of the Superior Court for 1863, Judge Henry Vose listened to a review of the case as presented by Marston, the district attorney. The trial jury was composed of the following islanders:

George F. Joy, Lewis B. Imbert, Edwin Colesworthy, Charles H. Dunham, David Folger, George F. Pinkham, Zenas M. Coleman, Henry B. Folger, Benjamin B. Raymond, Andrew G. Hussey, Joseph H. Starbuck, Henry P. Olin.

The trial occupied much less time than that of the previous year, owing to the admission without controversy of many facts formerly presented. Again Edward M. Gardner ably took care of the defense.

The entire case now rested on the evidence as presented by Capt. Fitzgerald—the declaration of Mrs. Fuller which was made three days after the assault. "Patience—Patience Cooper . . . she came into the room with an evil smile on her face. . . ."

The jury retired at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and returned with the verdict "guilty."

Judge Vose then pronounced the sentence: "Patience Cooper, the jury having found you guilty of the crime charged to you, I sentence you to ten years in the House of Correction."

The town was sharply divided in its reaction to this final disposition of the case. Some people were indignant, and stated that such a light sentence, in view of the enormity of the crime, was but an invitation for other criminals to act. On the other hand, there were many who believed that a doubt existed in the minds of the jurors as well as in the prosecutors' whether or not Patience Cooper was the actual criminal. The sentence satisfied no one.

And so Patience Cooper resumed her quarters in the House of Correction. Her room was on the lower floor at the east end of the building. A low cot, a narrow wash-stand, a small bureau and a curtained recess for her few belongings were the only furnishings. A stockade-like row of wooden joists acted as a barrier between the room proper and the portion near the east wall, where a stove was placed. The jailor always tended the fire; the rude wooden bars kept the prisoner away from opportunity to start any possible conflagration.

From that dark November day in 1860, when she was first incarcerated, until the final pronouncement of her sentence in 1863, Patience Cooper had little to say. She stoutly maintained her innocence, and the the verdict of "guilty" caused no change in her statements. Her attitude, however, became changed. She grew morose and silent when visitors called. Often she would be discovered with her needle-work lying untouched in her lap as she stared at the white plaster of the walls.

Because she had always been an active woman, her health began to fail with the confinement. To induce her to exercise, she was allowed a longer period of exercise in the yard. More often than not, however, she would be found standing in some corner of the enclosure, with its high board fence cutting off any sight of the outside world.

She was given work to do, sewing and washing, and the jailor set aside the meagre proceeds for her future use. This was the only particular thing in which she kept a continual interest. She remarked, one rainy morning, to Jailor Rowland Folger: "I am glad to have the money put aside. I want to know that I will be buried proper—that's all I want it for."

A number of off-island summer visitors to the island became interested in the prisoner. She had a remarkable speaking voice, it is recorded—of a contralto in pitch—and often when alone she was overheard humming a hymn learned at Rev. James Crawford's Colored Baptist Church.

One of the off-islanders who often visited the prisoner was M. Salom, a Boston merchant, who had purchased a home here. He often queried her as to the crime, succeeding in getting her to talk about it where others had always failed.

One day, M. Salom approached the Sheriff and announced he had persuaded the prisoner to discuss her crime with authorities. Together with Jailor Rowland Folger, John Adlington and Frederick Morse, M. Salom went into the prisoner's cell and interviewed her. She denied all knowledge of the crime, placing her hand on her Bible as she spoke. At the same time she stated her belief that her sentence would be commuted.

M. Salom concealed his surprise by stating that before application could be made for a commutation of her sentence she must have three things done: first, a certificate of good conduct; secondly, a full and free confession of guilt; thirdly, satisfactory evidence of sincere repentance and thorough reformation. This appeared to startle her very much, and as M. Salom was leaving she asked him to come back the next day.

It was on the second Sunday in May, 1865, that Patience Cooper made her famous confession. M. Salom wrote it out as she dictated it in the presence of Capt. Oliver Cushman. In it she stated that she was guilty of causing the death of Mrs. Fuller; that she had entered the house that November evening, in 1860, to discuss a bill and that there had been an argument, as a result of which she struck Mrs. Fuller in the face, "I cannot tell how many times. . . if she was so wounded as the evidence said, I must have struck her several times, for there was no one else to do it."

"Why did you do this?"

"I was very much provoked—I never heard any person make such use of such bad language as she did that night. I did it because she was so impudent and saucy to me."

"Did she fall after you struck her?"

"No, she leaned against the counter after I struck her."

"What did you do then?"

"I went directly out and went straight home. . . through Silver and up Pleasant street."

"Did you wash the blood off your hands when you got home?"

"I had no need to wash my hands or my clothes; there was no blood on them; not a single spot!"

"Why did you always deny it?"

"Because I thought and had been told it would be best for me. I do now confess to ease my mind, and acknowledge the justice of my sentence, for I am guilty of murder. I am sorry I caused her death. I am sorry I brought disgrace upon my family. I have a dear brother in Australia."

"Have you any accomplice in this murder?"

"None. No one should be accused of this but me, as I did it, and I alone."

Patience Cooper's confession was received with mingled feelings by the townspeople. It was the opinion of the majority that the prisoner had made it for the purpose of securing a commutation of the sentence. The fact that the prisoner had stated she had struck Mrs. Fuller in the store on Silver street that night, and had left her standing upright before the store counter—where the evidence showed she was lying on the floor of the next room, the living room, was only one of many glaring inconsistencies.

There were those who believed that she had been and was still shielding the guilty party and had nothing to lose by her confession, anyway.

Patience Cooper served her ten-year term, and although her spirit remained unbroken her health never recovered from the effects of her confinement. The last years of her life were spent at the asylum—and there she died October 29, 1885, at the age of seventy-five.

Whether she was guilty of the crime is still a moot question. The many unanswered questions of the case continue to be as mysterious as ever, and Patience Cooper remains an aloof figure within the mystery of it all.

REMOVAL OF PATIENCE COOPER.—Patience Cooper, who was sentenced to our House of Correction in 1863 for a term of ten years, for manslaughter, left here on Thursday of last week, to serve out the remainder of the term in the Bristol County House of Correction, at New Bedford. This removal was made by order of the Commissioners of Prisons, under the power conferred by the Act of June, 1870.

Aug. 26, 1871

"Mother" Conway Observes Her Eighty-Third Birthday.

Their name is legion, these little mothers, grown old and gray in the service of love, their gentle air of resignation like a mantle of grace protecting them from the further winds of adversity. They sit at the outer gate of life, their day's work done, marking time, a far away look in their fast dimming eyes. Mayhap in retrospect they are vainly trying to recapture the magic of living, or more than likely they are merely waiting for their particular "Sunset and evening star and one clear call for me" to come to pass. Who shall say? Whistler immortalized his mother on canvas because of this same poignant appeal.

Some there are whose lives have been prosaic, others sordid, even tragic, and still others whose lives have been full and eventful as they journeyed along life's way. To this latter class belongs my friend and neighbor, Mrs. John Conway, widow of the late Capt. John Conway. As far as I know she is the only surviving widow in Nantucket who "rounded the Horn" to sail the seven seas with her husband and share his fate whate'er it was to be.

Last week she had a birthday, her eighty-third. Since the pioneer stock, of which she is part and parcel, was the very life blood of old Nantucket, it behooves us to salute her while we may. That's how this all came about.

After the birthday cake had been disposed of we questioned her about her early life. Modestly she discounted her own share of achievement, but it was precious to note how she waxed eloquent at the mere mention of her beloved Capt. John Conway. As far as she was concerned she failed to see wherein there was anything extraordinary about her part in his life.

Going to sea with her man and rearing her family at one and the same time, was her job. She had a job to do and she did it, and that was that! Grudgingly she admitted that maybe she did have a few harrowing experiences but after all it was all in a day's work.

Her face was transformed as she discussed Captain Conway, giving me a resumé of his seafaring career, which began as a mere youngster of fourteen in the capacity of cabin boy, aboard the *N. B. Palmer*. He rounded the Horn many times thereafter, working his way up until he was finally given command of the *Lucille* in 1891, sailing from Philadelphia with a cargo of railroad iron for San Francisco.

Mrs. Conway accompanied him on this voyage. Again in July, when he made his second trip as captain of the *Lucille*, going from New York to Melbourne, Australia; thence to Genoa, and from Genoa to Sicily, there loading a cargo of salt for Gloucester, arriving home about Thanksgiving, 1893. She was with him on all three voyages which he made as master of this ship, and a son, Sidney (who later died in 1900) was born to them in February, 1893, while the ship was at Sidney, Australia. She is also the mother of John Conway, of Hussey street, and Frank Conway, with whom she lives on Milk street. In addition she has seven grandchildren, so her life is still replete with living.

Oct. 10, 1940

At times her memory is amazing. She chuckled as she recited from memory an eight page letter, which she received prior to her marriage, from an entire stranger, extolling the virtues of Captain Conway, her fiancé. It was written on board ship by a male passenger, to whom Captain Conway had been exceedingly kind. It had all the earmarks of the gay nineties with its stilted, formal speech. It amused her no end to think that anyone would feel it necessary to convince her of something of which she was already aware, how wonderful her John was! She enunciates perfectly and I might add she is a born dramatist as well. She reads poetry so well that is really touching.

Then, in a more serious vein she went on to say that in 1893 she was making the trip aboard the *Lucille*, which sailed from New York to Melbourne, Australia. From there the ship went to Newcastle, where she loaded soft coal for Manila. It was on this voyage that the *Lucille* ran into a typhoon. Unfortunately, Captain Conway was transacting business on shore when the typhoon struck. It did not take him long, however, to charter a tug and climb aboard. Not a moment too soon.

The mate had lost his nerve and was shouting down to Mrs. Conway that all was lost. Captain Conway gave orders thick and fast, with the result that though she lost her anchor, had only one anchor down, and had to be tied to another ship, she succeeded in riding out the storm. A large amount of damage to the *Lucille* was the aftermath; notwithstanding she was able to reach Manila where she made temporary repairs and then went across to Hong Kong, where she loaded a cargo of firecrackers, straw matting and wicker rocking chairs for New York. The return home was in June, 1895. The late Arthur Jones of Nantucket sailed with Captain Conway on these last two voyages.

Once, while she was shopping in China, the coolie who was pushing her rickshaw decided to give his little lady passenger a thrill. It seems there had been some sort of a minor revolution and those participating had been decapitated. Suddenly, Mrs. Conway was confronted with what seemed to be an endless row of defunct heads on spikes for the edification of any potential offenders. Just about then she commenced to have goose pimples up and down her spine, and to wonder how long her own head would remain intact. Well, sir, it didn't take her long to get out of there; as a matter of fact, it was full speed ahead.

Then there was that time when they were sailing slowly up a narrow river in darkest Africa, and a band of cannibals threatened from shore. They sprinkled the decks with glass as a means of preventing them from coming on board. This proved to be effective and they were allowed to go their way in peace.

There was also that little but very important matter of "shooting the sun" daily. The captain would sing down the altitude of the sun to Mrs. Conway in the cabin. With that for a guide, his little lady Stella would proceed to work out the latitude and longitude and eventually the "sight," as it was called, of the ship. Besides this there was still another chore she had to do. She had charge of the Slop Chest, which was the revenue from articles, bought wholesale by the captain who, in turn, sold to the crew at retail. Then again there was the problem of having money available for the sailors' salary, and that entailed the necessity for foreign exchange. This, too, she took over.

Reading between the lines, it was the things she left unsaid that in the language of the day "got me down." Reluctantly, I rose to go as the interview ended.

There she sat in her rocking chair, as fragile as some of the rare old china which she gathered from the far corners of the world, a living exponent of all that was courageous and fine. I could not help but think: "The old order passeth!" Sad but true.

—Mrs. Ann Ryan Bennett.

Trial Justice Court.

David Bennett, a bootblack, was before Trial Justice Mooers, Friday week, charged with assault on "Prof. Mike," also a bootblack. He was adjudged guilty and held in the sum of \$300 for appearance at the October sitting of the Superior Court. Bennett secured the necessary bonds immediately.

Arthur Barrally, who a few months ago was released on probation from the state reformatory, where he was serving a sentence for stealing catboat Samoset and sailing her out of the harbor several years ago, while in an intoxicated condition, has been up to his old tricks again and was before Trial Justice Mooers, Friday week, on complaint of John H. Dunham for a similar offence. It appears that when the owner of the catboat went down to the dock Friday morning his boat was missing from her berth. The fishermen who were making their early trip to the pound noticed a small catboat acting strangely well out into the bay, and on running down to the craft, found it to be the missing boat with Barrally on board somewhat intoxicated. They promptly took charge of the boat and its occupant, who was brought back to town and arraigned before the trial justice. As this was his second offence, Barrally was held in the sum of \$500 for trial by the October court, in default of which he was committed to jail.

July 5, 1903

Swain Received Humane Society Medal For Bravery.

Heroic acts of life-saving by South-eastern Massachusetts persons are recorded in a report for 1931 to 1933, just issued by the Humane Society of the Commonwealth. Twenty-two residents in this vicinity have received medals or certificates for their valor from the Society in that period.

In simple sentences the report records how men, women and children risked their own lives to save others from drowning, from fire, from asphyxiation, from the path of automobiles.

One of those receiving a silver medal from the Humane Society, and also a Carnegie medal and a cash award is Israel M. Swain, formerly of Nantucket, now steward at the Fairhaven bridge station of the New Bedford Yacht Club.

Mr. Swain, who is 70 years old, on the third of December, 1930, while fully clothed, jumped into the Acushnet River and saved the life of Miss Lillian Wright, who had sought to drown herself. He was forced to put up a desperate battle against efforts of the woman to free herself, but succeeded in holding her up until his son came to their rescue in a skiff. He received a gold medal and \$1,000 award from the Carnegie fund.

Sept. 9, 1937

14

THE ANTISLAVERY PHASE OF OUR ISLAND'S HISTORY.

[BY MISS ANNA GARDNER.]

By request I give some features of the antislavery phase of our island history. There are few left to tell the tale. The necessary limitations of my paper will ad-

mit of salient points only. This may interest those who have a taste of historical traditions, while it will stave off the rising generation, flustered with the new wine of life, as savoring much of oftold tales.

These may say, "Let the dead past its dead," but there is that in the which can never die—the inestimable substantial value of which as objects in history is being more and more recognized in modern times than at former period—incorporated into the living present, "heart within and God's head." However proportionally insignificant may seem the locality of his local research, there will always be something more or less worthy to be served in the great archives of the world's history.

It is not generally borne in mind that antislavery effort is associated with the entire history of the island of Nantucket from the period celebrated by Whittier's beautiful ballad, which we so delight repeat:

"And yet that idle remnant
A refuge of the free," etc.

up to the crisis which led to the slaveholders' rebellion.

That comparatively modern contest, the Garrisonian movement, in which townspeople took a decided part, produced, by its exciting incidents, was indelibly transfixed in the memory of all Nantucketers who can look back 50 years. This movement I shall speak more length later.

The earlier active testimony borne Quakers against the evil of slavery, though once so emphatic, has scarcely left a trace on the tablet of memory.

At the present day there is hardly a remnant of the whilom sect.

Quaker habits and Quaker influence predominated on the island when the present speaker was young. These gentle, simple hearted people, as they appeared on the streets in their quaint, peculiar garb, characterized the town as a Quaker settlement. The good general influence exerted by their excellent lives could never be lost. That influence was specially shown in the respect they paid to woman—practically supporting the principle advocated of woman's complete absolute equality with man in all the concerns of life. This was indicated by the frequent presence of Mary Starbuck in the town meeting, where her voice was frequently heard and always heeded.

Those of us who can roll back the record of time to fifth day business meetings can seem to hear considered the query, "Are friends careful to abstain from the use of the grown products, etc.?" The "Quaker discipline," a book now an antique survival as a curiosity, was in effect the island discipline in those primitive days.

A pamphlet denouncing slavery was written by Elihu Coleman, a native of the island and a minister of the Society of Friends, as early as 1729.

The people of today who have interested themselves at all about antislavery time must have heard very romantic stories concerning the underground railroad slave rescues, etc. But among my hearers may be some who are not aware of the fact that the earliest rescue of that kind in this land was at Nantucket. It occurred long years before the rescue of Burns, Shadrach and other slaves; before William Brown transported himself to the north in a dry goods box; before William and Ellen Craft made their way to liberty by disguising themselves and acting the part of slave and master, the former, being nearly white, easily assuming the role of master, before Daniel Webster fell from his lofty pedestal, prostituting his mighty influence to promote the fugitive slave law.

Arthur Cooper was the name of the hunted slave who found his way to Nantucket. He, with his family, had been living so long in that part of the town called New Guinea that they began to feel safe from pursuit, but fate was against them. By proxy the slaveholder found his way there.

In 1822 slave owners, residents of Alexandria, Va., learned the whereabouts of these escaped bondmen and determined to recover them.

When the agent, with his deputy marshal, reached the house of the fugitives, with a view to recapture them, a large as-

semblage of our townspeople surrounded their dwelling, showing a disposition to protect them.

A noted feature of this assembly was the presence of that distinguished citizen, Hon. Walter Folger, who had been summoned to expound the law as held at that time in relation to slavery. Walter Folger was an eminent man, a shining light upon our island.

Notwithstanding the contracted locality where he was born and lived, in consequence of his knowledge, his acquirements in all directions, especially in mathematics and astronomy, he was renowned in both hemispheres and exerted a profound influence.

Sylvanus Macy and others, including my grandfather, Francis G. Macy, were also present and among the foremost in baffling the designs of the slaveholders.

The former observed that they were not in Virginia, but in a Yankee town, and would not suffer these colored people to be taken back to bondage. The son of the latter, my uncle, Thomas Mackerel Macy and his son-in-law, my father, Oliver C. Gardner, also determined to thwart the wicked designs of the slaveholder's agent. Some time was occupied in front of the house by reading the deputies' warrant of arrest and by the talk of Judge Folger to the crowd. The latter held that the laws of Massachusetts did not recognize any persons as slaves, and that, as a magistrate, he should be compelled to arrest the agent and deputy marshal should they persist in molesting the fugitives.

During this prolonged delay my father and Uncle Thomas stepped quietly around to the back window, and beckoning to the trembling victims indicated that they were prepared to help them escape. Disguised in my father's coat and Uncle Thomas' broad brimmed Quaker hat, Arthur Cooper had reached our back door before the wrangle in front of the house had so far subsided that the officers dared enter on their nefarious quest. When they did so, behold, vacaney! They were defeated, balked. The fugitives had fled!

The chagrin of those minions of slavery is not to be imagined.

The impression upon me as a child could never be effaced, when a man black as midnight, on whose face was seen the striking contrast of ashen lips (the effect of intense anxiety), came up our back steps and stood in the doorway a few feet from me. The shock it occasioned is one of the most vivid recollections of my life. This story is all within my memory, being then 6 years old.

Cooper and his family, his first wife and children, found shelter and concealment in our house a long time—I think about six weeks—occupying the cellar and attic. One incident is clear in my memory—the father, in mortal fear that their hiding place might be discovered, severely reprimanding his little boy who dared put his woolly head out of the cellar door.

It was arranged that, if the house of Oliver C. Gardner was suspected as being a refuge, at the first attempt to enter it the fugitives were instructed by a sign to flee to the house of George Mitchell, a Quaker in the neighborhood, the uncle of Maria Mitchell. Alfred Folger, who lived not far distant, also offered his house as a refuge in an emergency.

But it was discovered that the Quaker atmosphere of our community was too uncongenial to the slave power for them ever to risk another attempt to regain their so called property. Arthur Cooper and family remained unmolested in the small dwelling where they were besieged until

Partial
Journal?

July 11, 1895

Serious Mishap.

News has reached us of a painful accident which befell Miss Anna Gardner, of this town, in Brooklyn, last week. Miss Gardner had been visiting her nephew, Cromwell G. Macy, Esq., in that city, and was walking out on Lee Avenue, when a horse suddenly backing startled the lady, and turning suddenly she fell upon the hard concrete, turning her foot under her and splitting her hip bone. She was taken to Mr. Macy's residence, where she has the very best of surgical aid. The fracture is a serious one, and will confine Miss Gardner to the house for several months before she can be moved. Her many friends will regret to learn of this accident.

Nantucket Talent.

From the "50 Years Ago Column" of New Bedford Standard-Times.

Nantucket, small in size, is rich in the number of talented men and women who had the good fortune to be born on the Island, or have once lived there. Foremost among them was Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, whose discovery of a comet from the roof of her Island home in 1847 brought her a gold medal from the King of Denmark as well as an award from Italy. Then there was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, who married Josiah Franklin and became the mother of Benjamin Franklin. New Bedford owes much to another Nantucketer, Joseph Rotch, who, while not a native of the island, moved his business from there in 1765 to the little village on the west bank of the Acushnet River to give it the impetus that led to establishing New Bedford as the greatest whaling port in the world. It was Mr. Rotch who was responsible for the very name New Bedford, naming it Bedford Village from the fact that Joseph Russell, the pioneer settler here, bore the family name of the Duke of Bedford.

A name that is almost synonymous with Nantucket is Coffin, a name still familiar there. It was Tristram Coffin who was one of the pioneer Island settlers and it was one of his descendants, Sir Isaac Coffin, who became an admiral in the British Navy. In later life he visited the Island home of his ancestors and there established the Coffin School, since become an adjunct of the present-day Nantucket school system.

Another descendant of Tristram Coffin was a notable Island woman, Miss Anna Gardner, whose death at the age of 85 was recorded in *The Standard* in February, 1901. A daughter of Oliver C. Gardner, she became a national leader in the cause of anti-slavery. It was Miss Gardner who sponsored the anti-slavery convention in 1841, at which William Lloyd Garrison was present. The convention also was notable in that it was there that Frederick Douglass, who became the leader of his race in the cause of abolition, made his first public speech. Miss Gardner could recall that when she was a girl her father's home was one of the underground stations through which escaped slaves passed.

After the war, Miss Gardner taught in freedmen's schools in the South. She later enlisted in the cause of women's rights and became a close associate of Lucretia Mott. Miss Gardner was one of the speakers on women's rights at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. An essay which she prepared on the same subject was distributed by the New Bedford Society for Equal Suffrage. Miss Gardner wrote both prose and poetry that found their way into modest volumes. One of her best-known poems is that entitled "Bartholdi Statue," commemorating the erection of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor. There is a similarity in the sentiments expressed between her opening verse and the lines that were written by Emma Lazarus that are inscribed on the base of the statue. The first of eight verses written by Miss Gardner read:

I stand the herald of advancing time,
Not for what is—but what is to be—
A harbinger of victory sublime,
When nations far and wide shall
all be free.

GARDNER.—Miss Anna Gardner died at her late home on Orange street, Monday afternoon, at the advanced age of 85 years. Although she had been aware for many months that she was suffering from an incurable disease, she had manifested no sign of pain or suffering until within a very short time, when her friends became aware of her physical condition. Even under the severest suffering she bore up with cheerfulness and fortitude to the end.

In the death of Miss Gardner, Nantucket has lost another of its many gifted women, for she was one of the brightest of the galaxy of literary geniuses of which our island has boasted. She was a strong woman mentally and physically. She was strong in her convictions and sustained them with courage. She was strong in her ideas of principle, and stood steadfast for the right, as she saw it, even though she stood alone. She was strong in her religious views, taking always the broad or liberal ideas of advanced thinkers. She was imbued with a strong liking for psychical research, and followed out any new thought until she felt sure it should be retained or rejected. She was strong in personality and her presence was always to be felt, and, to use a homely phrase, she had a square side to everything with which she had to do. She was of kindly disposition, and was, we may say, universally esteemed for her sterling qualities. Of strong constitution, she had lived practically free from physical ailments, excepting for being invalided from the effects of a carriage accident, and her mind was clear to the close of life. She was one of a family of twelve children, but one of whom remains—Mr. Roland Gardner, whose sorrow will be publicly shared.

Miss Gardner was deeply interested in the cause for the elevation of her sex, and was one of the founders and leaders of Nantucket Sorosis, of which she had been president and secretary. She was a strong advocate of total abstinence, and a member of the Woman's Relief Corps.

Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon in Unitarian Church, and the auditorium was well filled, a delegation from Thomas M. Gardner Post, No. 207, G. A. R., and the W. R. C. in a body, attending. There were also delegations from the W. C. T. U., the Pacific Club, and Nantucket Sorosis. The casket occupied a place in front of the pulpit, and upon it rested two floral wreaths from the women's organizations. Rev. J. F. Meyer officiated, and his Scripture lessons were well-chosen selections, a poetic selection from Martineau being particularly appropriate. The choir sang two hymns, including "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Mr. Meyer's address was a simple but beautiful tribute to a deeply religious life—a life of faithful, untiring work, in which prominent characteristics and incidents of the life of Miss Gardner were recited. From a copy of the Boston Standard of May 21, 1896, loaned us by Nantucket Sorosis, we reprint the following faithful and fitting sketch of one of Nantucket's greatest women:

"Anna Gardner was born in the historic island of Nantucket, Jan. 25, 1816, of Quaker ancestry. She is a descendant of that 'Vent'rous Macy,' whom Whittier has sung into immortality in his ballad, 'The Exile.' Through her father, Oliver C. Gardner, she is connected with the most prominent families in the history of the island, which has always been her home. Through the Cartwrights of Nantucket, she can trace her lineage to Peter Folger, the grandfather of that philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, and through them also she is related to those distinguished women, Lucretia Mott and Maria Mitchell. On the side of her mother, Hannah (Mackereel) Gardner, she is a descendant of Tristram Coffin, the first magistrate of Nantucket.

Thus, on this quaint island, she can trace seven generations of her ancestry. Miss Gardner inherits her literary ability (for she is a writer of great strength, both in prose and verse), from her mother, who was born in the good old town of Dunkirk, French Flanders. This woman was a great lover of the best literature, and especially of the classical poetry. The literary taste of one generation manifested itself in the literary ability in the next.

But most important of all was the spirit which she seems to have inherited from her father, which from girlhood has ever made her a recognized friend and champion of liberty and human rights. In the year 1822, when she was about 6 years of age, an incident happened which made an indelible impression upon her, and which, perhaps, hastened the beginning of her work for the suffering bondsmen of the South. It is, no doubt, remembered by the oldest resident of Nantucket today.

In a voice in which there was not the slightest trace of advancing years, Miss Gardner told the story for the writer's benefit. It seems that a number of escaped slaves had found refuge among the liberty-loving people of the island and that the fact became known to certain slaveholders residing near Alexandria, Va., who sent an agent to Nantucket to recover possession of their property. Among the slaves were Arthur Cooper, his wife and family. The slavehunters attempted to get possession of Cooper, but when they went to his house they found it surrounded by a large assemblage of the enraged islanders, who showed every disposition to protect the fugitive. Miss Gardner's grandfather on her mother's side, Francis G. Macy, was among the foremost in objecting to the designs of the agents. With him at the time were his son, Thomas Macy, and his son-in-law, Oliver C. Gardner, Miss Gardner's father. What followed is best told in her own words:

"While the altercation was proceeding and the warrant being read, at the front of the house, my father and my Uncle Thomas slipped around to the back window and adroitly assisted the trembling fugitives to make their escape from it, disguised in one of father's coats and Uncle Thomas' broad-brimmed Quaker hat. Arthur Cooper had nearly reached our back door before the wrangle was so far over that the officers dared to enter the house. And, behold, the house was empty! The fugitives had flown. I recollect that I stood (I was then 6 years old) upon our back stairs, when a man black as midnight, with lips so paled with fright that they were white as snow, came up the steps and stood in the doorway. The striking contrast of white lips and black face was shocking. Such a sight was too indelibly impressed upon the mind of a child to be forgotten. He and his family were concealed for weeks in our attic and cellar."

At an early age Miss Gardner, contrary to the rule of girls, became greatly interested in all subjects which had to do with human welfare and social reform. She became a subscriber to the Liberator, the paper published by William Lloyd Garrison, in the interest of the anti-slavery movement, when she was about 18 years of age. In speaking of the way she happened to subscribe to the paper, and of Garrison, with whom she afterwards became acquainted, and who was one of her warmest friends, Miss Gardner said:

"It was just previous to the Boston mob, when Garrison found 'safe lodging,' as he wittily said, 'which the state had provided for him in the Leverett street jail. As a girl, I was always interested in what concerned the public welfare. Works on moral philosophy, on political economy, and on government, best suited my taste. I was an enthusiastic Republican before I became an Abolitionist, and this paper served at once to remove the delusion which I had fondly cherished, that we were living in a true republic. I read every line of it with eager interest."

In the year 1841 Anna Gardner was instrumental in calling an anti-slavery convention on the island of Nantucket. Her intention was known to but few, and the greater part of these were hardly in sympathy with her. But the intrepid young woman of 25 kept up a correspondence with Garrison until she assured the doubters that the convention would not be a failure. At that time the whaling industry was at

its best, and there were over a thousand more inhabitants on the island than at the present time. The attendance at the convention meetings was very large. Nearly all the leading Abolitionists were present and participated in the exercises. But the thing which now leads those who remember this convention to recall it with so much interest was the fact that it marked the debut of Frederick Douglass as a public speaker. Douglass was unexpectedly called upon to speak to the gathering, and did so after much hesitation. Despite his embarrassment, his words "gave evidence of great intellectual power, and all present were astonished. Garrison followed him in one of his sublimest speeches, saying, 'Here is a living witness of the severest condemnation he had ever uttered of slavery.'" At the close of the meeting, Mr. John A. Collins, then the general agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, urgently invited Mr. Douglass to become a lecturer in the interest of his fellows. Douglass felt incompetent to assume such a position, but finally yielded to pressure and began his brilliant career.

After the war broke out, when the northern forces had succeeded in occupying the coast lands of the Carolinas, there came a call to the North for teachers to instruct the large number of freedmen who flocked to the cities in the possession of the Union troops. Anna Gardner was one of the first to respond. She taught in Newbern, N. C., and in Camden and in Virginia, returning to the North in 1878. Soon after she was injured by a carriage in Brooklyn, N. Y., and for weeks she lay between life and death at the house of a nephew. But God spared her life, as it seemed, in order that she might continue her grand work.

The greatest of her life's desires was realized in the freeing of the slaves. Miss Gardner turned her attention to the cause of woman's rights and universal suffrage, and has been an indefatigable worker along these lines up to the present time. Some of her best writings on the subject have been published in a modest volume which bears the title "Harvest Gleanings." It contains among other articles a paper on "Woman Suffrage," read before the Association for the Advancement of Women at Philadelphia in the centennial year, 1876; the text of an address entitled "Woman's Political Freedom," delivered at a school suffrage meeting in the Friends' meeting-house, Nantucket, in August, 1879; also, an "Appeal to Voters," written later. Miss Gardner has taken several prizes in open competition. One was awarded her for an agricultural essay, in which contest she competed with many well-known writers on agricultural subjects, taking great care to conceal the fact that her essay was written by a woman until the decision of the judges had been made. In a more recent contest, conducted by a suffrage society in this city, on the question of allowing women to become members of the school board, hers was the only essay which received a prize, and it was published in tract form to be distributed broadcast in the city on two successive years. Her verses are fully up to the high standard of her prose."

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having seen the statement made by the highest authority in Massachusetts through the *Woman's Journal*, that women owning stock in various corporations would be exempt from tax-paying, and having seen that this statement was sanctioned by Attorney-General George Marston, the undersigned thought proper, for the benefit of women generally so situated, to test this mooted question by withholding the tax of two dollars assessed by town authorities.

ANNA GARDNER.

Feb. 19, 1881

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.—The woman Suffrage League held a meeting with Miss Anna Gardner on the evening of the 1st inst, at which the following resolutions presented by Mrs. E. G. M. Barney were adopted:

To Anna Gardner, President of the Suffrage League of Nantucket:

In thinking of the loss that the Suffrage cause has sustained in the death of Eliza Barney, my mind has gone back to the time when we were first allowed to vote for School Committee, and how some of us, although determined to do what we felt to be our duty, dreaded to go to the polls to deposit our votes on account of the ridicule and the sarcastic remarks that we thought were sure to be expressed by some of those who felt women were out of their sphere in so doing—but when the time came, and we found we had for our leaders Eliza Barney, Elizabeth G. Macy and Harriet Pierce, three women who had shown throughout long lives such purity of spirit united with so much zeal and courage, who had, each in her own way, and to the best of her ability, done all that she could to help every noble reform, and who, notwithstanding these reforms may not have been popular, still had the respect, and I think I may say the love of a large portion of our community, we took courage, and thought with these three women to lead us, we could do anything.

And now as Mrs. Barney has so recently gone from us, it seems fitting that some resolution should be passed by our society, expressive of our appreciation of her worth. I therefore offer the following:

Resolved,—That in the removal of Eliza Barney, one who was ever ready to do all in her power by way of encouragement to others, by a hopeful looking forward to the time when man would see and do the right, and by a readiness to respond when pecuniary aid was needed, the Suffrage Cause has lost a strong supporter, and the Suffrage League in Nantucket a firm and steadfast member and friend.

The following, prepared by Rev. P. A. Hanaford, of New Haven, Conn., were also read and adopted:

Whereas, the change which is called "death" has come to our venerated and beloved friend and fellow-member, Mrs. Eliza Barney, and has brought an experience of sadness to us all, therefore

Resolved,—That we hold in most tender and reverent memory the departed member and beloved friend, and regard her name as a synonym for excellence in the various domestic relations, and for superiority in the line of work for humanity, and will strive to imitate her many virtues.

Resolved,—That when the names of the early agitators on the subjects of Anti-slavery, Temperance, Equal Rights and Woman Suffrage are mentioned with honor and gratitude, the name of Eliza Barney should always be found among them, for in the galaxy of the world's reformers she was a star of the first magnitude, though through her modesty, her light was often eclipsed.

Resolved,—That in her departure, the Society has lost one of its earliest and truest friends, and that her place can probably never be filled, since few possess her varied tastes and attainments, and those few are "far between."

Resolved,—That with loving sympathy the Nantucket Society will transmit a copy of these resolutions to the children and grand-children of the departed, with the hope that her admirable qualities may prove to be inherited in large measures by them all.

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the press of our island, that our townspeople and many far scattered islanders may be able to add their hearty "Amen" to our testimony as to the esteem in which their fellow townsman was held by her associates in the Nantucket Suffrage Society.

ACCIDENT.—Miss Anna Gardner of this town met with a painful accident while walking the streets of Brooklyn on Thursday week, which will confine her to the house for a number of weeks. She was thrown down by a carriage backing against her, dislocating her hip and fracturing the bone. She was taken to the house of Cromwell G. Macy, Esq., where the dislocation was reduced and the fractured bone properly attended to. Her many friends will be pained to learn of her mishap.

Apr. 27, 1878

The Eccentric Newbegin Family As Told by Phebe Herself.

Many tales have been printed from time to time about the eccentric "Newbegin family" who lived just west of the town, a short distance east of the "Hawthorne lot". In a little newspaper called "Island Fairie", printed in 1870 and edited by the late Anne Mitchell Macy, appears an interesting story about the "Newbegins" as related by Phebe Newbegin herself to Miss Macy. At the time the "Fairie" was printed in 1870, Phebe herself had passed away—the last of the island family noted for its eccentricities and peculiar mode of life.

The present generation may have heard their elders occasionally mention the "Newbegins", but to the young people of today, even though they have heard the name, it has meant nothing. The story told by Phebe Newbegin, the eldest of the three sisters, three-quarters of a century ago, contains much of real historic interest, aside from the references to the eccentric family.

By Phebe Newbegin.

My father, a man in very humble circumstances, and I think of very humble capacity, by some incomprehensible law of attraction became the suitor of my mother at an early age, the latter being possessed of unusual character originally, but saddened by disappointment in her affections which she would never reveal.

Always kind to my father, she pursued the even tenor of her way, without ambition, without courage, and seemingly ever looking to the past or the future—never at the present. It is natural to suppose, with this skeleton in the house, that any young girls, isolated as we were, should grow up without manners, rough, careless, but with our mother's example, ever having the profoundest respect for truth and virtue.

We were all taught to read, for our mother's education had not been neglected, and she performed these mechanical duties without a murmur, but so far from town were we—and in those days, schooling was not free—that we were contented to be able to read from the Holy Bible.

After the death of our parents, and the removal of our brother to town, we lived alone, and very soon became to be considered as queer which characteristics were so apparent even to ourselves, that our whole lives were influenced by the fact. Our furniture was scant, consisting generally of three chairs, one for each sister, and though we knew chairs to be requisite to a dwelling we had not knowledge sufficient to raise us to the exertion of going into town for them.

We were very poor, and our room very limited, but no one can ever say that our floors were unwashed or unsanded, for sister Anna was very neat and particular, though her own appearance did not exactly indicate the traits.

As years went by, many visitors would call to see us during the summer season among them some of the most respectable of the town and state, not excepting Gov. Lincoln and Gov. Briggs, and though we had no credit for insight into character, we knew very well when parties came to make fun, and when they came from curiosity or kindness.

The Society of Friends sent their messengers to us, and but for these we might have suffered. Every few weeks a deputation from this body would arrive, bringing food and comforts, clothing, etc., for we were not even capable of sewing much. Their remarks would last long after the food was consumed, and the clothing in tatters, as they were always with their poor and needy.

Young girls would call, and so long were we of the gay and youthful, that even Anna, the most retiring of us, would sidle into the room, take her seat on the bed, and look intently out of the window, as if the barren hills were a new scene, and filled with startling objects so rapid without recognition on her part.

Her hair was red and unkempt (perhaps auburn and frizzled), which with her wonderful eye, gave her the appearance of "frenzy", whereas, she was the most cheery of us all. After the guests had departed, she could tell which were the pretenders and which were the realities.

Young boys, introduced themselves as "Lieutenant this" and "Captain that", and while we were pitying them for their want of breeding, and on this account we treated them with respect. They imagined that we who had lived through two wars did not know an infant from a General; but, if we made fun of them then, they have lived to see their folly and we will leave them to the sober reflections of an after life.

We never found difficulty (or at least sister Mary never did, for she was our conversationalist) in talking with John Q. Adams, Dr. Bowditch and other learned men, whose hearts kept pace with their heads, and who had a plenty of the latter.

Our place was small; our little garden, unfenced, being our farm; yet we were quite interested in fowl, and begged a few. These we accommodated in the lower drawer of our bureau, which drawer we left open always, knowing that fowl required the air.

The fact became so notorious, the inquiries so unpleasant and annoying, that we were obliged to dispose of them, with the exception of one chicken, which remained to me as a pet, but which had the happy faculty of running away when strangers approached. As Anna was the only nimble one among us, it gave her the appearance of ever running wild, but she always brought the chicken to terms, and to my lap for protection, which gave me the credit of being superannuated in tending it.

This turned all questions to my sister Mary, who sat bolt upright, and talked as though she were the flower of the family, and I the mere Martha of old.

After the guests were gone, there never was peace for Mary; but she had those winning ways with her which were not the parts of Anna and myself, and so was beyond our control.

Many acts have been noised abroad concerning our modes of living, which

we could have kept to ourselves but for the shyness of the chicken, and our fear that it would be lost. Thus the whole lower drawer tradition would have escaped the new generations, but that we were obliged to secrete the pet there sometimes, and the internal rattling of the drawer handles would arouse suspicion.

As winter approached, our only callers were the dear old Quakers—our real friends. Thus year after year passed. At the time of my writing, there is a move making to get us into town—we have not been in for more than half a century, and we dread the strange ways.

We have heard of the wonderful boat, and Anna has seen it, but Mary and I fear it, as the noise of its steam is audible even here.

We have heard that the cistern on Main street, opposite Pleasant, has been changed. We hear that the old Friend's Meeting House, corner of the latter street, has been torn down, and a stately house built at its stead; that the Cartwright house at the corner is gone.

The Franklin school-house near the old Mary Starbuck spot is no more; where the wood buildings stood, corners Main and Liberty, are now a brick bank and a chapel.

The Gelston House is gone—that new three story house—and in its place, a brick dwelling of only two stories.

All is changed but ourselves; there is but one change that we desire, and that is, when we leave this old Newbegin homestead, that we may pass on to that higher house in which we are told are many mansions and a place prepared for each, where our spirits unencumbered by earthly conditions, and circumstances, can be at rest forevermore.

P. N.

Feb. 6, 1943

20

18

"The Newbegins" as Related by
Phebe Herself.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Among my treasured bits of olden Nantucket days I came across a paper sent to me in 1870, dated August 9, named "Island Fairie" and published in the interest of a fair in the Athenaeum. One article is headed "The Newbegins" and it is so interesting to me, as giving their view of their visitors, that I think others will be as interested as I was. So here it is:

The Newbegins.

Visiting the Newbegin family some years ago, I obtained from Phebe, the eldest, the following incidents, which, now that the sisters have passed away, may be transcribed:

"One of the three sisters who live alone a few miles from town, I record the events, of our lives, beginning as far back as the girlhood of Anna, the youngest.

My father, a man in very humble circumstances, and I think of very humble capacity, by some incomprehensible law of attraction, became the suitor of my mother at an early age, the latter being possessed of unusual character originally, but saddened by disappointment in her affections which she would never reveal. Always kind to my father, she pursued the even tenor of her way, without ambition, without courage, and ever seemingly looking to the past and the future—never at the present. With this skeleton in the house it is but natural to suppose that any young girls isolated as we were should grow up without manners, rough, careless, but, with our mother's example, ever having the profoundest respect for truth and virtue.

We were all taught to read, for our mother's education had not been neglected, and she performed those mechanical duties without a murmur, but so far from town were we—and in those days schooling was not free—that we were contented to be able to read the Holy Bible.

After the death of our parents and the removal of our only brother to town, we lived alone and very soon became to be considered as quaint and queer, which characteristics were so apparent even to ourselves that our whole lives were influenced by the fact. Our furniture was scant, consisting generally of three chairs, one for each sister, and though we knew chairs to be a requisite to a dwelling, we had not knowledge sufficient to raise us to the exertion of going to town for them.

We were very poor, and our room very limited, but no one can ever say that our floors were unwashed or unsanded, for sister Anna was very neat and particular, though her own appearance did not exactly indicate the traits.

As years went by, many visitors during the summer season would call to see us, among them some of the most respectable of the town and state, not excepting Governor Lincoln and Governor Briggs. Though we had no credit for insight into character, we very well knew when parties came to make fun, when they came from curiosity, and when from kindness.

The Society of Friends sent their messengers to us, and but for these we might have suffered. Every few weeks a deputation from this body would arrive, bringing food and comforts, clothing, etc., for we were not even capable of sewing much. Their remarks would last long after the food was eaten and the clothing in tatters—but they were untiring, as they are always with their poor and needy.

Young girls would call, and so fond were we of the gay and youthful that even Anna, who was the most retiring of us, would sidle into the room, take her seat on the bed and look intently out of the window, as if the barren hills were a new scene and filled with startling objects so rapid in their motion that even as she gazed they might disappear without recognition on her part.

Her hair was red and unkempt, which with her wonderful eyes, gave her the appearance of 'frenzy,' whereas she was the most cheery of us all and after the guests had departed could tell which were the pretenders and which the realities.

Young boys scarcely in their teens would march in introducing themselves as "Lieutenant this" and "Capt. that," and while we were pitying them for their want of breeding, and on this account treating them with respect, they imagined that we who had lived through two wars, did not know an infant from a General; but, if we made fun for them then, they have lived to see their folly, and we will leave them to the sober reflections of an after life.

We never found difficulty (or at least sister Mary never did, for she was our conversationalist) in talking with John Q. Adams, Dr. Bowditch and other learned men whose hearts kept pace with their heads and who had a plenty of the latter.

Our place was small; our little garden unfenced being our farm; yet we were quite interested in fowl and begged a few. These we accommodated in the lower drawer of our only bureau, which drawer we left open always, knowing that fowl required the air. The fact became so notorious and the remarks so numerous, the inquiries so unpleasant and annoying, that we were obliged to dispose of them with the exception of one chicken, which remained to me a pet, but which had the happy faculty of running away as strangers approached, and as Anna was the only nimble one among us it gave her the appearance of ever running wild, but she always brought the chicken to terms and to my lap for protection, which gave me the credit of being superannuated in tending it.

This turned all questions to my sister Mary, who sat bolt upright and talked as though she were the flower of the family and I the mere Martha of old. After the guests were gone there never was peace for Mary; but she had those winning ways with her which were not the parts of Anna and myself and so was beyond our control.

Many facts have been noised abroad

concerning our modes of living, which we could have kept to ourselves but for the shyness of the chicken and our fear that it would be lost. Thus, the whole lower drawer tradition would have escaped the new generations but that we were obliged to secrete the pet there sometimes and the internal rattling of the drawer handles would arouse suspicion.

As winter approached our only callers were the dear Quakers, our real friends. Thus year after year passed. At the time of my writing there is a move making to get us into the town—we have not been in for more than a half a century and we dread the strange ways. We have heard of the wonderful boat and Anna has seen it, but Mary and I fear it, as the noise of its steam is audible even here.

We have heard that the cistern on Main street opposite Pleasant, has been changed. We hear that the old Friends' meeting-house, corner of the latter street, has been torn down and a stately house built in its stead; that the Cartwright house at the other corner is gone.

The Franklin school-house near the old Mary Starbuck spot is no more; where the wooden buildings stood, corners of Main and Liberty, are now a brick bank and a chapel. The Gelston House is gone, that new three-story house, and in its place a brick dwelling of only two stories.

All is changed but ourselves; there is but one change that we desire and that is that when we leave this old Newbegins homestead we may pass on to that higher house in which we are told are many mansions and a place prepared for each, where our spirits unencumbered by earthly conditions and circumstances can be at rest forevermore.

(Signed) P. N."

The houses mentioned in the last part of that article are some of them unknown to me—even unheard of. The "stately house" on the corner of Pleasant street was always an object of delight, but I have been told that the other corner had a butcher's shop before the present dwelling, so the Cartwright house must have been very long ago.

After all I have read of Mary Starbuck it may be strange to admit that here is one who never knew where she lived. I hope somebody will enlighten me—and what of the Franklin school-house? The Gelston House must have been a hotel—but where?

My grandmother often told of Dr. Gelston's young wife, or must I say widow, for the story is of her after he died. He made a special request that she would not wear black for him and she promised, but she dressed herself in white, and her bonnet was very plain and of white silk. The two children wore black and the story always ended with "when she went out all dressed in white with her two children by the hand, in black, it was the saddest sight I ever saw." Eighty years or more ago white was not used as it is today.

Lilla Barnard.

APRIL 26, 1913

History of the Newbegin Family.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

Thinking it might be interesting to the old Nantucketers, and perhaps to some of the younger ones, I will give a brief history of the Newbegin family. They lived in an old house about a mile west from the town. The family consisted of six—the father, mother, one son and three daughters.

James Newbegin, the father, was born December 16, 1727, and died December 18, 1807, 80 years old. Phebe, the mother, was born July 18, 1731, and died February 26, 1825—94 years old. George, the son, was born November 10, 1761, and died July 9, 1817, 56 years old. Phebe was born June 24, 1766, and died February 23, 1860, 94 years old. Mary was born April 15, 1770, and died August 10, 1863, 93 years old. Anna was born February 26, 1772, and died August 7, 1853, 81 years old.

After their father, mother and brother died, the three sisters lived by themselves in the same house. They kept hens, but kept them in the house, not that they were afraid of having the fowl stolen, for honesty was the policy in those days. The hens would lay in the bureau drawers.

I have seen them take out twelve eggs from one drawer. They had no stoves or carpets, and lived, ate and slept in one room.

There was a large fireplace in the room, and it was so large that when the three of them were seated knitting there it looked as though the room was deserted. I have seen a large log of wood with one end in the fire and the hens roosting on the other end.

To keep their potatoes from freezing in the winter, they put them between the beds and slept on them. Visitors to the island would all go out to see the Newbegins. They had a book for visitors to write their names, and to read those names would puzzle our expert graduates of the High school. No one was allowed to go up stairs. What they kept or what they did up there was a secret from the public. I know many things at the present time.

They belonged to the society of Friends, and that society took care of them. My grandfather, who was a Quaker preacher, used to often send me out there with provisions and vegetables. Mary Newbegin used to come to town once a week after snuff or tobacco. Every lamp-post she came to—we didn't have electric lights in those days—she would go around three times, and when she stepped off a curb-stone, she would step back again and then step off.

I remember when I was thirteen years old, one pleasant school day afternoon, I bought a small American flag and carried it out to the Newbegins and gave it to them. They did not refuse to accept it. The old folks in those days were patriotic, and they are now, what few there are left.

One afternoon I sat there talking with them, and a man rode by on horseback. Phebe said, "Elisha, does thee know who that man is?" I told her it was a cavalry man. She said, "Anna, put all the hens in the bureau drawers and haul down the curtains."

In giving this history of the family, I have been very careful to say nothing about our school committee refusing to accept the American Flag as a gift, for notwithstanding their refusal, the "Star Spangled Banner" will forever wave o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

E. P. F. Gardner,
Poet's Corner.

The Newbegins.

By R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M. D., LL. D.

The town records of Nantucket contain a deed of land transferred from William and Abiel Clasby (his wife) to George Newbegin, dated June 19th, 1727. The tract was east of what is known as the "Thorn Lot" not far from the Elihu Coleman house, on the old Madaket road, and consisted of about forty rods. Here, during the same year, George Newbegin built, on a knoll, a two-story house, consisting of one room on the ground floor, a second room above, and a small attic. The house fronted the south, with the long sloping roof facing north. The front door was situated near the southeastern corner of the south front, which was pierced by a window midway between the door and the southwestern corner, by one on the second story above the front door, and by a narrow window above the lower story window. There were also two windows in the rear and two in the eastern end. In the rear of the building was an outhouse or shed, with pigeon holes in one of the gables. There were no windows in the west end, but it was pierced by a small door opening outwards, leading to an ash-closet, the ashes being kept for making soap.

At the base of the knoll were some rude steps leading up to the front door, and at the entrance was a large door-stone. There was also a rain-water barrel at the northwestern corner, and the chimney was on the western end of the roof. The front door led into a little passage, which opened into the first-floor room, and, at the west end, projecting well into the room, was a large, deep fire-place. In this room also was a closet, and the stairs, leading up to the upper room, led up indirectly from the front passage on the southeastern end.*

* Many octogenarians on the island are responsible for this description.

In this house James Newbegin was born on December 16th, 1727. Little, if anything, is recorded of either George Newbegin or his son James, while Mrs. Newbegin's name, so far as I know, is not even mentioned. It is traditional that the father came from Newport, R. I., and the family belonged to the Society of Friends.

James developed into a simple, feeble-minded individual who did odd jobs, and acted as a carrier—was somewhat eccentric, and characterized by never-failing good-nature.

There is traditional evidence that Daniel Nichols and his wife Eunice had been driven from the mainland by the persecutions which assailed the Quakers, and that they, like many others, sought refuge in the peaceful freedom of Nantucket. Where they resided on the island is now unknown, but it is obvious that it must have been in the neighborhood of Madaket or Wannacomet, as the sequel will show. They had only one child, Phebe, who was born on July 18th, 1731, and here she lived with her parents through childhood and early womanhood.

Naturally of a nervous temperament, she grew up amid the depressing religious influences of the sect to which she belonged, and in an isolated environment which tended to make her abnormally introspective and emotional. When, however, she was bereft of her parents and found herself absolutely alone on the desolate moors, one can easily imagine the inevitable effect upon such a highly-strung and imaginative personality. For years she dwelt by herself in almost utter loneliness, occasional visitors being few

and far between. Her worldly possessions consisted mainly of a few odds and ends of furniture endeared to her as the handiwork of her beloved father—a few old pewter utensils, and, prized most highly, an old sheep-skin bound Bible which she studied with much devotion and bewilderment.

She was by no means idle, however, for she spent much of her time in weaving and sewing—in gathering herbs and berries when in season, and in the disposal of her eggs and chickens in the town market. Her religious fervour imbued her with the unwavering belief that the Holy Spirit actuated her in every thought and word and deed of her life, so that, as time went on, she became more and more afraid of transgressing the literal signification of the Holy Book, and thus repressed all her aspirations, and kept every throb of her heart—every prompting of her nature—every desire of her being, in rigid subjection as if intuitively.

Religious conviction, accentuated by personal experience, thus rendered her indifferent to any allurements which the outside world might offer. In her daily routine she found all the recreation she sought for, and her activities and aspirations were concentrated within the confines of her cottage home. Thus she grew up into a beautiful woman, willowy, graceful and attractive, but with a mind enfeebled from want of developmental nourishment and stunted in its potentialities. Timid, apprehensive, over-sensitive and self-concentred, she found little congeniality in her necessary visits to the neighboring town, or even in her attendance at the Friends' meeting-house.

But she had had her admirers amongst many of the reputable young men on the island, although her religious prepossession restrained her from admitting few, if any, of them into her confidence, and made her fearful of rendering herself in any wise unworthy of God's mercy and blessing, which she sometimes thought she had forfeited by indulgence in sub-conscious emotional desires, and imaginary worldly pleasures which she deemed forbidden. She had thus refused all offers of marriage, especially since the first object of her affection had been lost at sea; yet when one of her rejected sweethearts subsequently became a near neighbor, and settled down with his wife and child, she registered a vow that she would marry the first man that proposed to her.

One evening, on returning home from the town, she was deeply impressed by a particularly lurid sunset and phenomenal atmospheric effect, which terrified her by the flame-like appearance of the sky, and she worked herself into an hysterical condition, believing that the end of the world was at hand. Bravely, for a time, she trudged on, but a heavy storm arose, which struck terror into her soul while it almost impeded her progress, and she realized, as she had never done before, her utter isolation in life, while thinking that the Almighty was pouring out the vials of His wrath upon her. Several times she threw herself upon the earth in agony of mind, panting and in utter prostration.

By the time she had reached Maxcy's pond the storm had somewhat abated, but she was terrorized, and almost incapable of walking, when she heard the welcome and familiar

22

20

OVER

voice of James Newbegin, the carrier, crying out to his horse "Git up, Tim'thy," and she knew he would help her home. For a short distance she retraced her steps and meeting his curious equipage, greeted him gladly. This proved to be an eventful ride, for, before the cart reached Phebe's door, James had asked her to marry him, and although she protested and remonstrated with him, she would give him no answer, and James, undismayed, said he would give her time to think it over.

Tradition has long asserted what fiction has reproduced,* and what the memories of the oldest inhabitants recall, from hearsay, that Phebe Nichols and James Newbegin were married in or about 1760, when Phebe was 29, and James 33 years of age. He proved to be a good husband—she a meek submissive wife, and so they lived together happily enough. Yet the union of such a couple—one simple-minded and intellectually deficient, while the other was morbidly emotional and her entire personality characterized by nervous instability—predicated a tendency to degeneration in their offspring in accordance with inexorable natural laws.

* *Idi: "An Island Plant," by Miss Catherine Lee, to which I am under many obligations.*

Their first child, a boy named George, after his paternal grandfather, was born November 10, 1761; their second child, Phebe, was born June 3d, 1766; Mary, their second daughter, April 16th, 1770; and Anna, the youngest, February 26th, 1772. Of George, the son, nothing of interest is recorded. He died on July 9th, 1817, at the age of 56.

The three daughters were always more or less eccentric, and as time went on their peculiarities became more accentuated. They are said to have been good-looking and attractive girls during the earlier period of their lives, but their isolation and mode of living rendered them timid and reticent. They had no social relationships beyond those involved in their regular attendance at the Friends' meeting-house, and the occasional visits of some of the Friends themselves, and their education had been very rudimentary, amounting to little but what they had acquired in their own home, so that they knew almost absolutely nothing of what was going on the world, or of what was passing around them. They assisted in the domestic duties of the house, gathered herbs and cranberries, sewed and wove some, while they looked after their hens; but they seldom stirred from home, and spent most of their time in gloomy meditation.

Their father, James, died on December 17th, 1807, at the age of eighty years; and their mother—the first Phebe—lingered on until 1826, when she also died—at the advanced age of 94 years. Bereft of all that made life bearable by the death of their parents, the three poor weird sisters managed to exist for many years, but surely no more pitiable sight was ever seen!

Of the three sisters, Anna, the youngest, was the most alert and active, and upon her devolved the sale of eggs and sundries, out of which they eked a precarious existence. The other two were more listless and melancholic, scarcely ever leaving the house or its immediate surroundings, and had not been known to visit the adjacent town for nearly 40 years.

Anna was the talker in the family, and when she could find nobody to talk with she expended her eloquence in addressing the hens which lived in the same room with the family, and concerning which many anecdotes have been told. Some of these hens were regarded by Anna as almost human in their intelligence, and she pampered and talked to them accordingly, while some of them were treated as pets, and became very tame, having access to any position which they seemed to prefer. Thus, while they usually roosted upstairs, they were as often seen nestling on one of the beds, on the mantel-piece, or perhaps oftenest, in Anna's arms. Some of the favorite hens were designated by special names—one being known as "Martha," one "Hannah" and one "Abigail." Hannah always gave notice of her intention to lay an egg by a "chuck-chuck" which, when Anna heard, she rushed to a bureau,* and opening one of the drawers, Hannah immediately flew into it, when it was kept almost closed until Hannah announced vehemently that she had accomplished the object of her incarceration by cackinnating "cut-cut-cut-a-cut," which was wildly reiterated by the other hens.

* This bureau is now in the possession of Mrs. Anna Starbuck Jenks, at "The Oldest House."

While the sisters were all characteristically quaint and eccentric in speech and manner, Anna did all the marketing, and, in her Quaker bonnet and humble garb, was often seen walking to or from the town with a deliberately unsteady zig-zag gait, and never passing a lamp post, or marking-post or the stump of a tree without circumnavigating round and round, three times in succession; nor would she ever step off a curb without immediately stepping back again and then proceeding on her way.

Phebe and Mary were, on the other hand, taciturn, apathetic and melancholy—sitting "silently at home, one staring out of a window that looks towards the town, and the other gazing into the fire, always with their backs towards each other," while Mary's long sitting by the fire was facetiously said to have toasted one side of her hard and brown!

They all seemed to be watching and waiting for someone or something independently of each other, but who or what has always remained a mystery, although many believe that a gallant sea-captain, whom they met at a sheep-shearing, and who is said to have declared his passion for the three sisters without either of them knowing of the other's experience, was the beloved object whom they ever sought and ever hoped for. Alas, when he returned, as he did after many years, they did not recognize him, and thus their life-long hopes, though cherished to the last, were never realized.

Let up peep inside the one front room, in which, nearly all their lives, lived the cat, the hens and the three poor old maids. Miss M. Catherine

Lee has in part supplied us with an inventory of its contents. Thus, old garments and Quaker bonnets hung from nails on the walls, interspersed with iron and wooden utensils. From the ceiling was suspended mature cobwebs, dried herbs, strings of onions, peppers and ears of yellow corn. On the high chimney-piece rested a miscellaneous collection of a most heterogeneous character, including an old shoe, an old brown teapot with a brok-

en spout, a yellow pitcher without a handle, a dead chicken, some untrimmed whale-oil lamps, a well-spattered tallow candle, and sundry remains of worthless bric-a-brac which defy enumeration.

In a basket on the table was a sick chicken kirtled in the remains of an old quilted petticoat, while the faithful black cat sat blinking on the window-sill, and sounds from the henry made music overhead.

Two large double beds, one against the north, the other against the southern wall, a few chairs and stools, an old spindle and a pair of shears, the historic bureau and a few other items of no importance completed the catalogue.

Here for nearly 40 years these simple-minded and degenerate old beings lived contentedly and peacefully alone—knowing nothing of the outer world—vegetating harmlessly while Nature sustained them until a ripe old age. Here they were regarded as curiosities, and people from the town would bring their visiting friends to gaze upon them in sympathy and wonder.

It would indeed have been difficult to recognize in the miserable-looking, dreary and melancholy old women of later years the three buxom girls in Quaker bonnets of early days, when Anna's trim, svelte figure, with her freckled brow and crown of Nature's gold, Mary's fair form like a brown nymph, with languorous heavy-lashed eyes and a bright full underlip, and Phebe with her chaste mouth, her gazelle-like eyes, and her pure beautiful face, might have captivated the hearts of the worthiest and the best of husbands. But alas, it was not to be!

To resume my pitiful narrative: Anna usually received the visitors, and was pleased to see them. If the one or two available chairs were not occupied she would say "Thee tak' a che-air," and if they were she would say "Thee tak' a che-air on the bed!" I have only space to mention a few of their eccentricities. They kept potatoes between the mattresses on which they slept, to keep them from freezing! They used the thorns of the neighboring hawthorn trees for sewing. There was a rock or boulder between the house and the adjacent hawthorn lot around which the three sisters have been known to promenade for long spells at a time.

These must serve as examples of their many peculiarities which might easily be added to indefinitely. It was not exceptional to see a log of wood in the fire with a hen perched on the other end.

Seeing a man on horse-back passing the house one day, and being told, in mischief, that he was a captain of cavalry who had just come to town, Mary became terrified and told her sisters to put their hands in the bureau and to pull down the blinds! It was thus and thus that they showed their weakness of character, but they were always harmless and good-natured, always glad to receive visitors and showed their politeness by invariably pressing them to "come again." Mischievous boys alarmed and made them very unhappy sometimes; but the latch-string, which generally hung outside the door, was immediately taken inside when their watchful eyes led them to expect trouble.

No one knows what was kept in the closet in the front room already referred to, but it is considered probable

that the sisters here preserved many of the little presents they received from visitors from time to time, among which must be included a large number of calico aprons which were never worn!

The Quakers were uniformly kind and attentive to them, and when these three "wastes of womanhood" became so weak and frail as not to be able to look after themselves, the Friends provided them with a new and comfortable home in the "Friends' Boarding House" on Upper Main St.,* where they were well cared for.

* Fourth house beyond the northwest corner of Gardner street.

It is said they made many attempts to escape to their old house and the hens on the desolate moor, and that, for a time, some of them succeeded in living there again. One by one, however, these pious but afflicted old creatures were called to their last home, Anna dying on August 7th, 1853, aged 81 years; Phebe on February 23, 1860, aged 94 years; and Mary on August 10th, 1863, aged 93 years.

They were buried in the Friends' Burying ground, where, being Wilburites, no stone marks their last resting place. *Requiescant in pace!*

The old home of the Newbegins was taken down about fifty years ago, and naught remains but memories.

Sept 2, 1911

REMARKABLE.—Miss Phebe Newbegin, who died in this town on Thursday last at the advanced age of 93 years, 8 months, leaves a sister nearly 90 years of age, with whom she has slept every night for 88 years, with the exception of three weeks during childhood, when Mary, the surviving sister, went to Newburyport with her mother. The deceased never left the island. There is but one person living here older than Miss Newbegin; Mrs. Deborah Lamb, aged 94 years and some months.

Feb. 28, 1860

21

at Lord, First Vice-ent, and Mrs. Rebecca A. Morse, Chairman of the Art Committee. The annual dinner at Delmonico's is said to have been an unusually brilliant affair, over two hundred ladies being present, and the exercises after the repast being of a high musical and literary character.

Apr. 1, 1882

The Poem on "The Newbegins."

The article on "The Newbegins," by Dr. R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, which appeared in our last issue, struck such a responsive chord among our readers that we have received numerous requests to print the old familiar doggerel on "The Newbegins," penned many years ago by some Nantucketer. The effusion cannot justify the word "poetry," yet it is doubtless of sufficient interest to warrant publishing.

On this little sandy isle,
A mile or two from town,
Live three aged sisters
The fame of whom resounds.
One of these sisters eighty-two,
Another most four score,
And Anna, youngest of the three,
Her years are seventy-four.
In peace and comfort there they live,
Free from the care of wealth,
Enjoying more than many hearts
In happiness and health.
No husband ever smiled on them
To cheer them on their course,
But a life of single blessedness
Seemed to have been their choice.
They've never left their native isle
The world at large to see,
But seem as well contented
In ignorance to be.
Our steamboats they have never seen
Except at a distance,
Likewise our ships—those noble craft—
Have never met their vision.
Full sixty years ago, they say,
They visited our wharves,
The price of apples to obtain,
Also of beef and pork.
They make companions of their hens
And nurse them with much care;
They share with them their humble home
And let them roost up stairs.
One of them walks sometimes to town
In order to procure
Whatever articles they may need
From Cousin Reuben's store.
It would please you very much
To see her in her walks,
As around a post she three times goes
In steps so quick and fast.
Gay visitors they sometimes have—
Also the sleek and prim—
With pockets well-nigh bursting
With cakes and other things.
Could you but see the joyous smiles
Around Friend Mary's mouth,
And hear the trembling accents
As Phebe then breaks forth.
"I'm obliged to thee, friend!" Phebe cries,
And Anna looks her thanks,
While Mary hastens with the prize
As fast as she can tramp.
Upon the upper shelf she puts
The goods which they bestow
And then comes and seats herself,
The news in town to know.
'Tis then the numerous questions
In quick succession come,
About the folks in town
Also our friends at home.
And sometimes while you're sitting
Conversing with these three,
About their hens and chickens,
You much amused would be—
Perchance will greet your ears
A cackling loud and thrill;
Sometimes a smart young chattering
Will make those walls resound.
When we speak of leaving
They press us hard to stay,
And make us promise often
To take a stroll that way.
"Now, come again, all on ye,"
Is Phebe's constant cry
As we, their mansion leaving,
Turn round to say good-bye.
Now, if there's anyone on this isle,
Who never has seen these three,
Delay no longer—visit them—
Repaid you'll surely be.

the w who that man is?
her it was a cavalry man. She
"Anna, put all the hens in the bur
drawers and haul down the curtains.
In giving this history of the family,
have been very careful to say noth-
about our school committee refus-
ing to accept the American Flag as a
gift, for notwithstanding their refusal,
the "Star Spangled Banner" will for-
ever wave o'er the land of the free,
and the home of the brave.

E. P. F. Gardner,
Poet's Corner.

The Eccentric Newbegin Family As Told by Phebe Herself.

Many tales have been printed from time to time about the eccentric "Newbegin family" who lived just west of the town, a short distance east of the "Hawthorne lot". In a little newspaper called "Island Fairie", printed in 1870 and edited by the late Anne Mitchell Macy, appears an interesting story about the "Newbegins" as related by Phebe Newbegin herself to Miss Macy. At the time the "Fairie" was printed in 1870, Phebe herself had passed away—the last of the island family noted for its eccentricities and peculiar mode of life.

The present generation may have heard their elders occasionally mention the "Newbegins", but to the young people of today, even though they have heard the name, it has meant nothing. The story told by Phebe Newbegin, the eldest of the three sisters, three-quarters of a century ago, contains much of real historic interest, aside from the references to the eccentric family.

FEBRUARY 6, 1943.

Had Old Time Poem Describing The Newbegin Sisters Three.

Among the Masonic members who came to the island for a fraternal visit on Tuesday was William P. Saint, of Hyannis. Mr. Saint brought with him a poem written in Nantucket in 1860, which for many years has been in the possession of Mrs. Saint's people, the Landers family, then residing in Nantucket.

The verses describe the famous Newbegin sisters, three eccentric spinsters, members of the Society of Friends, who lived in a house on Duke street, just east of Thorn Lot. The sisters were the object of many curiosity seekers during the 1850's, the last years of their lives, and even became subjects for a romantic tale.

Mrs. Saint has kindly given his permission for us to reprint the interesting verses, which are as follows:

The Newbegin Sisters Three.

On this little sandy Isle,
A mile or two from town,
Live three aged sisters
The fame of which resounds.
One of these sisters eighty-two,
Another most four-score,
And Anna, youngest of the three,
Her years are seventy-four.
In peace and comfort, there they live
Free from the cares of wealth,
Enjoying more than many hearts
In happiness and health.
No husband ever smiled on them
To cheer them on their course,
But a life of single blessedness
Seemed to have been their choice.
They've never left their native isle
The world at large to see,
But seemed as well contented
In ignorance to be.
Our steamboats they have never seen
Excepting at a distance,
Likewise our ships, those noble craft
Have never met their vision.
Full sixty years ago, they say,
They visited our wharves
The price of apples to obtain,
Also of beef and pork.

dwelt by
liness, occasional

Had Old Time Poem Describing The Newbegin Sisters Three.

Among the Masonic members who came to the island for a fraternal visit on Tuesday was William P. Saint, of Hyannis. Mr. Saint brought with him a poem written in Nantucket in 1860, which for many years has been in the possession of Mrs. Saint's people, the Landers family, then residing in Nantucket.

The verses describe the famous Newbegin sisters, three eccentric spinsters, members of the Society of Friends, who lived in a house on Duke street, just east of Thorn Lot. The sisters were the object of many curiosity seekers during the 1850's, the last years of their lives, and even became subjects for a romantic tale.

Mrs. Saint has kindly given his permission for us to reprint the interesting verses, which are as follows:

The Newbegin Sisters Three.

On the outside of the folded sheet, upon which the poem's verses are inscribed, is the signature "Cynthia Landers, Nantucket, Mass.," in faded but legible form.

Very few islanders are living today who recall the Newbegin sisters and their peculiar habits. It is known that the youngest of the three spent her declining years in the Friend's Boarding House, on Main street. The islander who recalls the sisters best is James H. Wood, the G. A. R. Post Commander, who remembers driving out Duke street with his mother and visiting the strange household on several occasions.

The "Cousin Reuben's Store" mentioned in the verses was a well known grocery kept by a Friend. The Newbegin sisters would trade eggs for other staple supplies at the store, although they always took much more than the value of the eggs. Friend Reuben would merely smile at this unorthodox style of barter but never refused to exchange on their understanding of values.

They make companions of their hens.
And nurse them with much care,
They share with them their humble home,
And let them rest up stairs.
One of them walks sometimes to town
In order to procure
Whatever articles they may need
From Cousin Reuben's store.
Oh! it would please you very much
To see her in her walks,
As round each post she three times goes
In steps so quick and fast.
Gay visitors they sometimes have,
Also the sleek and prim,
With pockets well nigh bursting
With cakes and other things.
Could you but see the joyous smile
Around Friend Mary's mouth,
And hear the trembling accents
As Phebe then breaks forth.
"I'm obliged to thee!" Friend Phebe cries,
And Anna looks her thanks,
While Mary hastens with the prize
As fast as she can tramp.
Upon the upper shelf she puts
The goods which they bestow
And then she comes and seats herself,
The news in town to know.
'Tis then the numerous questions
In quick succession come,
About the folks in town
Also the folks at home.
And sometimes while you are sitting
Conversing with the three
About their hens and chickens,
You much amused will be.

Perchance your ears will be greeted
With cackling loud and shrill,
Sometimes a smart young chattering
Will make those walls resound.

And when you speak of leaving,
They press you hard to stay,
And make you promise often
To take a stroll that way.

"Now come again, all on ye,"
Is Phebe's constant cry,
As we their mansion leaving,
Turn round to say goodbye.

Now if there is any on this Isle
Who never have seen these three,
Delay no longer, visit them,
Repaid you'll surely be.

On the outside of the folded sheet, upon which the poem's verses are inscribed, is the signature "Cynthia Landers, Nantucket, Mass.," in faded but legible form.

Very few islanders are living today who recall the Newbegin sisters and their peculiar habits. It is known that the youngest of the three spent her declining years in the Friend's Boarding House, on Main street. The islander who recalls the sisters best is James H. Wood, the G. A. R. Post Commander, who remembers driving out Duke street with his mother and visiting the strange household on several occasions.

The "Cousin Reuben's Store" mentioned in the verses was a well known grocery kept by a Friend. The Newbegin sisters would trade eggs for other staple supplies at the store, although they always took much more than the value of the eggs. Friend Reuben would merely smile at this unorthodox style of barter but never refused to exchange on their understanding of values.

100th Anniversary of Birth Of Rev. Phoebe Ann Hanaford.

"Would you like to live to be ninety years old? If so, eat plenty of sweets" was the advice given on approaching her ninety-first birthday, to a Rochester, N. Y., reporter, by Rev. Phoebe Ann Hanaford, Universalist minister, Lyceum lecturer, author and editor of note, facile poet, champion of anti-slavery, temperance, social reform and women's rights, pioneer of her generation.

Born on Nantucket Island, May 6, 1829, Phoebe Ann Coffin was the only child of Phoebe Ann Barnard (daughter of Capt. Henry Barnard and Love Cartwright), who became the first wife of Capt. George W. Coffin, shipowner and merchant. Both parents were descendants of the best Quaker stock on the island, including Peter Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin. "Phoebe Ann" lost her mother early in life; but Capt. Coffin's second marriage with Mrs. Emmeline (Barnard) Cartwright, widow of Joseph B. Cartwright, gave the child a devoted elder step-brother, Joseph B. Cartwright, Jr., and seven Coffin half-brothers and sisters with whom she spent happy summers, at 'Sconset, recorded in her novelette, "The Heart of Siasconset."

Accustomed to hearing women talk and preach in Friends' Meeting, Phoebe Ann Coffin always cherished an ambition to be a preacher herself; and, blessed with a clear, rich voice, inherited from her father's mother and a long line of Quaker preachers, she would climb up into Brant Point



MRS. HANAFORD IN HER ACTIVE DAYS.

lighthouse, to recite, to the winds and waves, selections from Byron and from Shakespeare, taboo in a Quaker household!

She received her education in Nantucket public and private schools, whose standard, in her day, Horace Mann said, was the best in the State. At sixteen, she was teaching school, at 'Sconset, while studying "higher branches" with the Rev. Ethan Allen, rector of St. Paul's church. At twenty, she was married, December 2, 1849, to Dr. Joseph H. Hanaford, of Cape Cod, a homeopathic physician, a teacher in the Nantucket schools and a writer upon medical subjects. Removing to Newton, Massachusetts, she continued to teach for a year.

Her literary career began, in 1842, at thirteen years of age, with contributions to the Nantucket paper! In 1853, she published an anti-slavery story, "Lucretia the Quakeress". Of her fourteen books, among the most notable are her biographies of Charles Dickens, Abraham Lincoln and George Peabody. In 1877, she produced a comprehensive work, "Women of the Century", which reached a sale of sixty-thousand copies. Her best-known book of verse is "From Shore to Shore and Other Poems."

At the time of her marriage, she joined the Baptists; but, in 1864, she was attracted by the Universalist denomination which, thereafter, claimed her interest. From 1866 to 1868, she served as editor of Universal-



MRS. HANAFORD IN HER 90TH YEAR.

ist publications, notably, "The Ladies' Repository" and "The Myrtle", while contributing articles to leading newspapers and magazines.

In 1865, at the age of 36, while visiting on Nantucket, she preached twice, at the request of her father, in the little school-house at 'Sconset. In 1866, she was invited to preach at So. Canton, N. Y., and in 1868, she accepted a call to the First Universalist Church at Hingham, Mass., where she was ordained as the first woman minister in New England and the fourth in the world!

The following year, she added the duties of the parish at Waltham, Mass., commuting, on alternate Sundays, from her home, ten miles away, in Reading. In 1870, she became the pastor of the First Universalist Church at New Haven, Conn., at a salary of \$2,000 a year. In that same year, and again in 1872, she received the signal honor of being invited to serve as Chaplain in the Connecticut Legislature—the first woman to occupy such an office.

After four successful years at New Haven, she went to Jersey City, N. J., to be pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd; and, during her three years contract with that wealthy congregation, it doubled its membership.

For several years, thereafter, Mrs. Hanaford occupied no settled pulpit, but, apparently, conducted a lecture and preaching tour throughout the Middle West; then, in 1884, she became the pastor of the new Church

of the Holy Spirit, in New Haven, Conn., where she remained six years, retiring from preaching, in 1890, in her sixty-first year.

During her active ministry, Mrs. Hanaford had the unprecedented pleasure of helping to ordain her own son, Rev. Howard A. Hanaford, and of exchanging pulpits with him, when he was a Congregational minister, at Brockton, Mass. She also conducted the wedding ceremony of her own daughter, Florence E. Hanaford, when she married Thomas E. Warner, in 1876. Mrs. Hanaford's son, Rev. Howard Hanaford, at one time, served as minister of the North Church at Nantucket.

Mrs. Hanaford was delegated and received by the President of the United States and by Governors of New York and Massachusetts, and numbered among her intimate friends many persons of distinction.

After a year of residence with her daughter, Mrs. Warner, at Tonawanda, N. Y., Mrs. Hanaford, in 1891, removed to New York City and set up housekeeping with her devoted companion of many years, Mrs. Ellen E. Miles, author, editor and hymn-writer.

Her interests now centered in club life. She was elected President and, finally, Honorary President of the Woman's Press Club, and served as Acting-President of Sorosis. She was interested in the New Century Study Circle, Society for Political Study, and the Society for New England Women.

She conducted a class in Parliamentary law, with the result that she was the first woman to be elected an Honorary member of the Medico-Legal Soc'y, at the time Governor Whitman was so honored. Moreover, she initiated a club of her own, called Philiscipoma, a word coined from its objects of study, Philosophy, Literature, Science, Poetry, Oratory, Music and Art!

In 1914, at the death of Miss Miles, her companion for 44 years, Mrs. Hanaford, now eighty-five years of age, made her home with her granddaughter, Mrs. Dionis Coffin (Warner) Santee, with whom she passed a serene, old age, keeping her heart young and busying herself with her pen.

Throughout her long life, she had enjoyed remarkable health. At eighty-nine, she drove eight miles, over country roads, to cast her first woman's vote for Governor Whitman (imagine her thrill!). On June 2, 1921, while at Rochester, N. Y., she passed suddenly and quietly out of life, at the advanced age of ninety-two, retaining to the last her faculties and her keen interest in world events.

Such success as came to Mrs. Hanaford she fairly earned, by a lifetime of hard, conscientious, unremitting toil. In her declining years, it must have been a source of satisfaction to her to reflect that, with her whole heart, she had given her unusual talents and her remarkable vitality to the task of leading her fellowmen to higher levels of thought and conduct, leaving the world a little better because she had lived and worked in it.

Helen Cartwright McCleary.

[The above sketch is a condensed report of an address delivered before the Nantucket Historical Association, Wednesday, July 24. The complete text will be found in the Proceedings of the Society for 1929.—Ed.]

JULY 27, 1929

Mrs. Dionis Coffin (Warner) Santee, granddaughter of the Rev. Phoebe Ann Hanaford (a native of Nantucket and the first woman minister ordained in New England) is expected this week from Rochester, N. Y., in order to be present at the annual meeting of the Nantucket Historical Society, next Wednesday afternoon, in the Old North Vestry, when a brief sketch of Mrs. Hanaford's career, in commemoration of her one hundredth birthday, will be given by Miss Helen Cartwright McCleary, whose mother was Mrs. Hanaford's cousin. Mrs. Santee and Miss McCleary will jointly present to the Society a copy of an interesting document formerly in Mrs. Hanaford's possession. Mrs. Santee will make her headquarters while on the island, at Miss McCleary's home, 27 Liberty street, and hopes to meet her cousins of the "Coffin Clan" as well as others who remember her grandmother as a preacher or in her later years.

July 20, 1929

See f.f.

PERSONAL.—New editions of each of Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford's biographies of Lincoln, Peabody and Dickens have just been issued by D. Lothrop & Co. of Boston (the publishers of "Wide Awake," etc.), in attractive form, and with additional illustrations. Those of Abraham Lincoln and George Peabody form part of a library of Distinguished Americans, just published by that firm, which is having a large sale. When first published twenty thousand of Lincoln were sold (five thousand being of the German translation) and sixteen thousand of Peabody were sold when it first appeared. Dickens sold only a few thousand. They were all subscription books at first, but are now in the general market. We understand that Mrs. Hanaford has other books in preparation, and we wish her continued success.

Sorosis just had its annual election, at which Mrs. J. C. Croly, (Jennie June,) was re-elected President, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, First Vice-President, and Mrs. Rebecca A. Morse, Chairman of the Art Committee. The annual dinner at Delmonico's is said to have been an unusually brilliant affair, over two hundred ladies being present, and the exercises after the repast being of a high musical and literary character.

Apr. 1, 1882

Nantucket Woman Observes One Hundredth Birthday.

Mrs. Lydia B. Cushman reached the rare age of one hundred this week. The aged woman is observing her birthday today (Saturday), and is receiving the congratulations of many friends upon attaining the great milestone in her life marking a century of living.

The natives of Nantucket are noted for their longevity. Many instances of both men and women enjoying their lives when past ninety years of age have been common in the annals of the island's history, but no one has yet rounded out the full hundred years of life, inasmuch as the town's records show for the corresponding length of time in which Mrs. Cushman has lived.

The centenarian lives with her son, George Cushman, in her little home on Prospect street. It is in this house that she has seen the days come and slip away. For years she has been sitting in her rocking chair under a front window "watching the pass". For years her familiar face has been seen there, and she has kept a ready smile for friend and neighbor as they hurried past. In summer and winter, sunshine and storm, she has watched by the window. She still sits there.

"Watching the pass!" This old Nantucket custom is not enjoyed now as much as in the old days. Time has placed a different stamp on the tide of life that flows through the streets of this island-town. Once upon a time, the towns-folk walked with a sober mien and stately step, bowing gravely to neighbors as they passed; in other days calash and cart were driven slowly along the ways, often stopping in mid-street for a few minutes chat or even an hour's "gam".

The Quakers have departed to a life in a different world. Other passers-by came to take their places. But wagons still rumbled along the winding streets and the neighbors changed but little in fifty years.

Then came the newer generations. Customs, appearances, habits, life—all in strange changes. But there was still "the pass", and as Mrs.



Photo by Boyer.
MRS. LYDIA B. CUSHMAN

Cushman viewed it, that remained with still a vague similarity through the years.

Nantucket Woman Observes One Hundredth Birthday.

The automobile has marked a great change in "the pass". This old lady by the window could speak of this in words that would place a new value in comparisons, but her mind now dwells on other things.

When her son asked her if she would like to have her picture taken, Mrs. Cushman readily agreed, and then proceeded to walk, with the aid of a small chair which acted as a strong cane, from the kitchen to her favorite rocking chair by the window.

She was a little bewildered by the strong light that Mr. Boyer, the photographer, found necessary to use for the picture, but soon busied herself arranging her dress.

Upon our departure, Mrs. Cushman bade us goodbye, adding: "If I had known you were coming, I'd have had things a little different."

She smiled as we went out and eagerly waited for us to pass by the window in the street.

Under the weight of her years, the memory of the old lady is not as steadfast as it was ten or fifteen years ago, when, her son informed us, she used to talk about the happenings of her girlhood and young womanhood.

Lessons In A Single Lifetime.

In these days when doubt and fear are doing more damage to the happiness of the nation than the business doldrums from which we are emerging, the full life of Nantucket's oldest resident holds forth much wisdom and encouragement.

Born on Nantucket when this island was approaching its zenith as a whaling port, Mrs. Cushman has seen the ebb and flow in the fortunes of her birthplace go step by step with the life of the nation.

The greatest single whaling fleet the island ever knew sailed from the harbor in 1832. When whaling declined and finally gave up the ghost, doubting business prophets could see no future for the town, stating it would exist only as a fishing hamlet. They were wrong.

Mrs. Cushman was sixteen when the "Great Fire" occurred. This terrible catastrophe laid one-third of the town in ashes, and that third was the total business section. It hastened the decline of the whaling era of the island's history. Came the kerosene light, the "gold rush of '49"—and in the eyes of its former business leaders, Nantucket was doomed. Now we know that this prophecy was not true. But this aged woman has seen that failure, that prophecy, and on through the gloomy years, a new success.

This single lifetime has seen the development of Nantucket from a community that had gone down to the dregs of its former great whaling prosperity into one of the greatest summer resorts in the country—a development that marked a rise from a lost industry to a new and prosperous livelihood for the islanders.

Mrs. Cushman's hundred years have proven the steady rise, the ever improving conditions, of Nantucket—and of the country through Nantucket.

Tradition has been a reality in her life. First, whaling. She saw it at the peak and at the bottom, even to its end.

Quakerism. The first mile-stone in her life was marked, also, by the building of the Quaker meeting house on Fair street. She saw the split in the ranks of the sturdy Nantucket followers of the Faith—"Gurneyites", the "Hickites", the "Wilburites"—caused by the influx of the "world's people". The meeting house of the Gurneyites, on Centre street, was built in her youth. She has seen the congregation dwindle and the place finally become the Roberts House dining room.

In the experience of her life, what are these things called "depressions"? The financial panic of 1836-37 was felt keenly in Nantucket when the banks suspended specie payments—but business recovered. The panics of 1867, of 1893, of 1907—all have been included in her time—and they all died natural deaths.

The story of her life has been a story of the growing Nantucket. She has seen the development of the steamboats; the introduction of gas, electricity, telephone, telegraph, the "water works", the railroad, the scallop industry.

She has seen the last whaler and the first group of summer residents.

She still sits by her window and "watches the pass"—her world going by in the street. She interprets it as she sees it. In her youth it was moving, gay; in middle age she saw its gravity and purpose; in her declining years she compared the portrayal of the present with her own experience of the past. Now, when memory has faded and the senses are dimmed with the century of living, she must feel that time means so little and that the world will always be young, gay and moving—and old, sober and wise.

APRIL 23, 1932

Their Sixtieth Anniversary.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Perry Bates, who observed the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage on Wednesday. In his broadcast over WEEL, that morning, Howell Cullinan said: "Down on Nantucket Island, Mr. and Mrs. Perry W. Bates are today celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. Congratulations and good luck!"

During the day a large number of friends called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bates on Centre street to offer felicitations on the happy event. The genial bride and groom were both in excellent spirits and able to enter into the informal reception with unusual vigor.

Their marriage occurred at Campello, February 17, 1877, which was a long time ago. They resided there twenty-seven years. Mr. Bates was born in the house where he now lives. His wife is a native of Wareham.

The couple received a number of gifts from their friends, including flowers and other expressions of esteem. Those who called at the home to tender congratulations were able to enjoy refreshments which included some delicious candy made by Mrs. Bates herself.

JEALOUS OF A FEMALE PREACHER.—Trouble has overtaken the First Universalist Church in Jersey City, a church which seemed to be progressing and has more than doubled its membership since the advent of Mrs. Phebe A. Hanaford to the pastorate. Mrs. Hanaford became pastor of the church in 1874, when she was engaged for three years. She has been unremitting in her efforts to increase the membership, and her labors have been crowned with success. Recently some of the female members have, it is said, become jealous of her, and a strong feeling of opposition has been developed, which culminated Wednesday night in an effort to depose her. The members held a meeting at which the proceedings were stormy. A resolution was presented instructing the Trustees to secure a male pastor to take charge of the church from the first of April next. The utmost excitement followed the reading of the resolution. This resolution was adopted by a vote of 45 to 42, during a very disorderly scene, amid cries of "They want to hire Glendenning!" After a number of spirited speeches another resolution was offered to dispose of the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford. A vigorous canvass was made, but the vote remained the same, and the congregation dismissed their pastor. The defeated party were loud in denouncing the job, and threaten to bolt from the church and organize a new one. They allege that the old maids and some of the young ones want a man to preach to them. Some of the members say that the lady members became jealous of the preacher. A reporter called at the residence of Mrs. Hanaford last night, but she was confined to her room with a severe attack of nervous prostration, brought on by the excitement of the night before. She sent word to the reporter that "she had none but the kindest expressions for the Church of the Good Shepherd." This Church is the First Universalist Church of Jersey City, and is always crowded by a wealthy and fashionable audience. Mrs. Hanaford is a remarkable little woman, 44 years of age. She was born in Nantucket and began literary work at the age of 14. At the age of 20 she married Dr. J. H. Hanaford, and for a year assisted him in teaching. She was educated a Quaker, became a Baptist a few years after her marriage and was ordained a Universalist minister in the town of Hingham, Mass., in 1866. Four years after she was installed pastor of the New Haven Methodist Church, and in 1874 of the Church of the Good Shepherd. She has been editor of the Ladies' Repository, and is the author of the lives of Peabody and Lincoln, and the "Representative Women of America." She has lectured in all the principal cities of the Union, and is president of the Sorosis Club of New York. She is an active worker in all the Associations for the amelioration of women.—Boston Post, 3d inst.

Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, formerly of this town, performed the marriage ceremony at her daughter's wedding, which occurred at Jersey City, recently. We believe this to be the first instance on record in which a mother has performed the ceremonies at the wedding of a daughter.

Feb. 10, 1877

Oct. 14, 1876

24

Feb. 20, 1937

1930

Correspondence of the Inquirer and Mirror.
NOTES FROM MY STUDY.
(No. VII.)

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., 19 Home Place, }
November 15th, 1871.

"Long, long ago"—so long ago that I cannot remember when, I paused near one of the attractive book-stalls in Boston, and opening an old book—saw across the top of the page the word "Nantucket." Of course the book must be purchased, and I have many times read in it with a desire that others on my native isle who would smile over its peculiarities, and be interested in its statements concerning our *special spot of earth*, could read its pages. I took it up this morning with the resolve to write about it to the editors, and ask them to reprint in their columns a few of its chapters. The book is a small 12mo. of 240 pp. substantially bound in calf, but printed on paper that publishers would now despise, so coarse the grain and dark the color, tinted now with age, for the book is seventy-eight years old, and the printers often used the old-time form for the letter "s," which makes the pages seem filled with the letter "f." This volume was formerly the property, (I judge from the names written in it,) of "Jno. H. Bradford and William Burley." It is dedicated to the Abbe Raynal, F. R. S., dated from Carlisle, Penn., and its author's name, as given here, is T. Hector St. John. Its lengthy title fills the page and is as follows: "Letters from an American Farmer, describing certain Provincial Situations, Manners, and Customs, and conveying some idea of the state of the people of North America, written to a friend in England, by J. Hector St. John, a farmer in Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: From the press of Matthew Carey, March 4, MDCCXCIII."

I have the impression, somehow gained, that St. John is not the real name of the author of this quaint volume. If any one who reads this notice of the book knows the truth in the matter, I wish they would impart it, Messrs. Eds. through you, to me.

Of the twelve letters which form the book, four have reference to our island, with the following titles: "Description of the Island of Nantucket, with the manners, customs, policy, and trade of the inhabitants." "Customary education and employment of the inhabitants of Nantucket." "Manners and customs at Nantucket." "Peculiar customs at Nantucket." Besides these is a chapter containing a "description of Martha's Vineyard and of the whale fishery," which would naturally interest Nantucket readers. Let me whisper in your ear, "gentle reader." I mean to ask the editors to print those five chapters, instead of a story, in five consecutive issues of the precious "Mirror," for young and old will be interested in them, as giving a vivid picture of the Nantucket of olden time, (almost a century ago) and an idea of the manner in which our ancestors and their customs were depicted to the world. You will find some things in the letters which will make you smile and some to make you sigh, and sometimes you will say "I don't believe it," and then run to some silver-haired grandfather or grandmother to ask if such things could ever have been true in dear old Nantucket.

Mention is made of "Aunt Keziah" who figured in the well-known Nantucket novel, called "Miriam Coffin." And, by the way, a copy of "Miriam" which I once owned, and for which I refused five dollars, is still missing, having been borrowed from my library and never returned. If this mention of that copy should meet the eye of any one who has my copy, whether on shipboard or on shore, whether in California or Nantucket, let them return it at once, or else consider that there is a time when borrowed books become stolen ones. Still further, if any one will lend me a copy of the book, I will try to find a publisher who will give us a new edition of the work now so exceedingly rare. Please, Messrs. Editors, forward my wishes in this respect.

Nov. 1871

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I should have too much to do if I were to use my otherwise busy pen in contradicting all the foolish and false reports which sometimes appear in regard to me and my parish matters. But I will pay my Nantucket public the compliment of stating the truth in regard to that phrenological lecture, of which you spoke in a late number. I was not present at the lecture of Prof. Graham, and my head was never phrenologically examined by anyone but Prof. L. N. Fowler; and that was done many years ago, in my girlhood, on Nantucket. I heard that I was to be made the subject of comment by him, and was asked if I could or would hinder it. I said that Prof. Graham had a right to lecture about phrenology, using any writer or speaker as an illustration; and as I presumed he would obtain a larger audience if I was the theme, and thereby make more money for the needs of his family, I could not, as a matter of benevolence, seek to hinder his speech. But I am not responsible for any extravagant eulogy or blame which this or any other lecturer or writer may attach to me. I am only anxious that it should be understood that my friends here never thought of engaging Prof. Graham, or anyone else, to defend me in such a way, and that I have never had my head examined phrenologically in public.

A speaker, whose name I have forgotten, once referred to my head, as I sat in an audience in Beverly, not knowing my name, as I suppose, and referring to others in the audience on the same occasion, in the same way; but I do not consider that an examination. With Prof. Graham I have met only once, and then in a public assembly, where we were only just introduced, and I consented to read a notice for him. So don't let Nantucketers believe that my people or their pastor are in need of any phrenological bolstering. I respect the science of phrenology, however, and honor the good work of O. S. and L. N. Fowler, and their sister, Charlotte Fowler Wells.

May I add that I preached my closing sermon in the Church of the Good Shepherd yesterday, and next Sunday I am to preach in Library Hall, near the church, where we have a fine large audience room, which will hold nearly as many people as the church, and two ante-rooms, one for the infant Sunday School, and one for the pastor. At the church meeting last week, forty-two received letters of dismission, leaving thirty-one. Of the parish, I have a large majority with me; and of the Sunday School sixty children, besides many adults, leaving about one-fourth as many, or less, in the old school. My church stands for the right of woman to preach the Gospel, and for the right of a minister to have whom he or she pleases as a member of the family. We could not sacrifice principle for the sake of peace; nor could I be unjust for the sake of salary. My salary now will be as large as if I had stayed in the undivided church: \$1500 at first, perhaps \$2000. And we have no debt. A large pipe-organ is loaned us by a member of the church, and a well-known professor of music has offered to play for us a year, gratuitously, while such persons as Judge Quail (husband of the excellent lady who conducts the "Aunt Polly Bassett" concerts for Sunday Schools all over the land), and others also highly respectable, have united to form a choir. We shall have Easter services in our new place of worship next Sunday, with preaching and the Lord's supper in the morning; and in the evening there will be a Sunday School Concert, under the efficient direction of my friend, Miss Miles, who is elected superintendent of the new Sunday School. Permit me to thank "N. A. H." and "One of Many" for their appreciative mention of Miss Miles and myself. I am sure Miss M. deserves all the good that is said of her, and if any one fails in trying to be worthy of her Nantucket origin it will not be

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

March 31, 1877

TABLET IN MEMORY OF DR. F. C. EWER.
—The New York Tribune says: "The Graham Manufacturing Company has on exhibition in its store, No. 889 Broadway, a memorial tablet to the Rev. Dr. Ferdinand C. Ewer, of St. Ignatius's Church, which has attracted much attention. It consists of a brass plate finished at the top with a canopy of wrought brass with brass finish and crochets. Under this is a portrait bust in high relief of the clergyman, and beneath this again the following inscription: 'In memory of Ferdinand C. Ewer, priest. First rector of this church. Born May 22, 1826. Entered into rest October 10, 1883. Death is a heathen word. A Christian does not die, he sleeps in Jesus. This tablet is erected by his friends and parishioners.' The letters are sunk below the surface of the brass and filled in with red and black enamel."

Dec. 27, 1884

THE LAST SCHISM IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

—DR. EWER DEFINES HIS POSITION AS A RITUALIST.—The publication of Rev. Dr. Ewer's resignation from Christ Church and his determination to establish an independent Catholic Episcopal Church has created intense excitement in Ecclesiastical circles, especially Episcopal circles here. Ever since ritualism began to find sympathizers and imitators in the Episcopal Church of this country, Dr. Ewer has been ranked among the most prominent supporters of the new doctrines and practices. In every movement tending to a more elaborate ritual and gorgeous ceremonial he has been foremost, and so wide-spread has been his influence that the High Church party has come to look upon him as their legitimate leader. Among other things introduced by Ewer into his routine of duty is the use of the confessional. A number of fair sinners, who felt the burden of their transgressions too heavy to be borne, gladly accepted the timely means of relief provided by their pastor, and the penitent shrine was never unoccupied on the days when the confessor sat in his box. This last snare of the Doctor's was more than Christ Church was able to bear. Threats not loud but deep began to be uttered. The decisive moment finally arrived when some effort had to be made to curtail the powers of Ewer. Some days of grace were observed in which it was vainly hoped a peaceable solution might be had of the vexed question, but it was not to be. Ritualism was still practiced, the confessional still used, and it became evident to the lovers of peace that their well meant efforts would prove fruitless. So matters stood until last week. There was a vestry meeting in the church. It was an anxious time for the office bearers, but all trouble was saved by Dr. Ewer, who put an end to the suspense by tendering his resignation, which was instantly and unanimously accepted. Dr. Ewer thus defines his position:

"In resigning charge of Christ Church no pressure was brought to bear upon me by the congregation. The act was entirely voluntary on my part, and I took the step wishing the best for all parties. I am not what can be called an advanced ritualist, though I disown the name of Protestant as generally understood. I glory in calling myself Catholic, but not Rome, for I am as much opposed to the errors of Roman as to the errors of the Church party. I teach the doctrines of the prayer book and the Church and have always done so. I deny any man's right to question me as to my views, as I am alone responsible to the bishop for my conduct, and I am happy to say I am in entire harmony with him in the matter. I do not deny I practiced and encouraged the use of the confession, because I recognize it as one of the doctrines of the Church, but I do not use it in the sense the Church of Rome does. Mine is one I call a sin-sick confession—the desire felt by a penitent soul to unfold his sorrows to his proper earthly consoler, his pastor. I thought it best to leave Christ Church, but I have no harsh feelings against them. I left behind those who do not agree with my views. I intend to manage my church on moderate ritualistic principles, and have no intention to abandon the fold of the regular Episcopal Church; but I feel as if I had a greater latitude and a larger amount of freedom in this little building than I could possibly have in Christ Church." Dr. Ewer's new service was held to-day in the Church of the Holy Light. The attendance was very large, as the novelty of this latest Episcopal schism has attracted wide attention. A number of the most fashionable women in town are deeply interested in Ewer and his new Catholic doctrines, and are determined to hang by him at all hazards. The other Episcopal churches seem excited and alarmed at the present aspect of the situation.

Dec. 2, 1871

25

WOMEN OF THE CENTURY.—We have received from the publisher, B. B. Russell, No. 55 Cornhill, Boston, a handsomely bound volume of 648 pages, entitled "Women of the Century," by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford. The book is one of interest to all, and contains sketches of most of the celebrated Women of America, now living, and also of four who lived prior to the first century of the Republic, viz.: Phillis Wheatly, Hannah Duston, Mercy Warren, and Mary, the mother of Washington. We are surprised at the number of names of Nantucket women which appear in the book, among which are those of the author, Maria Mitchell, Minnie Austin, Sarah J. Baker, Caroline Barnard, Sarah J. Barnard, Eliza Barney, Abby Betts, Deborah G. Brown, Ellen M. Cartwright, Mary Starbuck Coffin, Mary F. Coleman, Elizabeth Easton, Rachel Easton, Lydia Elkins, Hannah Fosdick, Lydia F. Fowler, Anna Gardner, Avis Gardner, Charlotte M. Gardner, Emma V. Hallett, Lydia Hosier, Nancy Hussey, Elizabeth Chase Hutchinson, Charlotte Austin Joy, Anne M. Macy, Harriet Macy, Mary Macy, Alice Mitchell, Ellen E. Mitchell, Martha Mitchell, Eunice Paddock, Susan A. Rand, Sophia A. Ray, Hannah M. Robinson, Elizabeth Starbuck, Catherine Starbuck, Lucy Starbuck, Louisa A. Swain, Mary P. Swain, Sarah Swain, Margaret Perry Yale, and some others whom we may have omitted to notice in our hasty glance over the book, which we shall read more attentively at our leisure. The book contains a portrait of the author, Mrs. Louise W. Foss, Mary A. Livermore, and also of many other distinguished ladies, now living in different sections of the country, and will, no doubt, have an extensive circulation.

ORDINATION SERVICES.—On Wednesday, April 22, Howard Alcott Hanaford was ordained in Wellfleet, Mass., as pastor of the Universalist Church in that town. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Prof. C. H. Leonard, of Tufts College Divinity School. The ordaining prayer was offered by the mother of the candidate, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, now of Jersey City. This is the first instance on record in which a woman minister has assisted in the ordination of her own son. The charge to the young preacher was given by Rev. R. S. Pope of Hyannis, the hand of fellowship by Rev. C. A. Bradley of Yarmouthport, the Address to the people by Rev. Benton Smith of Waltham, the State Missionary, the invocation was offered by Rev. S. L. Beal of Provincetown, and the Scripture lesson was read by Rev. C. Macreading, pastor of the Methodist Church in Wellfleet, and formerly pastor in Nantucket. Lovely flowers from a Boston florist (Otis A. Ruggles) formerly a schoolmate with the candidate, adorned the pulpit, while near to them were placed fragrant bouquets of the historic Mayflowers, the trailing arbutus, which grew in the town of Wellfleet. The choir rendered the usual anthems, and the audience joined in singing a hymn written for the occasion by Rev. Mrs. Hanaford, and which was read by herself. On the evening previous Mrs. Hanaford preached in the Methodist Church, Rev. Mr. Macreading and her son assisted in the services, and on the evening following the ordination she preached in the Universalist place of worship, Rev. Prof. Leonard and her son assisting. Mr. Hanaford, as well as his mother, is a native of Nantucket, and we wish him success in his ministerial labors on Cape Cod.

Correspondence New York World.
REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.
INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS WOMAN
DIVINE—HER NANTUCKET HISTORY.

NEW HAVEN, November 6.—The Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, for five years Vice-President of Sorosis, one year of which time, during Mrs. Croly's absence, she was acting as President, is a preacher of eloquence and earnest convictions, and as pastor of the Church of the Holy Spirit, in this city, corner of Ward street and Davenport avenue, lives on Howard avenue, a pleasant street a few blocks distant. Mrs. Hanaford "keeps house" with her friend and companion of the past seventeen years, Miss Ellen Miles, once a Massachusetts teacher and now a writer of children's books and author of many popular poems. Her book, called "Our Home Beyond the Tide and Kindred Poems," has in its different editions reached a sale of nearly 70,000 copies. Mrs. Hanaford, who may be usually found in her study on the second floor of her house, where the outlook is over a semicircle of graceful elms, is a woman of most prepossessing personal appearance. She is essentially feminine, with dark waving hair, large dark eyes holding a beautiful expression, and delicate features. Mrs. Hanaford is fifty-six years of age, and was born at Nantucket of a good family of merchant ship-owners, being the daughter of Capt. George W. Coffin, who is still living at the age of eighty-two.

Her voice, which is full, rich and clear, is an inheritance of a line of Quaker preachers, coming directly from her father, who is said to have stood on the stormy south shore of Nantucket during a terrible gale, when the beacon lights were dim, directing a laboring ship off shore how to avoid the rocks, thundering his "star-board" and "larboard" so as to be clearly heard above the roar of the wind and surf.

When a young girl, Mrs. Hanaford used to go up the tower of the old Brant Point Lighthouse, kept by her great-uncle, and read aloud to the wild wind and waves from Shakespeare and the *Spectator*, revelling unconsciously in a power which she then failed to comprehend. Her Bible studies commenced in reading aloud to her old grandmother, whose dulling ears heard readily the ringing childish voice. Mrs. Hanaford, whose call to preach, seemed as irresistible as that of Dinah Marris in "Adam Bede," delivered her first sermon in the little schoolhouse at Siasconset, where she had been teacher at sixteen, but it was not until 1866 that she begun regular ministerial work. Since that time she has engaged in unremitting gospel labor, having been ordained as pastor to the First Universalist Church, in Hingham, Mass., in February, 1868. Later she went to Waltham and to Jersey City, serving professionally for several years, and was called to New Haven in 1870 as pastor of the First Universalist Church, the edifice which has since been converted into an opera-house.

The Church of the Holy Spirit has a most attractive audience-room with bright frescoes, stained-glass windows and crimson carpeting and upholstery. It was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Olds, who offered it to the society, which is preparing to pay for it, upon very easy terms, in the meantime giving them the use of it. Mrs. Hanaford is not only remarkable as a comparatively rare instance of an ordained woman minister, but also for her versatility of genius and power and the amount of work accomplished during the past twenty years of her life. She has ably sustained the office of pastor, doing most arduous work having upon one day preached four sermons in four different towns, addressed a Sunday-school and ridden twenty-eight miles in a carriage to accomplish it. On another occasion she preached three sermons and rode eighteen miles on an intensely hot Sunday.

Her health is perfect. Besides the church, parish, hospital, temperance and woman's suffrage work she has done, she has written some fourteen books, and edited several papers and magazines. Of them was *Myrtle*, issued by the Universalist Publishing House in Boston, where she carried on a Sunday-school paper, at the same time reading proof, examining manuscript and writing editorials at a salary of \$600 a year. She was for three years editor of the *Ladies' Repository*. Of her books, the best known are her "Daughters of America," a work descriptive of eminent women and authors, artists, lecturers, professional and business women. This work has reached a sale of over 60,000 copies. Of her "Life of Abraham Lincoln" some 20,000 were sold, of which 5000 were printed in German. Her "Life of George Peabody" reached its sixteenth thousand. A "Life of Charles Dickens" was also successful, it, with all her "Lives" and books of poetry, being now in the hands of D. Lothrop & Co., the Boston publishers.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. Hanaford published in 1853 a little book called "Lucretia, the Quakeress," which appeared in the *Independent Democrat*, of Concord, N. H., about the time Mrs. Stowe was writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Hanaford's book was upon the anti-slavery question. The fact is mentioned to show how the minds of intelligent women were waking up to the great wrong. Of these books and numerous minor works copies may be seen in Mrs. Hanaford's study; one an "edition de luxe" of the "Life of George Peabody," three copies of which were sumptuously gotten up by the publisher—one for his wife, one given to the author, and the third sent to Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Hanaford treasures among her household goods a letter from Buckingham Palace written by Sir Thomas Biddulph, the Queen's secretary, thanking her for the work. Also,

framed upon the wall, is an autograph letter of La Place and a "protection paper" given the owner's maternal grandfather for use in foreign ports, printed in three languages and signed by George Washington. The date is 1796. There are photographs of Lucretia Mott, Maria Mitchell and Rev. Dr. Ferdinand C. Ewer, all of whom are family connections of Mrs. Hanaford and born at Nantucket. At the desk there is a bronze bust of Benjamin Franklin, who is an ancestor. Mrs. Hanaford does daily a surprising amount of literary work.

She is at present engaged upon a novelette to be called "The Heart of Siasconset," and is compiling a book of poems relative to Nantucket. She is also writing a series of "Book Talks" for the *Gospel Banner*, and has in hand several more books which have not yet been engaged to any publisher. As a visitor sits looking at this gentlewoman who, despite her earnest wish for equal rights, insists that "men have always been better than their laws," it seems impossible that so much personal work can have been compressed into twenty years. There comes a vigorous scratching at the library door. It is opened and two little dogs, "Benjamin" and "Gypsy" frisk in, striving jealously for the favor of their mistress and the visitor, and follow one politely to the door.

Nov. 13, 1886

ORDINATION OF MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.—Mrs. Phebe A. Hanaford was ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry, and installed as Pastor of the Universalist Church and Society, at Hingham, on Wednesday, Feb. 19. This is the first instance of the ordination of a woman, in the history of the religious denominations of Massachusetts, the Rev. Olympia Brown (the only other female preacher, we believe) of Weymouth, having been ordained in another State.

The Church was crowded with spectators, including very many personal friends of the candidate, some of whom came from great distances, to be present at the services. Mrs. Hanaford's name is familiar in almost every household of New England, and to thousands in all parts of the Union, as the author of several very excellent works, and is further well and favorably known as a most talented lecturer on temperance and reformatory themes.

Feb. 29, 1868

Correspondence of the Inquirer and Mirror.

READING, March 23, 1869.

MESSENGERS EDITORS:—I thank you for every kind word you have spoken in your ever-welcome paper, concerning me or my work in the ministry of the Gospel. Please allow me to state to friends who may wish to know, that my residence is still in Reading, Mass., where my husband purchased a house in 1864, and from which neither he nor I have yet seen cause to remove.

I am still pastor of the Universalist Society in Hingham, though I have been invited to go to Portland, Me., and other places, but have invariably declined, with this exception, that I have consented on alternate Sabbaths to preach in Waltham. Thus I am pastor of two societies, receiving \$1000 from each, and supplying the pulpit in either place from which I may be absent. That I have been successful as a preacher is largely owing to the fact of my Quaker birth, and my early education on the Island of Nantucket, where women preach and men are useful on washing days, and neither feel themselves out of place.

I heartily endorse the call of your correspondent for the lecture on "Stepping Stones" by Dr. Jenks. He delivered it in my church at Hingham, and gave great satisfaction.

I hope the Alumni gathering of the coming year will be large and pleasant, and I shall try to be present on the great occasion, hoping to meet many friends of "ye olden time."

Hastily yours,
P. A. H.

March 27, 1869

DEATH OF REV. DR. EWER.—Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, D. D., of St. Ignatius Church, New York, was stricken with paralysis while speaking from the pulpit of St. John's Church, at Montreal, on Sunday last, and died on Wednesday, 10th inst., at the age of 57 years. Of his pulpit career we will let others speak, but while in common with others we were proud of his talents, and of his success both in journalism and in the church, we are accustomed to think of him as an old schoolmate, and a warm personal friend. His frequent visits to the home of his boyhood were always pleasant occasions to us, and his many interesting communications to our columns were always welcomed both by ourselves and our readers. Whenever he went he never forgot that he was a Nantucketer, nor for a moment lost his interest in his native island and its people. His genial and hearty greetings were ever the same, while his ease and grace of bearing in public assemblies will be remembered by all who saw him presiding at the several reunions of our High School Alumni, and at the great Masonic gathering here in 1870. In whatever he undertook he was distinguished for energy, persistency and thoroughness, and his sudden and untimely death has cut short a career which seemed to promise yet many brilliant triumphs in the future.

Mr. Ewer was born in Nantucket, May 22, 1826. His parents were Clintonians, but he became an Episcopalian, and was baptized at Trinity Church, Nantucket, in 1843. Before reaching the age of seventeen, he had given the subject of Unitarianism, and, indeed, the whole field of doctrinal theology, a careful investigation, which resulted in a radical change in his religious sentiments.

He graduated at Harvard University in 1848. During his term at the University an imprudent course of reading led him to embrace infidelity.

In April, 1849, he went to San Francisco, where, in 1852, he again addressed himself to a serious and prolonged examination of the claims of the Bible, and finally found himself restored to his earlier and happier trust in Divine revelation.

He was a pioneer in the establishment of the newspaper and periodical press of California. He founded the *Pacific News*, a daily paper; the *Sacramento Transcript*, also a daily paper; the *Sunday Dispatch*, in San Francisco; and in January, 1851, the *Pioneer*, the first magazine ever published in the State. These publications were all of first-class literary ability, and conducted with the utmost enterprise. In the *Pioneer* Mr. Ewer wrote a tale, which purported to be a revelation from the spirit world, which was seized upon by Judge Edmonds and other spiritualists as the truth, and a signal vindication of their theories. Mr. Ewer wrote a letter to the *New York Herald*, stating that the tale was a work of fiction, written by himself, which in the words of that journal, proved a "bombshell" in the camp of the spiritualistic fraternity.

Immediately following his theological investigations of 1852, Mr. Ewer commenced his studies for the Episcopal ministry, under the direction of Bishop Kipp. On Palm Sunday, April 5, 1857, he was ordained deacon, and became assistant to Bishop Kipp, as rector of Grace Church, San Francisco. On the resignation of the bishop as rector, in December following, Mr. Ewer was elected to the position, and on the 17th of January he was ordained priest.

He became a popular minister in San Francisco, and his congregation was the largest and most influential in the city. In 1860 he was compelled, by reason of ill health, to offer his resignation, the acceptance of which was declined, and leave of absence for one year granted to him. He reached New York in May, and by advice of his physician determined not to return to California.

This resignation of his charge in San Francisco having been accepted, he became assistant of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, at St. Ann's Free Church for Deaf Mutes in Eighteenth street. His preaching made a decided sensation, and attracted much attention to him. He was soon called to Christ Church, the congregation of which was large and wealthy, and from the eloquence of the rector, and its fine organ and choir, became what is known as a "fashionable church."

At the invitation of the Seventh Regiment, Mr. Ewer delivered an oration at the Academy of Music, on the 22d of February, 1862, taking for his subject the "World's Obligation to War." He has delivered other orations, lectures, and many occasional sermons, several of the latter having been published.

Doctor Ewer attracted much attention in the latter part of 1868 by the delivery of a course of eight sermons on "The Failure of Protestantism," which were soon afterward published in book form. His ritualistic doctrines and practices aroused much antagonism to him, and the Bishop of Connecticut officially threatened to try him for a sermon preached in that diocese, in which Doctor Ewer spoke of seven sacraments, and especially of the sacrament of penance. A correspondence resulted, in which Doctor Ewer defended the position he had taken. Finally, the intention to try him was abandoned, and the letters were published in pamphlet form by Dr. Ewer's supporters. The opposition to him in Christ Church became so strong, however, that he resigned the rectorship, though many members of the church were his staunch adherents. The latter then organized the new parish of St. Ignatius, of which he was placed in charge. Since then he has retained that pastorate. The degree of S. T. D. was conferred upon him by Columbia College in 1867.

Mr. Ewer was of a tall, well-proportioned, erect figure, and, in the pulpit and elsewhere, presented a most commanding presence. His head was large, covered with an abundance of dark hair; and his features were regular and intellectual. His manners were warm and frank, and he was a fluent and animated conversationalist.

He was a brilliant and powerful preacher. His sermons were written with great force and beauty of expression, and his style of delivery was highly impressive. He had a round, pleasant voice, and was a perfect master of elocution. An original thinker, he took even the homely, oft-repeated truths, and decked them in new garments; he crowned them with flowers; he displayed them so that their new glory suffused the careless mind, and awoke the dormant heart. He was an orator, with inspiring words and startling attitudes, which swayed, and animated, and controlled the multitude; he was a Christian warrior, meeting the adversary in glittering armor, and with a gleaming blade; he was the faithful servant, who, with mind, heart, eloquence, and every power of his nature, was gaining treasure of souls for the day of the Master's reckoning.

In December, 1854, while in California, Dr. Ewer married Miss Sophia Congdon, the sister of Charles T. Congdon, a veteran journalist of New York. He has had two sons and two daughters.

Oct. 18, 1869

MRS. HANAFORD'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.—Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, of the Second Universalist Church, was born on May 6, 1829, and consequently yesterday was her fiftieth birthday. Her friends were not unmindful of the fact, and last evening was devoted to showing the appreciation in which she is held. About eight o'clock in the evening several ladies called at Mrs. Hanaford's house, and invited her to step down to the church. When they arrived at Library Hall the windows were all closed, there being no outward evidence of what was going on inside. When the door was opened, however, a pretty sight was displayed; extending from the door to the pulpit was a double row of Sunday School girls, and as Mrs. Hanaford, accompanied by two girls, passed through the line to the pulpit, the children sang a song of welcome. The pulpit was hidden behind a white cloth, on which was inscribed "May 6, 1829—1879." This was handsomely trimmed with flowers and flags. Ample provision had been made for the entertainment of the children, a large table bearing a profusion of all sorts of refreshments. The children chanted the Lord's Prayer, and after Mrs. Hanaford had asked a blessing, the little ones partook of the good things. After supper Master Harry Dibble presented to Mrs. Hanaford a pair of gold spectacles, and Miss Miles handed her a pocketbook with a gold lining. These and several other presents were made by the children of the Sunday School, and several handsome gifts were presented by friends. Mr. Frank Reed, the organist, was presented with a valuable gold ring, and the little fellow who blew the organ was not forgotten. Speeches were made by Mrs. Hanaford, Mrs. Smith, Miss Alice C. Fletcher (who offered congratulations on the part of Sorosis), Mr. Walters and others. Among the attractions on the table was a large birthday cake, adorned with an array of parti-colored candles. The affair did not close until half-past 10 o'clock.—*Jersey City Journal* 7th inst.

26

May 24, 1879

Death of Mrs. Hanaford Closes Active Life.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle of June 3d contained the following article bearing on the life work of the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, whose death occurred in that city on Thursday, June 2d:

Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, Universalist minister, writer, a pioneer in the movement for equal rights and a contemporary of Susan B. Anthony and other early woman-suffrage leaders, died yesterday morning at 8 o'clock at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. E. H. Santee, No. 380 Pullman avenue. Up to a few months ago Mrs. Hanaford had been in unusually good health and her mind bright and active. She celebrated her 92d birthday on May 6th and apparently had recovered from an attack of congestion of the lungs.

Mayflower Pilot Her Ancestor.

Mrs. Hanaford leaves two granddaughters, Mrs. Santee, of Rochester, and Mrs. Fred Feasel, of Henrietta; a grandson, Charles Leonard Hanaford, of Gardner, Mass., a niece, Mrs. Phebe A. Small, of Nantucket, Mass., a son-in-law, Thomas E. Warner, of Canandaigua, and two great-grandchildren. Mrs. Hanaford's husband died in 1907 and two children, Howard A. Hanaford and Florence E. Hanaford, who married Thomas E. Warner, are dead. In 1914 Mrs. Hanaford took up her residence with her granddaughter, Mrs. Santee, at Alabama, Genesee county, and in 1919 removed to the city with Mr. and Mrs. Santee.

Mrs. Hanaford was a direct descendant of Gregory Priest, the pilot of the Mayflower. She was a cousin of Lucretia Mott, noted suffragist, and a cousin of Maria Mitchell, the noted astronomer, long head of Vassar College's astronomical department.

She was born on Nantucket island on May 6, 1829, of a seafaring race of men, her father and grandfather and their father before them having followed the sea. Her father was Captain George W. Coffin and her mother Phebe Ann Barnard.

Was Chaplain of Legislature.

One of Mrs. Hanaford's prized possessions was a document bearing the signature of George Washington giving certain rights to one of her ancestors, who was captain of a merchant vessel during Washington's presidency.

The education of Mrs. Hanaford was received in public and private schools of Nantucket. She was married to Joseph H. Hanaford, of Cape Cod, on December 2, 1849, who was a teacher in the Nantucket school. She continued her studies after marriage and in 1868 was ordained a minister of the Universalist Church. In 1866-68 she edited the Ladies' Repository and the Myrtle, women's publications of their day which were nationally known.

As a preacher Mrs. Hanaford held pastorates at Hingham and Waltham, Mass., New Haven, Conn., and Jersey City. In 1868 she was chaplain of both houses of the Connecticut Legislature, the first woman to hold such an office in that state. She was the second vice-president of the New York Women's Press Club, and at the end of her service she was made honorary president for life.

Nationally Known Suffragist.

Other organizations of which Mrs. Hanaford was a member were the Sorosis, the New England Society, the New Century Study Club, the Medico-Legal Society and the Philiscipoma, a society whose name she coined, embracing philosophy, literature, science, poetry, oratory music and art.

Mrs. Hanaford was best known nationally because of her close relations with all of the leading suffragists of the period when the movement was being pushed forward slowly from one outpost to another—at a time when the dawn of equal rights was obscure. Among her acquaintances

then were Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Frances Willard, Isabel Beecher Hooker, Anna Howard Shaw and Lucy Stone. She also was a close acquaintance of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Author of Many Articles.

Many of Mrs. Hanaford's articles, written after personal investigation into vital topics of the day, attracted countrywide attention. Among her most notable works are the "Women of the Century" and the lives of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Dickens and George Peabody. Some of her books reached a sale of more than 20,000 copies. Besides poems, addresses and contributions to current literature, she published the following:

"Lucretia, the Quakeress" (Boston, 1853); "Leonette, or Truth Sought and Found" (Philadelphia, 1857); "Abraham Lincoln" (Boston, 1865); "Frank Nelson, the Runaway Boy" (1865); "The Soldier's Daughter" (1866); "The Captive Boy of Tierra del Fuego" (New York, 1867); "Field, Gunboat, Hospital and Prison" (Boston, 1867); "The Young Captain" (1868); "George Peabody" (1870); "From Shore to Shore and Other Poems" (1870); "Charles Dickens" (1870); "Women of the Century" (1877), and "Ordination Book" (New Haven, 1887).

Recalls When Mrs. Hanaford Preached in Middleboro.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I was greatly interested in the article on Rev. Phoebe Ann Hanaford in your latest issue. Her son, Rev. Howard A. Hanaford, was pastor of the old First parish in Middleboro, from 1884 to 1887. I attended this church at that time and became very well known to the members of the family, and became well acquainted with Mrs. Hanaford, who visited at the parsonage occasionally during her son's pastorate.

I well recall that when she was pastor of the church in New Haven, she paid a visit to her son, and while there she was invited by the deacons of the church to preach the sermon one Sabbath.

When you come to remember that this was 40 or more years ago, and the deacons were of the old hard-shelled specimens of the orthodox church, you will realize what this meant—extending the courtesy to a Universalist preacher to occupy the pulpit of the church, something that I doubt ever happened before.

Of course, there was one dissenter, but it was not on religious grounds. One of the members of the parish, not of the church, refused to enter the building while she was there, taking the ground that a woman's place was not in the pulpit. However, there was a large attendance, and Mrs. Hanaford preached a splendid sermon from the text: "I am the vine, ye are the branches."

She remarked afterwards that she might have preached a purely doctrinal sermon, but she was so much impressed with the compliment paid her by the church deacons that she refrained, and her sermon could have offended no one.

A few years ago, when I was in Nantucket and visited you Historical rooms, I ascertained they had no picture of Mrs. Hanaford, and having one that Mrs. Hanaford had given my mother, and recognizing that after me no one of my family would appreciate it, I was pleased to give it to the Society. Now I see that there are several pictures of her, as there should be, as she was a worthy daughter of Nantucket and a remarkable woman.

Very truly yours,

Lorenzo Wood.

Middleboro, Mass.

Aug. 3, 1929



MR. AND MRS. JOHN W. COOK.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Cook Celebrate Their Golden Wedding.

Nantucket, State of Massachusetts, November 26, 1857.

This certifies that Mr. John W. Cook and Miss Mary Jane Coleman, both of Nantucket, in the state of Massachusetts, were united in marriage, by me, at the above time and place.

S. W. Coggeshall,
Pastor of the M. E. Church,
Centre street.

It is written on ordinary letter paper, in ink that is now turned pale with age, yet it is the certificate which for fifty long and happy years has bound a loving couple together as man and wife in ties closer than the closest kind of friendship. A half century is a long time to live together, and seldom is a couple privileged to celebrate their golden wedding in better health than are Mr. and Mrs. John W. Cook today. Both are active and energetic, and the large company of friends and acquaintances who called upon them Tuesday evening, at their home on Quince street, showered them with congratulations, which the bride and groom accepted very modestly. It was an informal but joyous occasion, and among the sixty-three persons present were eight who witnessed the ceremony fifty years ago, one of these being Mrs. Obed G. Smith, sister of Mrs. Cook, who "tended door" in fully as happy a vein as she did when but a fourteen-year-old miss in 1857. The

others who were privileged to attend the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Cook, and also their golden wedding, were Miss Mary Abby Ray, Mrs. George H. Gardner, Miss Mary A. Chase, Mrs. Sarah J. Macy, Mrs. Robert B. Coffin, Mrs. Albert S. Clark and Obed G. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook received their friends with a wealth of "reminiscing," and to the younger portion of the gathering the celebration was both interesting and impressive. Refreshments were served in the dining room, after an interval of social chat, and some of the guests partook of a wedding cake the edible qualities of which were accentuated by the fact that it was made by the groom himself. The couple were assisted in receiving by their son and daughter, Arthur H. Cook and Miss Emma Cook.

Mrs. Cook is a native of Nantucket, daughter of Charles and Mary Coleman, but Mr. Cook was born in Newburyport, coming to this place at an early age. For over forty years he conducted the leading bakery on the island, relinquishing the business about eight years ago, to take up the less arduous duties of messenger at the Pacific National Bank, which position he now holds.

NOVEMBER 30 1907

Trainer of War Dogs Continues Work as Hobby on Madaket Beach

By ALICE HOWARD

The beach was empty except for the oddments of bottles, cans, driftwood and the swinging gulls. Sharp barks broke the silence. A vibration from a steady distant pad-pad-pad was noticeable. Seconds later the dogs swung into view, led by a black Belgian shepherd. Behind him swarmed a half a dozen German shepherds, eas up, tongues lolling out in pure happiness at their freedom.

Behind them strode Mildred Jewett, owner and skilled trainer of dogs. Her voice, carried with the wind, commanded a rest. Immediately the dogs dropped to the beach to regain their lost breath.

Morning and night this is a usual sight for the families of the village of Madaket. Parents may withdraw their children from the beach during the exercise periods, yet they feel complete trust in the trainer's competence to handle her dogs.

From the days of her early childhood in Nantucket, Millie Jewett had loved animals and cared for them with a child's rapt attention. Her adult competence and skill developed from that early interest.

Through the years between her growing-up and the beginning of the second world war she fostered her interest in dogs with experimental training on her own pets and occasionally on others left in her care.

Word of the Pearl Harbor devastation reached Mildred Jewett by radio as it thundered into other living-rooms. Deeply concerned, she knew that in some fashion she must join the war effort and do her part. For many years she had taken an active interest in the Coast Guard station at Madaket, joining in rescue efforts and aiding freighters in distress. Much of her experience had involved outdoor heavy duty jobs which had trained her to a man's outlook.

It was natural then for her to attempt admission in the various

women's corps — an effort completely frustrated by reason of inadequate schooling. Yet she did not give up hope that some how or other she would find her particular niche in the country's program of rounding up all possible sources of assistance.

Again it was the radio which gave her the first clue. Spotted between two major programs came a three-minute transcribed announcement that the Army was looking for dogs to be trained for scout work and sentry duty. Anyone interested was to write at once for further information to Dogs for Defense in Washington, D.C. And definitely Mildred Jewett was interested. She had found her war work.

W. P. Wolcott of Milton, Mass., New England Director of Dogs for Defense, gave Miss Jewett her first real steer, although even his letters gave her no details of how to train the dogs. The only specifications sent had to do with type and breed. Dogs for Defense wanted large dogs of the

shepherd or farm collie type, dogs with longhairs and thick coats, for smooth-haired dogs are subject to sunburn. They preferred crossbred dogs to thoroughbreds for two obvious reasons. An intelligent crossbred possessed a keener brain and a stabler personality, generally speaking, than dogs of champion stock.

Thus she went to work with the scantiest knowledge of requirements or techniques. Her first students in the new game of war were her own dogs. After routine chores of feeding and exercising were over the remaining portions of the day were divided into brief training periods.

A dog, like a child, grows tired and restless if kept at one task too long. And like a child, a dog responds more to affectionate training with praise its only reward than to the kind of training which utilizes punishment for a mistake and food for a reward.

Approaching the problem of actual training, Miss Jewett's method was that of many a good

schoolroom-example. What teacher did, a pupil would do. Why, she figured, wouldn't a dog react the same way?

Therefore, it was not unusual during the months of 1942 to see Mildred Jewett patiently and kindly setting her dogs the example. Perhaps the most amusing sight was to watch a dog learn to crawl at command. It is unnatural for a big dog to crawl on his belly, yet with Mil-

lie flat on the ground beside him, her arm across his back, her hand gently pressing him forward, any dog willingly complied. Very shortly after that he would "crawl" at command and think no more of it than if he had vaulted a fence which hemmed him in. In the same fashion, a dog learned to climb a ladder with his human friend right there on the same round, placing her foot or hand with his paw beside it, urging him upward in an unhurried matter-of-fact way. In no time at all, dogs were romping up ladders wherever they found them, just for the fun of it.

Other single word commands which became completely commonplace to each dog and to which they were immediately obedient were "stay" — that is with a dropped leash or without a leash — "come," "sit," "jump," "ladder." They also learned to retrieve from still and active water.

After several months of this intensive training, the dogs were ready to be shipped out to "Dogs for Defense" headquarters from where they were reshipped either overseas directly or for further training in dog schools set up by the Army.

Eventually, Miss Jewett received fuller details and specifications of dogs, not in training them but in relation to their physical development. They were to be between 14 months to two years, 20 to 26 inches high and to weigh 40 to 80 pounds before they were considered acceptable by "Dogs for Defense."

A few months previous to V-J day the Army sent to Nantucket for training three doberman pinscher puppies. They were six weeks old when they arrived. The end of hostilities changed the future of these three dogs destined for sentry or scout duty. Two of them remained on the Island to become household pets and family friends. The third died accidentally from the effects of a torn ear.

Mr. Wolcott, who through a long series of letters, watched Miss Jewett's efforts with the dogs, sent her an emaciated, scrubby-looking 11-month old puppy picked upon the streets of Milton. When he was finally uncrated on the wharf at Nantucket he was so sick and starved that he was barely able to move. Millie forced-fed him for weeks on a bottle, devoted her time and affections to him until at the end of the first year with her, he weighed 60 pounds and had completely re-established a pleasing personality.

Nantucket dogs, accustomed to the freedom of the Island, found life at Jewett's training school completely satisfactory. Two German shepherds, one owned by C. G. Chappell, the other by Joe Viera, easily learned the lessons taught them, then carried into their work the obedience and reliability of their training.

Buddy, P. T. and Chubby, all of them dogs owned by Miss Jewett, went into their war experiences fittingly equipped and according to all records carried out their duties with honor. Miss Jewett says, "All the dogs I trained did their work well according to all reports." A detailed story of the actual experiences of war dogs has yet to be released.

Madaket still resounds with the joyous barking of dogs for Mildred Jewett's care and interest in dogs did not end with V-day. The striking characteristic of the dogs is their freedom from any fear of punishment yet their instant obedience to her commands.

Roughie, a black Belgian shepherd, who has recently learned the art of climbing ladders to sit on a sloping roof, paws upraised, tongue hanging from his mouth, ears high in the air, enjoys it so much that he will do it willingly for the delectation of a passing gull. The audience makes no difference to Roughie. Ladder-climbing and sitting upright on rooftops is his idea of a good time.

The Walter F. Mitchell Mystery Solved.

Boston Post.

The Sunday Post, last Sunday, published Walter F. Mitchell's famous poem, "Tacking Ship Off Shore," and asked for information regarding this poet, of whose identity there appeared to be no record beyond the fact of his birth in 1826.

The New Bedford Evening Standard offers the information that he was born in Nantucket, and that he spent his early years on that island.

"He attended Harvard University," says The Standard, "and in the 40's was a classmate in the law school of George F. Hoar, later Senator from Massachusetts."

"Coming to New Bedford to practice law, Mr. Mitchell occupied the law offices afterward taken over by W. W. Crapo. Later he studied for the ministry and became an Episcopal minister. Senator Hoar once said of him at a class reunion:

"I am inclined to think that the one member of our class whose fame will last to remote posterity, a fame which he will owe to a single poem, is the Rev. Walter F. Mitchell."

"Mr. Mitchell also wrote several novels, among them being 'Bryan Maurice' and 'Two Strings to a Bow,' which are on the shelves of the New Bedford Public Library. In 1854, New Bedford's records show Walter Mitchell living at 40 Third street. In the same year, September, 1854, he married Miss Amy Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y."

From Edwin R. Champlin of 87 Pleasant street, Worcester, comes the following information:

"Who's Who in America" (1901-02) has a sketch of Walter P. Mitchell. It gives Nantucket as his birthplace and 1826 the year. He was an Episcopal minister, and was alive in New York at 254 W. 100th street in 1902. John G. Whittier, intimate co-worker with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, told me he had a siege to get along with him."

Aug. 28, 1926

See Poem

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1947

Town Crier

28

Winter Doesn't Halt 'Madaket Millie's'

Beach Patrols

(Mildred Jewett—mostly known, informally, as "Madaket Millie"—lives at Madaket on Nantucket. She is known far and wide for the help she has given neighbors and for her informal, unofficial and deeply-appreciated work helping the Coast Guard patrol Nantucket's seas and beaches. Self-reliant, independent and forthright, she performs her good works from a deep sense of duty and personal responsibility, without compensation or plaudits save from the men of the Coast Guard and others who are warmly-grateful for the work she has done. Paul F. Whitten of Attleboro has interviewed her at her island home; here is his story.)

By PAUL F. WHITTEN

MADAKET, March 16—On a late Winter afternoon, a furious and shivering nor'wester was blowing a stinging sleet and snow on the little community of Madaket. Down on the misty shore, showing faintly through the wind-driven spindrift, was the outline of two moving objects. The two storm-hidden figures are "Madaket Millie" and her dog, Sultan, patrolling the beach.

She Didn't Have to Go

The Coast Guard at Brant Point Station had asked Millie about 7 a. m. to take a patrol walk on the beach. A fishing vessel caught out in the storm had been sending out distress signals most of the night. The Coast Guard thought there might be some signs of the ship or its wreckage strewn along the shore.

Millie didn't have to go. But she did. And between her many odd jobs, she patrols Madaket Beach twice each day. She is always ready to serve the Coast Guard headquarters in Nantucket whenever needed. And she has never received a cent of reimbursement.

Millie has offered to give the Government some of her land on which to erect an observation tower that would help compensate for the now-deserted Madaket Coast Guard Station. Millie is ready and willing to man the look-out tower, whenever the Government constructs it. Between the Coast Guard, Civil Defense and Ground Observer Corps, the tower would be covered 24 hours a day.

Millie would like to have a two-way radio set, to be used in case of emergencies, only; as it is, her own short-wave receivers are always on.

There is a small store in Madaket that is owned by Millie, a sort of a self-service affair about which Millie has often made the remark, "It's just sort of an accommodation for the people in the neighborhood."

Store Is Informal

During the Summer months Millie has a good trade from the Summer folks. If Millie isn't in the store, the customer can make his own purchases and even make

his own change from the cash box. If a customer doesn't have any money, he can leave an IOU.

"People are generally honest, and you know, I haven't been gypped yet," She said proudly.

There were several cats running around the yard and as Millie reached down to pick one up she practically exploded with, "I get steamed up, when Summer people leave their pet cats on the island to shift for themselves! They grow wild and become a general nuisance. We don't have too many game birds, but for what we do have, these pesky wild cats are a definite menace."

Sultan, the dog who accompanies Millie on patrols, was given to her by some Summer visitors. She's trained him well and Sultan is always obedient to his mistress' commands. Millie trains, raises and boards both dogs and cats, among other occupations.

During World War II, she trained shepherd dogs for the Government. The dogs were shipped to Millie for their schooling. When the training period was over, the Government had well-disciplined dogs for patrol duty.

Millie would have gone with a women's branch of the armed forces during the war, but had the responsibility of caring for her aged father. Even so, she gave invaluable service to the Government, both locally and nationally.

Childhood Recalled

There were no cars on the island when Millie was a child. Lacking transportation to the village school, Millie reminisced, "My grandmother taught my brother and I the 'three R's'. When it was time for examinations and promotion, Dad would hitch up the horse and drive us the 6 miles to town.

"Grandma would do her shop-



—Paul F. Whitten Photo

"MADEKET MILLIE" AT WORK—More formally, Mildred Jewett, Millie is shown opening scallops, a chore at which she is faster than almost anybody else. Scalloping is just one of a number of occupations she follows at her Madaket home; she patrols the beaches, runs a store and otherwise keeps very busy.

ping, while brother and I took our examinations."

A woman who keeps busy at innumerable jobs, Millie noted that, "During the scallop season, especially if it is a good one, I can make a tidy sum for myself. I can make \$15 to \$20 a day, easily."

Some of the folk in town claim that Millie can open scallops much faster than most men, including the 'old-timers.'

Not far from the Jewett homestead stands the abandoned Coast Guard building. The building has been moved several times because of the ever-encroaching ocean. Millie showed the writer a clipping that told

about a freighter that came ashore the day the Madaket Coast Guard Station officially closed.

Millie was the first one, on the island, to discover the predicament of the Kotor, a freighter, and immediately got in touch with the local Coast Guard. The vessel was freed within a day and much of the credit goes to this intrepid woman of Madaket.

Millie takes her self-assumed duties seriously. No one asks Millie to patrol the beach twice each day. She does it, because she feels she is doing some thing worthwhile. She loves t

32
listen to the waves breaking upon the shore and the haunting cry of the seagull, as she hikes the lonely beach with Sultan.

Mines Discovered

Every now and then Millie does find things tossed upon the beach. Shortly after World War II, she found two floating mines. She wasn't sure if they were live ones. She checked with the Coast Guard demolition squad and found out they were harmless; today, they may be seen outside her store.

Another find of Millie's was a life raft. Just how it got here, is not known. The island folks have several explanations. One rumor has it that spies were put ashore at Madaket and traveled under the cover of darkness to a secret rendezvous on the east coast.

An exploit which brought Millie fame and publicity was the capture of a shark, 10 feet, 10 inches long and weighing 300 pounds.

Let Millie relate the story:

"I ran to the creek, in the rear of my scallop shanty to see what all the splashing was about. There was some big fish apparently stranded. I shoved off in my skiff and rowed to the middle of the creek. Fred C. Jorgensen, a Summer visitor, got into his boat and joined in the battle.

"We began to attract attention and some woman threw me a pitchfork from the bridge. Every time the big critter came for me and the boat, he'd get a darn good jab from the pitchfork. After battling the monster for an hour and a half we were getting bushed. The big fish turned bellyup and surrendered to the victors. We towed the shark ashore, and man—alive, what a shark!"

To the rear of Millie's house is Hither Creek, a narrow strip of land, and then Broad Creek. Between the two creeks is a low-lying peninsula of dunes and marshland. There are about 25 houses on this piece of lonely wasteland separated from the mercy of an angry ocean only by a narrow strip of sand dunes. Beyond Broad Creek is Smith's Point. Several times in recent years storms have threatened to cut off Smith's Point from the island.

Hurricane Threatened

When Hurricane Carol hit the island in September 1954 a mountainous surf isolated the point by cutting a shallow channel. Hurricane Edna followed in the wake of Carol and gouged out a broader and deeper channel. The isolated section of the point became known as "Edna Island," christened as such by Millie.

The night preceding the visit of Hurricane Edna, the Coast Guard and State Police kept in constant touch with Millie via telephone. At 10 p. m., Stuart Mooney and Millie were asked to alert all residents beyond Hither Creek. At 11 p. m., all of them had taken heed and were safely sheltered elsewhere.

At 5 a. m. the next morning the Civil Defense called and asked that the people across the creek be warned of the approaching danger and to evacuate their homes at once.

Chuckling to herself, Millie replied, "Sir, the residents of the area in question were warned last night at 10 p. m. and now that section of the island is completely deserted."

Mildred Jewett is now in

charge of Civil Defense for the western section of the island. She is a conscientious leader, a good organizer and her co-workers know that in case of disaster Madaket's unit will function efficiently.

Wires Down

Last Christmas for instance, was no different for Millie than any other day. She was out on patrol duty as usual. When returning across the bridge at Hither Creek, she discovered some live wires had blown down during the night.

Millie hurried home and got two red flags, posted these warnings at strategic points and then called the emergency crew of the electric light company. The danger was taken care of at once and the highway made safe for travel. Millie has a host of friends

among the year-around residents and the Summer folk.

A few years ago a banker from Connecticut addressed a Christmas card: "Millie—The Gal Who Made Madaket Famous."

N.B. Standard
Mar. 17, 1957

NANTUCKET WOMEN ACTIVE

Wife Takes Over Pulpit To Aid Husband

NANTUCKET, Jan. 18 — Nantucket's reputation of having women active in various lines of work widened when Mrs. Ruth E. Spears took over the pulpit at the Methodist Episcopal Church during the illness of her husband, Rev. Raymond E. Spears.

Rev. E. Spears was taken ill on his return from a vacation trip and his wife came to his aid during the emergency.

The town has long been known for the number of women who take part in town affairs as well as conducting businesses of their own.

Mrs. Estelle P. Coggins, daughter of the Rev. Harold L. Pickett of the Unitarian Church, is assistant pastor there. The town boasts of a woman judge, Judge Caroline Leveen, presiding justice of the district court, whose predecessor was also a woman, Miss Ethel M. Mackiernan, resigned, and a clerk of courts, Mrs. Paul Klingeluss, whose professional name is Miss Grace M. Henry, attorney.

There are two women taxi drivers in the town, Mrs. Agnes C. Cahoon and Mrs. Hattie McLeod, who think nothing of carrying luggage and passengers all day long.

Active in town affairs is Mrs. Nancy Adams, secretary of the finance committee. In charge of the Maria Mitchell Observatory is Miss Margaret Harwood, who besides being an astronomer, following in the steps of Nantucket's great woman astronomer, Maria Mitchell, also finds time to serve on the Nantucket School Committee.

Miss Susan Terry conducts her own gasoline station at Orange Street and Siasconset State Road. In Nantucket proper, the name "Petticoat Road" is applied to that section of Center Street, adjoining Main, which is lined with business organizations run by women.

Dinner for Miss Gardner.

Lester Gardner gave a delightful dinner and musicale to twenty guests at his home on Main street, on Wednesday evening of last week, in honor of his sister, Miss Grace Gardner, the popular actress. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Anthony of Boston; Mrs. Theobald, Bob Theobald, Mr. Mason, Miss Course, the Misses Featherstone, Dr. Reginald Holden, Miss Gladys Holden, Jack Farnsworth, Miss Elsie Phelan, Mrs. Devernace, Mrs. and Miss Fisher, Mrs. Ashbrook.

Miss Gardner opens her theatrical season September 10th in New York, under a forty weeks' contract with B. F. Keith, at the close of which she has been engaged by Manager Britt of the Palace Theatre, London, for a long period.

Correspondence of the Inquirer and Mirror.

WALTHAM, Mass., January 21st, 1873.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—The communication of "A. E. J." in your issue of the 18th, touches upon a subject to which justice has never been done, and I would respectfully suggest that our Executive Committee request some of our lady friends to prepare an article on "Nantucket women," to be read or given in at our forthcoming meeting in August. I pity the man who does not reverence the name of his mother, and these "Nantucket women" are our and our ancestors' mothers, sisters, or wives; their fame is our fame, their detractors our detractors. Men are what their mothers or wives mould them into, and few public men who have achieved any honorable prominence do not credit their renown to the teachings of their mothers or the counsel of their wives. I remember hearing General Banks, at a reception given him by the citizens of Waltham prior to his removal West some years ago, say, that whatever of renown he may have won or whatever of honor been bestowed him, he owed by far the greater part of it to the advice of his wife. And so with Nantucketers; they owe much of their integrity and forwardness in a good work to the sturdy good sense of the gentler sex.

No one can review the past of Nantucket without a feeling that in our island's affairs women have attained a prominence much greater than in the generality of towns. This may be attributable to the fact spoken of by Miss Stanton that "they are educated for women and not for wives," (though they ain't bad in the latter position) but I could modify that statement somewhat and attribute it to the religious teachings of years ago—to the Quaker principle in the religious culture of our islanders, where women assumed more prominence in the church, and that prominence brought forth its natural fruit, viz.: in other affairs their judgment—found good on religious subjects—was sought and not found wanting, and this deference engendered that feeling of honor, respect, awe, admiration for woman, in which I do not hesitate to say Nantucketers are pre-eminent. The women of from 1660 to 1800, those who moulded the character and the ambition of the sons and daughters of Nantucket were indeed no ordinary women. The wives of Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck, Nathaniel Starbuck, Peter Folger, William Bunker, William Worth and the others, early settlers on our island, were women whose characters were quite as strongly marked, and whose influence was quite as strongly felt as were the characters and influences of their husbands, and from such parents came similar children. What wonder then, that Nantucket was one of the earliest, if not singularly the earliest to champion "Equal rights to all men?" What wonder then that, to the present day, personal sacrifice counts as nothing when duty calls, and whether the wrecked mariner on our surf-beaten shores or the government that shelters us all are in peril, Nantucket's sons take their position in the forlorn hope to rescue and to save!

Mary Bunker, wife of William, in her younger days, after getting breakfast for the men and seeing them off to plough, set out on foot to visit Ann Allen at Cambridge. After calling at Stephen Hussey's for his wife, they stopped in town for Abigail Gardner, who took her child with her, and all of them walked to Cambridge, made their visit, and all returned on foot the same night. The distance travelled by Mary Bunker that day, says our chronicler, could not have been less than twenty-two miles!

Mary Starbuck was, in her time, quite as important in matters of religious or civil government as any of her male compeers, and her advice was constantly asked and thoughtfully received. As Thomas Story says she was a "wise, discreet woman, well read in Scripture, and not attached unto any sect, but in great reputation throughout the island for her knowledge in matters of religion, and an Oracle among them on that account, in so much that they would not do anything without her advice and consent therein." She was afterwards an approved minister of the Society of Friends, as our islanders well know. I believe she was accustomed to attend the meetings of the Proprietors, where her advice was fully as much sought as in religious matters.

Abigail Hussey, daughter of Stephen, and who was married to Thomas Howes, of Yarmouth, in 1700, was a woman of force and nerve. Soon after their marriage they went to Yarmouth to visit his family, and in returning in a boat, having a temporary sail, while crossing the bay, she struck the steering oar with such force that her husband was knocked out of the boat and disappeared. "At this moment of unutterable agony, the woman implored the Indian, who was her only companion, to do something for their preservation, but he was so agitated that he seemed to lose all power of action and stood motionless before her. In this extremity she sprang for the oar, and with an arm nerved for the conflict, guided the boat into the harbor, proceeding directly across to the place of landing opposite her father's settlement, near the site of the Beacon Light, and having with heroic prowess effected an escape for herself and the poor Indian, she is said to have fainted on reaching the shore."

The wife of Peter Folger, (Mary Morrell) the grand mother of Benjamin Franklin, was bound to service to Hugh Peters, and was bought by Peter Folger for the sum of £20, which he gallantly declared to be "the best appropriation of money he had ever made!"

Sarah Wyer, wife of Nathaniel, was eminent as physician and nurse in the early days of our history, and in this connection I may say that almost the entire charge of earling for and visiting the sick, in Nantucket's early history, devolved upon the women."

Most of our islanders know the prominence of Kezia Coffin during our Revolutionary history, a prominence which was appreciated by our Legislature of that day.

While visiting in Falmouth during the past summer, I got the following amusing Revolutionary anecdote from Capt. Bunker, one of those genial, whole-souled vi-kings, such as "W. R. E." has commented so ably upon. During the visit of the Refugees to Nantucket, they had posted their sentinels around so that in one part of the town it was difficult to procure water, and those so deprived began to suffer for want of it. Among these were Deborah Morris, (nee Chase, the grandmother, I believe, of Capt. Bunker) and her parents. At last Deborah's patience being exhausted, she determined to obtain the water at all hazards. In vain her father told her "thee had better not, thee will only get a bayonet in thee;" she answered she would "as lief die one way as another," and, seizing two pails, she started. In passing one of the corners a sergeant on guard presented his bayonet to stop her. Without delay she hurled a pail full in his face, and left him senseless on the ground, "spouting blood." She passed on, got her two pails of water and returned past the still prostrate sentry in safety.

Coming down to still later times, Messrs. Editors, you remember, as well as I, the time when the Forest Prince was wrecked, and our Nantucket women ministered to the welfare of the two hundred emigrants quartered in our halls.

All honor then to our "Nantucket women," and success to those who are striving to found a Home for elderly people where they may not feel as though they were thrown upon the town in their old age; and though this is irrelevant to the subject of which I have written, perhaps, I would ask why a number of gentlemen, one, two, or three hundred cannot each be pledged for so much per year—five dollars or more—to support such an institution.

One more item, Messrs. Editors, and you may congratulate yourselves that I am done. I send you a copy of some documents I found in the State House, pertaining to Revolutionary times, hoping thereby to stir up some of the memories of our elderly friends, and develop all that can be obtained on this subject.

After petitions from Andrew Meyreck owner of sloop Industry, Henry Folger, Master, and Silvanus Hussey owner of brigg Woolf, Shubael Worth, Master, for leave to sail, and the orders thereon, comes the following, endorsed

"Edward Gray's Certificate with Order thereon."

"To the Hon'ble Council of the State of Massachusetts Bay.

THE PETITION of Edward Gray in behalf of William Rotch & others as per Schedule annex'd, Merch'ts & Inhabitants of Nantucket—

HUMBLY SHEWETH—That, by an act laying an Embargo upon all Shipping, they are prevent'd procuring their Summer supply of salt, which is absolutely

"For the above facts I am indebted to MSS kindly loaned me while in Nantucket last summer.

necessary for them to carry on their Fishery,—the Whale fishery which was formerly their whole dependence being now entirely stop't, they are oblig'd to recur to the Cod Fishery for a Support which cannot be carry'd on without Salt, & unless they have liberty granted them to procure it they cannot subsist.—That, the Island from the Nature of its soil is incapable of producing Corn or any other Grain sufficient for One Quarter of the Inhabitants, that, formerly they wholly depended upon Philadelphia, New York & Long Island for their supplies, which Resources are now cut off. Unless they can procure Corn &c. they must be reduc'd to the greatest distress.—That, previous to passing the Act, Mr. Rotch had prepar'd a Vessel ready to take on board a Cargo he had already purchas'd consisting of 10 M. Lumber, 60 barrels pickled fish, 180 shooks hogheads & hoops for the Voyage all which are now upon hand & if the Fish is not allowed to be exported it must inevitably spoil.—That, Mr. Rotch has a large sum of money in the hands of a French Merchant in Hispaniola which if not speedily secur'd will be wholly Lost.

All these Reasons your Petitioner humbly begs your Honors would take into Consideration & grant liberty to the several Vessels to proceed their Voyages, & your petitioner as in Duty bound will ever Pray.

EDWARD GRAY.

| Owners Names. | SCHEDULE. | Vessels & Names. |
|---------------|--------------|--------------------|
| Wm Rotch | | Schoo Nightingale |
| Do | | Sloop Sandwich |
| Saml Starbuck | | Brigg Katy |
| Do | | Sloop Dolphin |
| Benja Barney | | Schoo Olive Branch |
| Masters Names | Where bound | |
| Jona Downes | 1 Hispaniola | |
| John Elkins | 2 for Salt | |
| Josh Gardner | 3 Do | |
| Stephen Fish | 4 Do | |
| David Paddock | 5 Do | |

In Council Feb'y 17th 1777
Read & Committed to the Committee on similar Petitions—
JOHN AVERY Dep'y Sec'y.
In Council Feb'y 19th 1777
read and order'd that the Prayer of the above Petition be granted.

State of Massachusetts Bay,

Council Chamber Feby 19th 1777

To the Naval Officer for the Port of Nantucket.
Permit the schooner Nightingale, John Downes Master—the sloop sandwich, John Elkins, Master—the Brigg Katy Joseph Gardner Master—the sloop Dolphin Stephen Fish Master—and the schooner Olive Branch David Paddock Master, provided sd Vessels be wholly man'd with Quakers to take on board pickled fish and Lumber and proceed on their sd Voyage to the French or Dutch West India Islands, the Masters of which giving Bond that they will import in said Vessels into this state, west India Produce and salt—the Dangers of the Enemy & seas excepted.
By Order of Council.

NANTUCKET, Jr.

NANTUCKET LADIES AT THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.—The Philadelphia papers speak in the highest terms of the Woman's Congress recently held in that city. The Times says that "their talks developed so much good sense that we shall hereafter look upon the announcement of a Woman's Congress with pleasant anticipations and with none of the terror with which it formerly inspired us." Several Nantucket ladies appeared as speakers, among whom were Mrs. Ellen S. Mitchell, of Chicago, formerly of this town, Prof. Maria Mitchell of Vassar College, and Miss Anna Gardner. Miss Mitchell, the president, made some very able remarks in favor of the cause, which were enthusiastically received by the Association. Mrs. Ellen S. Mitchell's paper, "A Report on Reform," was exceedingly clever, and treated ably the subject of homes and reformatory institutions for abandoned women. The Times and Press each had a good word for Miss Gardner's paper on "Woman Suffrage," which will be read with pride by her friends at home. The former journal says, "The evening was chiefly devoted to the subject of woman suffrage, upon which Miss Anna Gardner read a plain, common-sense paper, to which Lucy Stone, Mrs. Donoway, of Oregon, Mrs. Margaret Parker, the renowned temperance advocate of Dundee, Scotland, and Mrs. Livermore each felt moved to add a few earnest words.

The Press reporter seems to have been favorably impressed with Miss Gardner's essay, and remarks, "Miss Gardner handled the subject in a clever manner. It was an able arraignment of that freak of society which has thus far prevented woman from the exercise of the right of franchise, and an appeal to continue the agitation until success shall have been obtained."

AN OCTOGENARIAN.—A large number of invited guests assembled at the residence of Mr. Joseph S. Barney on Saturday last, to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the birthday of his venerable mother, Mrs. Eliza Barney. It was a most enjoyable occasion, which will be pleasantly remembered by all who participated, more especially by the lady in whose honor it was given, who will look back upon it as one of the pleasantest of the many green spots in her long life. Congratulatory remarks were made by several of the ladies and gentlemen, to which Mrs. Barney feelingly responded. A sumptuous repast, music and literary exercises added to the pleasures of the occasion.

The Illustrious Mary Starbuck of Nantucket.

We recently came across an article which was printed in "Knapp's Female Biography" in 1843, bearing on the illustrious "Mary Starbuck" of Nantucket—one of our most noted ancestors. To those of our readers who are interested in the history of the island, the clipping will be of interest. It reads as follows:

MARY STARBUCK.

If we look at the origin of every country, state or colony, we shall find that the women had more to do with the foundation of their prosperity than the men; but it has so happened, I will not say by design, but rather by the course of events, that but few of them have been fairly placed on the pages of history.

There is a small island, within the limits of Massachusetts, known to most of the world from the enterprise and wealth of its inhabitants, whose history is unique—this is the island of Nantucket. In 1659, it was taken possession of by two white men and their families, Thomas Macy and Edward Starbuck.

They fled when the Quakers were persecuted, and settled on this island. They were joined by others who were apprehensive of being involved with Hugh Peters, a preacher of note, who had been prominent in the revolution which brought Charles I. to the scaffold.

On the restoration of his son, Charles II, the whole world was searched for those who had been unfriendly to his father. Among these, perhaps, although not of great importance, were those who settled Nantucket; for while they lived at Salisbury, on the Merrimack, they had been intimate friends of Hugh Peters. People in a primitive state always discriminate more accurately than those of a more advanced standing.

The aborigines seldom have a coward for their leader. Mary Starbuck, wife of one of the first settlers of Nantucket, was a woman of superior mind. The influence of that mind commenced when she had but few or no rivals; and for more than half a century she exercised that control, which great sagacity and sound sense, with virtuous principles, always deserve to have.

This people saw their insular situation, and knew that, as they increased, the soil could not be depended upon alone for subsistence, and they made their harvests on the waves of the ocean, a territory which no agrarian law could reach.

Whales were seen dashing near them, and the sight was too tempting for them to refrain from the fishery. They knew nothing of the manner of harpooning them at that time, but by the advice of Mary Starbuck, they sent to Cape Cod for some persons acquainted with the business of catching whales.

Interest is always quick-sighted. By the advice of Mary Starbuck, the system which has characterized the whalers of Nantucket from all other co-partners, was established. "Let each have an interest, and everyone will do his duty" was her maxim.

More than sixty large ships are now owned in Nantucket, engaged in the whale fishery. The first whaling vessels were small; they went north, then south, and in the process of time swept round Cape Horn, when larger vessels were built; and then they circumnavigated the globe, in the course of their business.

These whalers, perhaps, now little think how much they are indebted to Mary Starbuck for the first great principles which now govern these voyages; and but little did Mary Starbuck know of the oceans they were to explore; but such is the power of mind, well directed in the early stages of society.

A curious subject of contemplation naturally presents itself, as we see the proud whaling ships returning from their long voyages, laden with valuable cargoes, and then run back to the origin and progress of this great business, to the time when Mary Starbuck saw her children and kindred set sail for the monsters of the deep, in small boats, and return with success.

If, at Nantucket, you inquire of the first one you meet, (and these islanders are an intelligent people,) for the monument raised to Mary Starbuck, the answer will be, "Mary has no monument." If you ask, "well, then, where was she buried?" "Why, I never heard where; but probably on that rising ground, as it is generally understood that it was once used as a burial place, and there is one small grave-stone there which goes to support the tradition."

If Mary Starbuck ever had a monument, the sands have blown over it, and it cannot be found at this day. Tradition does not assist us to speak precisely of the time of her death, but represents her as living to a good old age.

Late Maria L. Owen Known as Founder of Women's Clubs.

From the Springfield Republican.

Memories of one of the pioneers in the extension of woman's sphere of interests have been revived by the recent death in Plandome, L. I., of Mrs. Maria L. Owen, honorary vice-president of the Women's club and of the Springfield botanical society, at the great but delightfully interesting age of 88. A contemporary of Lucy Stone and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, she exerted in her small but no less emphatic way the same influence upon the women of Springfield that more famous women exerted upon the nation. For the creation of the Women's club and of the botanical society, both largely the work of Mrs. Owen's organizing genius, were merely local assertions of the fact that the feminine mind can and should extend its interests beyond the home and the church sewing society. These facts have been proved now by the 30 years of flourishing life which the Women's club and the botanical society have enjoyed, and by the success which has attended the efforts of dozens of other similar organizations formed in the last quarter of a century.

But even those who worked with Mrs. Owen for the advancement of her chosen cause, young women then for the most part who followed the leadership of an older friend, insist that the credit for taking the initiative is hers; and that the initiative was taken long before the days of clubs and societies, when the little groups of cultured men and women gathered at the Owens home on Union street to read Shakespeare and the big tales of literature instead of talking the tattle of gossip.

Mrs. Owen was a native of Nantucket, famous this hundred years for the long heads and long lives of its natives. Unusual school advantages were coupled with a sound home course of general reading in an education which at the time was remarkable both for its breadth and depth. The wild, too, had its charm for Mrs. Owen, and her lifelong interest in flowers and trees and in everything that pertained to the science of botany was formed on the fertile hills of the island. Like few botanists, Mrs. Owen retained, along with the remarkable scientific training which she gave herself, an appreciation for her poetic beauty of the fields and woods, expressed often in charming old-fashioned diction in her articles for various newspapers and for the Rhodora, the official publication of the Massachusetts botanical society.

Mrs. Owen came to Springfield in the 50's with her husband, Dr. Varillas Owen, remembered by many of the older residents for the originality and efficiency of his remedies. For a time they lived on State street, but in 1863 Dr. Owen bought from Cheney Bigelow a lot on 375 Union street, where they built a house now occupied by Charles H. Barrows. It was in this house that the old Shakespeare club began meeting soon after the civil war. Mrs. Owen's spirited and appreciative reading were always a delight of this organization, and her leadership in the frequent discussions of the knotty social and philosophical problems suggested by the works of the immortal bard was recognized. Other literature was also studied, and in an unostentatious way the Owen home became a sort of center for the leisure intellectual life of Springfield society. There men and women met almost for the first time in the history of the city to talk over in a practical, serious way the problems and the thought of their own and other times.

Dr. Owen died in 1897, but Mrs. Owen maintained her residence in the city for another decade. For the past six years she had lived with her son-in-law, James Sullivan of Plandome, L. I., making during that time several visits to her friends in Springfield and keeping in touch with the old associations by means of a lively correspondence with many friends. That her interests were fresh to the last has been proved by several letters received from her within the last two months; the last, as affectionate and bright as the best, was received only 10 days ago. She leaves a son, Walter L. Owen, of New York, the architect, and one daughter, Amelia, wife of James Sullivan, at whose home she died.

Mrs. Marion Sevens Will Be Honored on Birthday.

As everyone on the island knows, Mrs. Marian Sevens, who has been school nurse for many years, has been ill since last spring. Since leaving the hospital some time ago she has been confined to her home on India street where she has continued to regain her strength.

Next Wednesday, October 5, is Mrs. Sevens' birthday and the American Legion Auxiliary has been busy during the past two weeks contacting people all over town in order to raise a substantial sum of money to be presented to Mrs. Sevens.

Unfortunately, neither the school nor the town pension plan applies in Mrs. Sevens' case. Therefore, the Auxiliary's plan is to present, with the money, a book containing the names of all the contributors—but not the amounts given. Some five hundred letters have been sent out by the Auxiliary but it has been impossible to contact everyone on the island who might be interested in making contributions to the fund.

It is still not too late for everyone, who has not already done so, to send a contribution—no matter how small—to Mrs. Lillian Thurston, treasurer, or to Miss Florence Farrell.

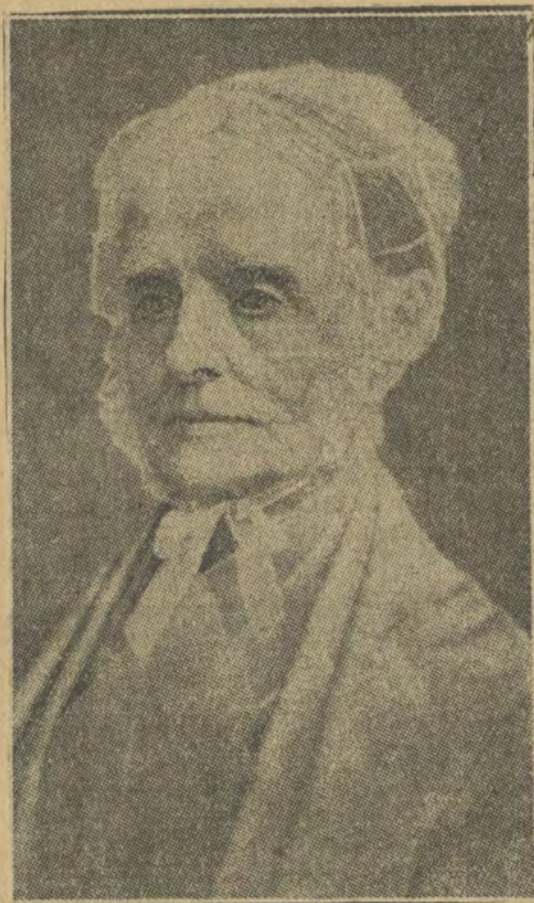
Let us all do our part to give Mrs. Sevens, on her birthday, a fitting and worthwhile gift as a demonstration of the love and respect which the entire community has for her. She has given the best years of her life as the school nurse; let us give to her now.

Oct. 1, 1949

June 28, 1913

31

Women who have taken leading roles in Nantucket affairs include Mrs. Anna F. Huff, assessor; Miss Anne Ring, selectman; Mrs. Mary M. Gardner, tax collector, and Mrs. Lillian A. Thurston, school committeeman, in top row, left to right; Mrs. Bessie E. Brock, school committeeman, left center, and Miss Emma Cook, assistant to the Registrar of Deeds, right center. Center and lower left are shown two Nantucket street scenes, and lower right is a picture of Lucretia Coffin Mott, ardent women's rights advocate, who was born on the island.





Death of Mrs. Gardner.

Our readers, both far and near, will regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary Macy Gardner, widow of Arthur H. Gardner, who has been in failing health for several months. Death came on Thursday of this week.

Mrs. Gardner was a woman admired and respected by all. She had served the town as collector of taxes and had served well. As the first woman collector in the state she gained considerable notoriety, but she cared naught for that; it was in doing her task well that she took pride.

She assumed the responsibilities of the position after the death of her husband and worked early and late in fulfilling the duties of the office. She was conscientious and particular every detail and was held in the highest regard by every town official and by all of the tax-payers with whom she came in contact.

Mrs. Gardner was a historian. She delighted to delve into Nantucket history and traditions. She was also a student of genealogy and was frequently called upon to trace family history, having a large amount of material at hand for her research work.



Miss Annie Alden Folger
bids you
welcome to her Studio
at the sign of
The Two Crows
Pearl Street
Nantucket Island

READINGS

—BY—

Miss Minnie Smith,

Assisted by Mechanics' Band and other musical talent,

—AT—

Atheneum Hall

**Monday Evening,
June 6th.**

Admission 25 cents to all parts of the house.

Tickets to be found at the Pharmacy, H. S. Sweet and at the door on the evening of the Reading.

Doors open at 7.30. Orchestra at 8.

June 2, 1887

Seven Nantucket Women in Public Office.

Marion N. Lewin of the New Bedford Standard's force, visited Nantucket last week accompanied by the Standard's photographer, and she found several "stories" available, one of which was in connection with Nantucket's women town officials. The Sunday Standard of the 28th printed a full-page article by Mrs. Lewin, with pictures of Anne Ring, selectman; Mary M. Gardner, tax collector; Anna F. Huff, assessor; Bessie E. Brock and Lillian A. Thurston, school committee; and Emma Cook, assistant register of deeds. There was one other woman official—Mary B. Worth—who did not get into the picture gallery. The Standard's article was as follows:

Nantucket Carries on Lucretia Mott Ideas.

Not long after the close of the American War for Independence a child was born on Nantucket Island who was later to become one of the earliest and most ardent advocates of women's rights. She was Lucretia Coffin Mott.

Perhaps her spirit still pervades the island, which accounts for the selection in the town of her birth, of six women to elective office and a seventh to a position of responsibility as assistant to a town official.

With the election of Miss Anne Ring to the Board of Selectmen of Nantucket recently, women of Nantucket obtained a definite voice in town affairs. Miss Ring is the first woman ever to have been a candidate for the office in Nantucket.

Prominent in the matriachate is Mrs. Mary M. Gardner who has served as town tax collector for two years and was re-elected at the recent election. Mrs. Anna F. Huff was elected an assessor last year.

50-50 on School Committee

Women have held membership on the School Committee for many years. The present committee has three women and three men members. Mrs. Bessie E. Brock was re-elected for a three year term, Mrs. Lillian A. Thurston is a new member. Mrs. Mary B. Worth's term has not yet expired. Mrs. Worth was elected two years ago.

Mrs. Gardner first became collector of taxes when she was appointed to succeed her husband who died shortly after his election to office.

"They all told me a woman couldn't do it," Mrs. Gardner asserted in explaining the circumstances of her election.

Gets Every Cent

She has an enviable record in office of which she is justly proud as she has collected every cent of the taxes for two years. She is the first collector in Massachusetts to report every cent paid.

Mrs. Gardner is a woman past middle age but she is vigorous, decisive in her words and actions, and the force of her personality shows in her conversation and in her face. Although she is small, she has a commanding dignity. It is not hard to imagine that she could deal firmly with citizens who were lax in paying their taxes. One recalcitrant taxpayer whose residence is not on the island, replied to her request for his payments, that he paid taxes in other places besides Nantucket and it was her business to find out where.

"It was a very saucy letter," Mrs. Gardner said. "I wrote him that he would pay his taxes to me at once or he would pay them to the sheriff. The sheriff came back with the money last week. That man was very foolish as it cost him a good deal more to pay them that way."

Mrs. Gardner didn't have to make a campaign for re-election. Her record spoke for her and fellow citizens expressed their confidence in her work by giving her 775 votes.

Former Pupil Make Campaign

After 40 years of devoted service to the community as a school teacher, Miss Ring retired last year. When she became a candidate for Board of Selectmen, her former pupils conducted her campaign for her.

Her "boys" as Miss Ring calls them, journeyed around Nantucket on election day in a truck gaily decorated and plastered with signs "Vote for Miss Ring". The efforts were rewarded when their teacher was elected with 550 votes. The greatest number of votes received for selectman, was 565.

Miss Ring's pleasant, friendly face lights up eagerly when she talks about any one of the subjects in which she takes a whole hearted interest. Politically, she is non-partisan. She believes in voting for a person who is best fitted to fill the office rather than for the party to which he belongs. She has a deep feeling for Nantucket, not only for its present and its future, but for its significant and fascinating past.

In Historical Setting

"Once in a while my pupils used to say to me, 'Miss Ring, I don't like history,' and I would say to them, 'Why, children, just look out of the window."

"What do you see there?" They would probably tell me that they did not see anything. I would say to them, 'Do you see that place over there? That's where Benjamin Franklin's mother used to play when she was a little girl! Don't like history! Why Nantucket is just full of history. You are living with history all the time.'"

One of Miss Ring's present interests is to help to get a new school building for the children of Nantucket. She hopes to assist as a member of the town board in having a new sewerage system installed for the town and eventually a new town hall erected.

The virtues of domesticity and business acumen are happily combined in Mrs. Anna F. Huff the first woman to hold the office of assessor in Nantucket. When the writer called on her she was busily engaged with her baking and her housework. It was hard to associate this gracious woman with such stern facts as figures and property values.

"I'm almost prouder of having beaten two men for the office than I am of being assessor," Mrs. Huff laughingly said. "I didn't campaign for the office at all. I thought if the wanted me, they would vote for me. If they didn't want me, I didn't want the office." Apparently they wanted her.

Mrs. Huff is well qualified for her position, as she spent several years in the Registry of Deeds office where she became familiar with property values.

Mrs. Lillian A. Thurston, who was recently elected to the school committee, divides her time between duties as bank employee, music teacher, and housewife. She was formerly a teacher in Nantucket and has always been interested in school affairs. Even though she is a very busy young woman, she consented to be a candidate for School Committee believing that she still had time to devote to her community. With all her varied duties, she isn't too busy to exchange recipes with a friend over the telephone, or to be pleasant and agreeable to visitors who call on her while she is giving a piano lesson.

Citizens of Nantucket paid her tribute to Mrs. Brock's worth as a member of the School Committee by re-electing her to it by a vote of 650. She is a slender woman, whose gray hair adds dignity to her youthful looking face. Although she is reserved and quiet, she has the air of a woman whose conscientious and intelligent effort would be an asset wherever she offers it.

When the remark was made to her that a position on a school board was often made difficult because of discord among its members, she said that her

experience as a board member had been fortunate because a harmonious feeling always existed among its members.

Although Miss Emma Cook is not actually an official of the town her long service as an assistant to the Register of Deeds places her among the women who are helping to govern Nantucket. There is little property in Nantucket with whose value and ownership Miss Cook is not familiar, for she has been in the Registry of Deeds for 37 years. She is an aunt of Mrs. Brock and there is a noticeable resemblance between them. She is slender, white haired and quiet voiced. Miss Cook is interested in helping to obtain a new town hall.

Although Lucretia Mott's example may have been an inspiration to the women, Nantucket still has a few conservatives among the men. But the recent influx of women into governmental positions in Nantucket has been "an awakening" to them, as one woman expressed it. Those women who have already served terms in office proved that they are just as capable of executing their duties as were their masculine predecessors. Feminists are now affirming that even the most reactionary citizen is beginning to believe that Lucretia Mott's influence was for better rather than for worse as far as it affected Nantucket.

An Early Feminist

Although she is chiefly known as an anti-slavery leader, Lucretia Coffin Mott exerted great influence toward establishing the social, educational and political equality of women of her period.

Born of Quaker parents who had fled to Nantucket to escape Puritan persecution, she spent her childhood on the island and after her marriage to James Mott espoused the cause of anti-slavery, traveling thousands of miles to lecture against slavery. She formed the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society and in 1840 was one of the delegates chosen to represent American societies at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London. There she and other women delegates were refused recognition because they were women. The situation aroused public opinion towards a greater freedom for women at that time.

For 30 years Lucretia Mott hardly let a day pass without doing something to weaken the fabric of slavery which she felt to be the greatest curse of her native land. Her manner and voice were sweet, solemn and tranquil, yet she knew what it was to stand on a platform in the midst of a shower of stones and vitriol and to endure the insults of the pro-slavery press. At the celebrated trial of Daniel Dangerfield, a fugitive slave, in 1859, she remained at his side through the trial and until he was released a free man.

March 6, 1926

Personal

Miss Grace Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Gardner of Nantucket, is having a round of success over in Europe as leading lady in "The New Coachman." Referring to Miss Gardner's remarkable success on the stage, a critic in one of the Danish newspapers pays her the following tribute: "She is the most delightful little Gibson girl one can imagine, and then she has the carriage of a perfect lady into the bargain and dresses with taste. That is at least what a lady said who sat next to me yesterday. And ladies are not generally apt to praise each other."

March 23, 1909

Business And Professional Women Hold Luncheon.

Wednesday proved to be a clear day for the first luncheon of Nantucket's Business and Professional Women. The luncheon, held at the Monnohanit Club, was well attended, over forty-five women being present. The clubroom was tastefully decorated with clusters of scarlet berries and English ivy.

During the luncheon, which was served by Miss Gouin of "Dine-a-mite" at Sconset, three Nantucket women made five-minute speeches touching on the various aspects of the topic under discussion, namely the need and possible scope of an organization for Business and Professional Women in Nantucket.

These speakers were Miss Platt (district nurse), Miss Wood (realtor), Mrs. Walling (steamship Company agent). Miss Annie Alden Folger (dealer in antiques) called for general discussion which proved to be animated and practical. A vote of appreciation was then given Miss Gouin.

Miss Nancy Walling and Mrs. Walling volunteered help in the service of the luncheon. They were assisted by Miss Ellen Ramsdell who also gave voluntary assistance in the selling of tickets. Miss Elsie Carlisle offered most gracious and effective assistance in decoration and arrangement. Miss Phebe Beadle and Miss Edwina Stanton Babcock were in charge of the luncheon. Those present were:

Mrs. Alice Allen.
Miss Olive Allen.
Mrs. Ethel Austin.
Miss Edwina Babcock.
Mrs. C. H. Baldwin.
Miss Anna Barrett.
Mrs. Lottie Barrett.
Mrs. Grace Bartlett.
Miss Phebe Beadle.
Mrs. Howard Chase.
Mrs. Abbott Coffin.
Mrs. Orville Coffin.
Mrs. Congdon and friend.
Miss Craven.
Mrs. Amy Crocker.
Mrs. Juliette Currie.
Mrs. Ditmars.
Miss Farrell.
Miss Lillian Finlay.
Miss Annie A. Folger.
Miss Gwendolyn Gouin.
Mrs. Annie Grimes.
Mrs. Mary Haines.
Mrs. Marion Hallowell.
Miss Holly Hardy.
Miss Elsie Jernegan.
Miss Lawrence.
Miss Theresa Lisson.
Miss Carrie J. Long.
Miss Katharine Lord.
Mrs. Ludwig.
Mrs. Marie Manning.
Miss Parker.
Miss Clementine Platt.
Miss Ellen Ramsdell.
Mrs. Arthur Roza.
Mrs. Marion Sevens.
Mrs. Phebe Small.
Miss Cora Stevens.
Mrs. Ethel Trowbridge.
Mrs. Georgie Walling.
Miss Nancy Walling.
Miss Harriet Williams.
Miss Gladys Wood.
Miss Lillian Worth.

Nov. 21, 1931

35

Nantucket's Woman Collector Makes Fine Record.

From the New Bedford Standard.

Mrs. Mary M. Gardner, Nantucket's first woman tax collector, was re-elected unopposed at Nantucket's town meeting last Monday. Moreover she was elected by the largest vote polled by anyone at the election, although there were two other candidates who had no opposition.

But the size of her vote isn't Mrs. Gardner's only claim to distinction. The size of the vote was based on a record of performance as tax collector. Last year when her husband, Arthur H. Gardner, died shortly after he had been re-elected tax collector following a service of 18 years, the Selectmen appointed Mrs. Gardner in his stead. Recently, when the annual report for 1924 rolled around, it came out that for the first time in history every cent of the taxes had been collected before publication of the report.

There's no exciting story to the method by which this unusual record was achieved, not according to Mrs. Gardner. She just did it. She explains that Nantucket has a fairly prosperous population and moderate taxes. People can pay their other bills; why not taxes? Of course, there were a few delinquents, principally non-residents owning practically worthless patches of land. When the legal time for payment had elapsed she did not dally. She sent out warrants, advertised the land for sale, and settled the tax bill from the proceeds. The amounts due were in most instances trifling, she said: from 21 cents to a dollar. Her sales of property for default of taxes brought tragedy to no one.

Mrs. Gardner has been treasurer of the Nantucket Historical Society for years, and recording secretary of the Athenaeum. These activities, and what she learned from her husband, were her preparation for the work she now does. But the townsfolk will tell you that there is besides a foundation of that sound common sense that distinguishes so many Nantucketers, and a personality.

Taxes are Mrs. Gardner's business now; Nantucket history is her real interest still, just as it has been for many years. She has made a lifetime study of Nantucket genealogy, doing research for persons in many parts of the country whose looking up of ancestors led back to the island. She can tell authentic and interesting stories of Nantucket of the whaling days. She treasures old things that have belonged to her family for generations. Her house is a little history in itself.

Whether Mrs. Gardner's record had anything to do with the election of a woman as Nantucket assessor is not to be asserted here, but the fact remains that Nantucket seemed to think one good return deserved another, for it elected Mrs. Anna Folger Huff to assess the taxes Mrs. Gardner collects. So Nantucket, sanctuary of tradition, is in the ranks of the pioneer municipalities in New England to elect women to public office outside the field of school committee membership.

Says Nantucket Breaks Tradition with Woman Collector.

The Miami (Florida) Herald recently published the following article regarding Nantucket, and the article was re-printed in various other papers in the Southland, throughout Florida and Louisiana and even in Texas. Evidently a woman tax collector is considered something novel even in Texas, which now has its woman governor. However, Mrs. Gardner, Nantucket's collector, is receiving considerable newspaper prominence for the excellent work which she did last year. This is the Miami Herald's story:

Nantucket Breaks Tradition For Once.

For the first year since Thomas Mayhew, in 1659 sold Nantucket island for 30 English pounds and two beaver hats, "one for myself and one for my wife," Nantucket has had its taxes collected by a woman. And for the first time the taxes were all collected, every cent of the \$161,000 before the publication of the annual report.

Three men wanted the post of tax collector which Mrs. Mary M. Gardner won last year. Now, when town meeting time drew round again, she was unopposed for another term.

It would be surprising if Nantucket accepted Mrs. Gardner's exceptional administration as establishing a precedent, and make it a tradition to keep a woman in the tax office.

For it is an old-fashioned town, where most things are done just as they have always been. The bell ringer still rings the great bell in the Second Congregational church watch tower 52 times at 7 in the morning to tell the town the workday has begun, and 52 times more at noon and then 52 times for curfew at 9 o'clock at night.

Few men now go to work at 7. Twelve is no longer a fashionable dinner hour. Not even in Nantucket do folks really go to bed at 9. You may ask why the bell ringer must still count 156 strokes each day, and you are told that he always has. The islanders at home listen for the bell and tell him if he misses count.

You may ask the editor of the Nantucket Mirror why the weekly paper appears in the blanket size edition that was familiar a century ago. He tells you only that it always has.

And is not that reason enough? It is indeed a great part of the quaint charm of this island community that it shows no rage for the ultramodern. If it finds the old good, as it generally does, it recognizes no compulsion about the latest, either in mode or mechanics.

One would never pick out Mrs. Gardner as a tradition breaker. She has spent her life collecting and preserving tradition on Nantucket Island. She has lived three score years and ten as a true child of Nantucket before she entered public life. Daughter of the founders of the town and wife of one of its modern historians and public officers, her life has been steeped in the legend and lore of her storied island home.

For years Mrs. Gardner has been treasurer of the Nantucket Historical Society and recording secretary of the Athenaeum. It has been her modest office to keep the records of those who wrote Nantucket's early story. Now, she has begun to make local history herself. Those who come after her will find her name on the pages she has turned so often.

If you should go to see Mrs. Gardner and ask her how she got in all the taxes in record-breaking time, you would learn a great deal about the customs of the whaling days and the early Nantucket families.

But as for her methods as tax collector extraordinary, why she "just did it," that's all.

Nantucket is prosperous. Taxes are moderate. Why shouldn't they pay their taxes like any other bills when they are due? It is just a matter of seeing it, says the island's grandmotherly tax official.

She comes of a race that have always found their way about the tasks the world imposes. One of her forbears fought with John Paul Jones. The sperm oil lantern her grandmother used to carry when she went calling evenings hangs in her hall, near her grandfather's great hall clock, which keeps as good time as it did 100 years ago.

The hand-painted fire buckets her grandfathers used hang above the clock. When the fire call sounded folks used to cast their fire buckets into the street and those who were going to the fire picked up the buckets and formed a bucket brigade with them. After the fire the buckets were returned to their owners.

Mrs. Gardner's grandfathers owned deep cylindrical buckets of leather with leather thong handles. They look as strong now as they were in the '40s, and the names painted on the sides can be read from the ceiling.

From the number of Revolutionary forbears she has found for descendants of the island, who from far distant homes have caught her professional aid in proving title to membership in the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, it would appear that the islanders of 1776 reserved their own independent interpretation of the Nantucket neutrality proclaimed by the dominant Quaker element of the island at the beginning of the break with England.

Mrs. Gardner's late husband, Arthur H. Gardner, author of "Wrecks Around Nantucket," was elected and re-elected tax collector for 18 years. When he died, after his 1924 election, the selectmen appointed Mrs. Gardner to complete his term.

Now, she has been elected in her own right, secure in the strength of her record.

April 4, 1925

Who Was Rachel Bunker?

In looking over some old manuscript and papers the other day, C. S. Cariveau came across a note sheet on which was written the following:

Rachel Bunker was taken ill on the 7th, died on the 9th, and was buried on the 11th of the 11th month, 1796, aged 80 years, 7 months, 23 days.

She had 12 children, 113 grandchildren and 90 great-grandchildren.

About seventy years of her life was devoted to public service, in which time she assisted in the birth of 2,994 children. There were 31 pairs of twins in the number.

Jan 11, 1930

A Rachel Bunker Story.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In your issue of January 11th, you have an article headed "Who was Rachel Bunker."

In my boyhood days I was frequently at the house of Eliza Pollard, the genealogist, and she used to tell me the stories of the older people, and several of Mrs. Bunker. One of the stories may interest you.

When she was past 75, she was married in Friends Meeting to a much older man, and they stood up in meeting taking each other by the hand and he began, "I take thee, I take thee," when suddenly he said, "Tut! Tut! Tut! What is thy name."

Moses Joy.

New York, January 17.

Rachel Bunker Was Daughter of Sylvanus Hussey.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Rachel Bunker was first Rachel Hussey, daughter of Sylvanus Hussey, who was the son of Stephen who was son of Christopher (one of the original proprietors of Nantucket). She married first Barnabas Coleman, and had twelve children. Late in life she married Paul Bunker, which probably accounts for Rachel Bunker, whom you seek, because her subsequent history agrees with mine of her. She was truly a remarkable woman.

In addition to the statistical account that you give of her children, grandchildren, etc., the story is told of her at the period of her history, when the sea captains brought Kanakas with them from Hawaii, who were not restricted in the use of spiritous liquor, that on one occasion in the middle of the night, going to one of her patients with a lantern which she always carried and meeting some drunken foreign sailors, she was accosted with "Old woman, we want your lantern." Her reply was: "Let's see you get it." And recognizing their condition she swung it around her head several times, at once rendering them incapable of any definite action.

I have a small blanket made of camlet and bound with blue ribbon, which was known in those days as lute-string ribbon. It is said to have wrapped the children of every generation since, and I believe that to be true. My mother sewed upon it a piece of muslin marked in indelible ink which gives the five successive generations, so that it is very authentic. It has the same ribbon on it which it had when it came to my mother. At that time she found it very faded and turned it to the other side. I keep it among my relics.

I am sending you this information because I think you have lost sight of the fact that some years ago you published an account which came from "An interesting slip of paper which John B. Folger found among his father's effects, which is entitled Rachel Bunker."

The history of her was given fully and I have it pasted now in "Early Settlers of Nantucket", beside the genealogical history which is based on record.

I am quite sure from the character of the printing, the paper on which it is printed and the width of the column, that it came from your own paper and you may find it in your files.

Yours truly,

Lydia S. Hinchman.

Philadelphia, January 17. 1930

Feb. 21, 1925

36

NO. I. 39

THE NEW BEDFORD SUNDAY STANDARD-TIMES • JANUARY 27, 1957

NANTUCKET WOMAN



RUTH H. SUTTON is a native of Springfield. She came to Nantucket when a young girl to study oil painting. It was here, in learning to paint landscapes and marine scenes, that she fell in love with Nantucket. After she achieved some fame as an artist, she bought an old factory along the south shore of the harbor. With patience, time, and with foresight to the future, she has converted the rundown piece of property into a perfectly-delightful year around home. From her living room she commands an unobstructed view of the harbor. Attached to the living room is her studio where much of her painting is done. Ruth Sutton exhibits a touch in her paintings which radiates the warmth and quaintness of Nantucket Island. Her paintings have been exhibited, successfully, in the Art Museum of New Britain, Conn., Town and Country Club, Hartford, Conn., and in the Berkshire Museum in Pittsfield.

THE NEW BEDFORD SUNDAY STANDARD-TIMES • MARCH 10, 1957

NANTUCKET WOMEN NO. 4



MISS CLARA PARKER served for more than 50 years as librarian in the Atheneum Library at Nantucket. She gave freely of her time to the thousands of people who sought help and guidance in the selection of books or information on island history. When Miss Parker retired from the duties of librarian, she did not wait for Father Time to take over and entertain her in a rocker. Well over 70 in years, but not in spirit, she is kept busy each day searching records for people interested in their genealogy.

(Paul F. Whitten Photo)

37

NANTUCKET WOMEN --- No. 2



NANCY ADAMS is a direct descendant of a long line of Nantucketers. Her forebears were among those who went down to the sea in ships and chased the mighty whale throughout the seven seas. She has lived on the island all of her life, with the exception of a visit to Florida during the Winter months; her interests always have been centered about her loved ones and the community activities of the island. A delightful person, she radiates a charm and friendliness which is contagious. Mrs. Adams recently retired as president of the Nantucket Historical Association. She gave unstintingly of her time to the association and under her leadership, the good work of her predecessors was both respected and maintained. Now, Nancy Adams is fulfilling the dreams of many years ago. She always wanted to write a book about her whaling ancestors, and that is what she is doing with her spare moments. She has completed a large portion of the story, and those who have been privileged to read some of the chapters, have found pages brimming over with excitement and adventure of an era now long passed.

(Paul F. Whitten Photo)

NANTUCKET WOMEN -- NO. 3



Grace Brown Gardner comes from a long line of Nantucketers; from the very earliest of Nantucket's history, one will find the Gardners taking an active part in community affairs. She grew up on the island, and enjoyed a wonderful and interesting childhood. Many Summers were spent at Quidnet, next to the shores of Sasachacho Pond and only a stone's throw from the open ocean. As a child, she collected a wealth of knowledge on the flora and fauna of the island. Her father took an active part in the town government and she was often an able assistant in time of need. Reluctantly, Grace Gardner left the island, but at the same time, began to study for her chosen profession, that of teaching. She never ceased seeking knowledge, and by the time she was elected a professor at the Framingham State Teachers' College, she was well prepared to train young girls for the teaching profession. A few years ago, she retired, and returned to the scenes of her childhood, and the family homestead. Her home is furnished much as it was in the middle 1800's. Miss Gardner didn't seek retirement in a chair by the window, watching the rest of the world go by. She has taken a vital interest in the life of the community. Her wealth of knowledge on island history and folklore is readily shared with those who beat a pathway to her door. During the past few years, Miss Gardner has catalogued clippings on all subjects, from old island newspapers. It is an invaluable piece of work and will be given to the Nantucket Historical Association for those interested in research on Nantucket.

42

A Woman's View Of Pioneer Days On Pacific Coast

MRS. GARDNER,
who recorded her
impressions of the
Coast between
Seattle and San
Francisco in 1853.



*Sea Captain's Wife
Kept Observations
In Journal During
Trading Voyages
100 Years Ago*

By CHARLOTTE D. WIDRIG

"A"PRIL 3, 1853. Bought from the Indians six fish, a duck and some potatoes. Onions are 25 cents a pound. We are now under way for New York, Indian name Alki."

The foregoing entry is taken from a journal written 100 years ago by the wife of a sea captain plying Pacific Coast trade when Seattle's population included but a handful of white people.

The small-events of daily living she took time to record, with details slanted towards a woman's observation of pioneer times, are now invaluable in enlarging the picture of those early days.

The journal covers a three-year span beginning with departure from Nantucket of the sailing vessel Sarah Parker, June 23, 1852. After a seven-month trip around Cape Horn to California the ship was sold at auction to William Sayward and engaged in coastal trade between San Francisco and Puget Sound, sailing back to Nantucket in 1855.

The original journal recently has been returned to the West Coast—a gracious gift of Grace Brown Gardner of Nantucket. It was written by her grandmother, Charlotte Coffin Gardner, while she traveled with her husband, William Bunker Gardner, master of the Sarah Parker.

Because of its historical value to the Pacific Northwest, Miss Gardner believes the document belongs here rather than in Nantucket, and its care and disposition has been assigned to Mrs. Lloyd Graves, 2122 Hamlin St.

THE trip was in itself an unusual adventure for a woman, a happenstance arranged for on the spur of the moment. Mrs. Gardner had gone with her husband to look over his ship the day before it was scheduled to sail and the owner was aboard at the time.

"Why don't you take your wife along with you?" he casually suggested.

"Would you like to go?" the captain asked his wife.

After a few minutes' deliberation she decided that she would.

Upon leaving the ship Mrs. Gardner went to the schoolhouse and arranged for dismissal of her 7-year-old son, George Henry. She then returned to her home, packed up the family's belongings and spent the evening hours making farewell calls on friends. Three years later she greeted them again, carrying an infant son (Grace Gardner's father), born in San Francisco.

The entire three years, except for a short time preceding the infant's arrival, was spent on the Sarah Parker, with numerous trips ashore at Dungeness, Port Townsend, Port Orchard and other Puget Sound harbors while the vessel was loading and unloading cargo.

Entries include reports on calm days when the sailing ship moved at a snail's pace and lashing storms that drove it far off its course and set it pitching for days.

Wild flowers and Indians, ships passing in the distance, homeward bound toward Cape Horn, and dinners with pioneer celebrities such as Captain Folger of the schooner Exact (Gardner's neighbor in Nantucket) and William P. Sayward, pioneer lumberman, are interspersed with mundane details of the passing days. For example: "Sunday, 29th. Light winds again. We have read till we are tired. George and myself are going to eat some molasses candy that the cook made for us, then it will be teatime, then bedtime, and tomorrow wash day."

THE cargo of the Sarah Parker on her continuous coastal trips was mainly lumber and cordwood carried from Puget Sound to San Francisco, with a return load of general merchandise assigned to the sparsely inhabited ports of the Pacific Northwest. The entry for April 4, 1853, records this:

"Arr'd. at New York (Alki Point) this morning at 8 o'clock. Mr. Terry, a man for whom we brought goods, has been on board. He keeps store and with a company gets out cargoes for ships. Many Indians are on deck. George is delighted to see and hear them talk. We anchored about three ship lengths from the shore in 17 fathoms of water.

"April 5th. A beautiful day. My clothes are drying. Yesterday a brig came in and anchored near us. The captain, two passengers, Mr. Terry and Mr. Low spent the evening with us. About a dozen men live here and one family, Mr. Low, wife and five children.

"7th. Early yesterday morning George Henry and myself went ashore. G. enjoyed himself well, racing about over the prairie, under the trees and



A SEWING CABINET in the form of a Chinese pagoda, made by seamen aboard the Sarah Parker and presented to the captain's wife.

down to the shore with Alonzo and John Low.

"I walked a great distance with the two little girls, Mary and Minerva. I picked several wild flowers and saw some Indian graves not far from shore, some with a board fence around them with their basket and tin plate or cup laid upon the grave or hung over it.

over

44

"Mr. Low's is a log house with one door and one paper window a foot square, only one room. There are several wigwams and two grog shops here kept by white men. There is an abundance of codfish, flatfish, salmon and quahogs (clams) here, which the Indians exchange for shirts, bread, fish-hooks, etc."

OTHER entries particularly pertinent to the Pacific Northwest include these:

"May 3rd. We have finished loading and are now under way, having taken 15,509 feet of piles; 6,372 feet of square timber and about 80 cords of wood. During our stay here we have had about 30 men callers and many Indians. Sometimes the latter slept on the cabin floor.

"May 6th. Today, noon, we anchored in Appletree Cove, went on shore and saw several men at work in a saw mill, one log house and several wigwams.

"In one we saw an infant undergoing the process of having its head flattened. It was bandaged to a board, its hands and feet fastened down, the back of the head and forehead pressed between two boards—the eyes closed, the face very much swollen—and its little heart beat violently. Its breathing was difficult and I should have thought it was dying if it were not that they all share the same fate when infants."

On September 25, 1853, an earthquake was recorded while the ship was anchored in the Puget Sound area:

"Monday evening. We are so near land that Wm. is on deck watching. This morning about 5 o'clock we felt the shock of an earthquake. It awoke me out of a sound sleep. At first I thought the ship was ashore and they were letting go the anchor—then I thought I heard casks rolling over-

head, though I knew they were all lashed.

One man jumped from his berth, but by the time he was out it was all over, and as he didn't know what brought him out, he went to bed again. Those on deck say it lasted a minute and shook the ship from stem to stern."

The length of time it took the Sarah Parker to ply her many trips between San Francisco and Cape Flattery at the entrance of the Strait of Juan de Fuca was variable. When winds were adverse it required weeks, while a record run under favorable conditions is recorded in four days.

IN October of 1854 the ship was reconditioned in San Francisco for passage back to Nantucket and set sail December 6. The route was long and circuitous, dependent upon prevailing winds which in this instance carried the vessel within sight of Pitcairn's Island. Although the coast was too rugged for a landing, a boat from shore brought them fresh fruits and wood.

The last entry of the journal tells of arrival in Nantucket May 10, 1855, after a passage of 148 days from San Francisco. Mrs. Gardner, George Henry and baby Arthur then resumed life on shore.

Captain Gardner, however, set sail August 14, 1855, again bound for the West Coast. His ship unfortunately collided with a brig in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro and legal entanglements dragged on for months. In May, 1856, at the age of 44, he booked passage home on the Hannah Thurston, contracted a fatal case of yellow fever en route, and was buried at sea.

Mrs. Gardner, expecting her husband to arrive when the ship was docked, waited for the hack which would bring him to his door. It customarily was beneath a captain's dignity to walk home from a ship.

But the hack passed by without stopping and proceeded up the street, discharging passengers. Soon three elderly gentlemen with bowed heads came up the walk and Charlotte Gardner, wife of Capt. William Bunker Gardner, knew before they spoke that she was a widow.

THE SEATTLE TIMES, SUNDAY,

NOVEMBER 22, 1953.

'Who's Got a Button?' Is Foolish Question; Island Woman Has 25,000

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, March 3—"Button, button, who has the button?" One answers "Mrs. Anton Nieburg of Nantucket who has 25,000 antique buttons."

Mrs. Nieburg's collection is made up entirely of antique buttons, ranging from 75 to 200 years in age.

Button collecting today is a revival of a hobby that was very popular around 1860. At that time young women collected antique buttons from among their friends and put them on a "charm string."

Long Strings

One story goes that the string was collected until it measured as long as the young owner's mother was tall. Another is that the string was collected until it had 999 buttons on it and then the 1,000th was added by the girl's sweetheart.

Some say that the lack of baby-sitters was the cause of "charm strings" becoming popular. In the good, old days when parents went visiting for the evening, taking their children along, of course, the button string was given to a child keep it amused. If a certain button, "the charm button," was touched a button had to be given to the owner of the string.

Mrs. Nieburg's collection of 25,000 buttons was started in 1940. Mrs. Nieburg did not know anybody collected them.

"I just wanted to collect something that was small and inexpensive," she said. She thought buttons would be a nice article to collect for fun, would not take up too much space.

She was wrong about the space. In her first year of collecting, she accumulated 10,000 buttons. The collection was displayed in a large department store in St. Louis, Mo., her home at the time where Mr. Nieburg had operated an antique business for 30 years. Five years ago they visited Nantucket, decided to sell their business and live here permanently. Mrs. Nieburg's mother also lives with them.

Like Island

"We are Midwesterners but we like it here because it is a quiet community and we have plenty of time to work on our hobbies and the small antique shop we



MRS. ANTON NIEBURG

—Photo by Bill Haddon

have here in our cottage," Mr. Nieburg said.

Originally from Holland, he confessed, "I guess I still love to be near the sea."

Most of the antiques sold in the Nieburg shop are purchased in Europe or on the mainland. However, occasionally they find some colonial items here. Early American items are scarce here because most of these rare items have been given to museums long ago.

"We work very hard four months of the year—from May to August. And the rest of the year we relax and enjoy life," the couple agreed. "Our shop is open from 9 a. m. until 11 p. m. daily," Mrs. Nieburg said, "and in this business you have to cre-

ate customer interest—so I find myself talking for hours (about antiques, of course) to visitors whom we welcome to come in and browse around our shop."

Mr. Nieburg is a talented sketcher, was trained as an engraver and has done many typical Nantucket scenes with short, fine strokes. He also specializes in collecting old prints and maps. Some of his European maps were made in the 17th Century and the paper still hasn't a trace of yellow in it.

Letters Poured In

After her collection was displayed in the St. Louis department store, she had a 15-minute interview over a St. Louis radio station, was interviewed for the local newspapers. That's when

letters began pouring in from all corners of the world from button collectors.

Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Nieburg joined the National Button Society.

In her Nantucket home, her choice enamel buttons are displayed in an octagon bibelot table in her living room. Others are in trays under a glass case. However, the greater part of the collection is mounted on gray cards, 9 by 12 inches.

Her collection is divided into many classifications: pictorial (story telling), heads, scenes, animals, birds, ornamentals, floral, inlay, military, naval and many others. The materials include: brass, tin, pewter, wood, ivory, glass, jet, horn, pearl, porcelain, bone, enamel, silver and gold.

Artists Impressed

Mrs. Nieburg loves to show the beautiful, delicate enamel buttons, some of them mosaic, to artists because of the painstaking hours of work done on them. Other attractive buttons are made by using tiny wires soldered to metal, with liquid glass poured between the wires. The button is then baked and the edges and back trimmed and decorated.

Since Nantucket is blessed with so many beautiful birds, boys and men are greatly interested in the birds on Mrs. Nieburg's bird-classification buttons: Eagle, cockatoo, tropical birds, chimney swallow, home seeker, crane, game birds and others.

Don't dismiss button collecting as a mere feminine vagary. The earliest button collectors were men. Nearly two-thirds of the buttons made before 1820 were made for men. Captain Kidd, the notorious pirate, wore silver and gold buttons as did every buccaneer. A man with a suit embellished with 20 gold and 60 silver buttons was never broke.

To be considered a collector's item, Mrs. Nieburg said, a button should display fine craftsmanship, be in good condition and have features which lift it out of the ordinary into the unusual class.

Miss Appleton Awarded Two Diplomas.

From the Brockton Enterprise.

Miss Olive Macy Appleton, one of Brockton's talented singers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Royal C. Appleton of Fairfield street, was graduated this week from the New England Conservatory of Music, and had the honor of singing at the Commencement exercises which took place in Jordan Hall.

Miss Appleton was awarded two diplomas, one for the teachers' course which she completed and the other for the soloist course. The latter is a distinct and unusual honor for the soloist's diploma is never awarded except to a post-graduate, unless a special ruling is made by the directors.

At the exercises Miss Appleton sang the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" by Meyerbeer, an exceedingly difficult number. The number was given with the full orchestra and the flute was played by Ralph Jordan of Wisconsin.

Miss Appleton was elected to membership in Mu Phi Epsilon, a national musical sorority, and was also elected to membership in Pi Kappa Lambda, this society being equivalent in musical lines to Phi Beta Kappa in scholastic lines. The possession of the key of Pi Kappa Lambda is significant of superior musicianship and accomplishments of outstanding merit and only the upper fourth of the graduating class or faculty members of five years' standing are eligible for membership.

Miss Appleton will continue her studies through the summer with her teacher, Mr. Whitney, in Boston.

1932

March 4, 1956

Nantucket Grandmother

Seeks New Success at Stove



SHE'S IN BUSINESS—Mrs. Gertrude Lamb, Nantucket grandmother of 23 children, prepares frankfurters for her chuck wagon customers, as a granddaughter, Geraldine Strojny, stands by to learn the trick of short-order cooking.



"THEY'RE ALL HOT," Mrs. Gertrude Lamb tells two youthful customers, Paul H. Huyser, 8, and Steven Lamb, 9, one of her grandsons, when they called at her chuck wagon for a noonday snack.

By ARTHUR J. QUINN

Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, May 10—When opportunity strikes, age is not to be considered a barrier to possible success.

Acting on that premise, Mrs. Gertrude Lamb, 58 years old and a grandmother of 23 grandchildren struck out on her own to take her place in the business life of this island.

And she hasn't selected a soft touch venture that would call for an eight-hour day five-day work week.

Instead, Mrs. Lamb has started a lunchroom on wheels business that mainlanders used to refer to as "a traveling dog cart," but that she describes as a "chuck wagon."

Her new business venture calls for an early morning beginning and usually an 11 p. m. closing from now until the Summer visitors have taken their departure from this island.

The silver-haired grandmother struck out on her new venture 10 days ago after purchasing the chuck wagon from Frank Rose, who had operated it in recent years.

The business venture represents a \$600 investment, money Mrs. Lamb had been able to save from jobs she has had in recent years, the last one working for her brother Allen Holdgate, operator of the snack bar at Nantucket Memorial Airport.

Risk Cited

When Mrs. Lamb first began to talk of purchasing the chuck wagon some of her relatives and friends tried to dissuade her because they felt it was too great a risk for a woman of her years. Others who know Gertrude, as she is best known to most residents, urged her to go through with her plans.

Once in possession of the chuck wagon Mrs. Lamb went to a local market and purchased her supplies and was in business.

The following morning she slipped behind the wheel of the chuck wagon and drove out to the corner of Pleasant Street and Milestone Road, drew into a side of the road parking space and opened.

A woman with a keen business head, who keeps in close touch with what is going on in Nantucket, Mrs. Lamb selected this corner because she knew that only a short distance away three important construction projects were just getting under way.

"I can move to the place where the most people are found. Right now there are more people working in this little area than anywhere else in town so I just settled down here for the time being," she said.

Plans Detailed

Detailing her plans for the future, Mrs. Lamb, the widow of Everett Lamb, who served as a police officer here for many years, said that when the Summer season opens she will move her chuck wagon out to Surfside, a mecca for vacationists.

"You'll notice I have named the chuck wagon 'Sandbar.' That is

because I will be operating most of the time during the Summer out at Surfside. I thought of the sandy beach and the sandbars beyond and that's how I picked the name."

Last Sunday, she allowed her enthusiasm for work to get the better of her. The day was so dismal that Mrs. Lamb, tired of being confined to her home, decided on the spur of the moment, to move out the chuck wagon "just for the want of something to do."

Just after noon, she was back on her parking lot stand. By the time dusk settled on the island, Mrs. Lamb, as she puts it, "had \$48 in the till that I would have let slip right through my fingers."

"I was surprised at how many people out for a Sunday afternoon ride stopped just for a cup of coffee, frankfurter or a hamburger."

In entering the business world on her own Mrs. Lamb said she was fulfilling a dream of 10 years. Indirectly, it was she who was responsible for bringing the chuck wagon to Nantucket.

"I wanted to operate this chuck wagon for 10 years. When my husband was alive we used to board children during the Summer months and sort of operate a childrens' Summer camp at our home."

Always Hungry

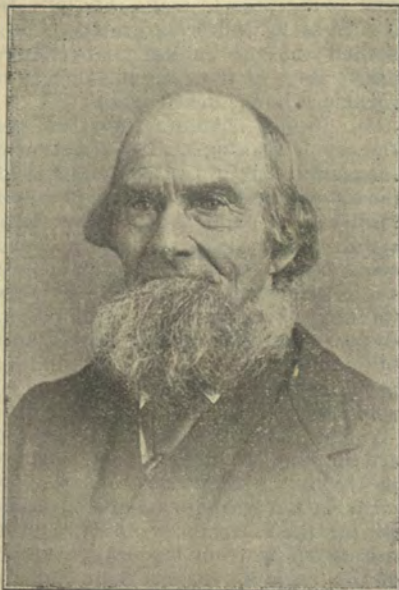
"When the youngsters went out on hikes they were always anxious for a frankfurter, a hamburger, ice cream or a cold drink, I was surprised at the amount of money these children spent."

"At the time I suggested the idea to my husband, but he didn't feel we should take the risk. Then I suggested the idea to my brother Irving and he introduced the wagon."

"Since then several people have had it. Finally it has come to me."

May 17, 1958

Wedded Fifty Years Ago.



WILLIAM R. JAMES.



ALMIRA S. JAMES.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. James, of Main street, were married fifty years ago last Monday, and their children prepared for them a pleasant little surprise, which, on account of the state of Mr. James's health, was confined to the family circle. But it was none the less a delightful gathering, in which the grandchildren took earnest part. With the presentation of a gold-piece, Miss Edith Wyer read the following beautiful stanzas, written for the occasion by Dr. Arthur E. Jenks:

ANNIVERSARY GREETING.

Kind greeting to you, aged twain;
Two hearts that beat as one!
Your children bless your honored lives;
The new year, just begun,
Sheds radiance o'er the years long past,
And many a worthy deed;
Your hands have helped the patient poor
And blessed them in their need.
In honor of your wedding-day,
Accept our gift in gold;
For fifty years your plighted love
On earth has ne'er grown old.
The young should ne'er forget the old,
But daily cheer their way
With gentle look and kindest word—
They have not long to stay.
This father's hands, hardened by toil,
Have never known disgrace;
This mother's heart has long been true,
And both have run life's race
With patience. There remains a crown
For them when life is o'er;
Abundant entrance into peace,
On the eternal shore!

A bountiful collation was spread,
and there was a general good time in
honor of the event.

Feb. 3, 1900

NANTUCKET'S TRIPLETS



Mrs. George Sylvia and her three little ones (born at the Nantucket Hospital on the 3rd of February) posed for The Inquirer and Mirror before Boyer's camera. The triplets have been named Arthur, Arline and Adelaide, and all are healthy youngsters, already showing that they are enjoying life on Nantucket island.

The triplets have made their first visit to the printing office (where their mother was formerly employed) and the whole force rushed to extend them the glad hand, Arline being the first to receive congratulations, and then Adelaide and Arthur.

Before her marriage Mrs. Sylvia was Miss Ida Garland, granddaughter of the late Alexander and Nancy Chase. She is 24 years old and, besides the triplets, is the mother of a 4½-year-old son and a 3-year-old daughter.

March 24, 1934



The Late Miss Sarah Bunker Winslow on the arm of her friend, Austin Strong, upon the occasion of one of the hospital fetes.

Death of Sarah Bunker Winslow.

Miss Sarah Bunker Winslow, who passed away Monday night at the Nantucket Hospital, where she had been a patient several weeks, was the daughter of Capt. Perry Winslow, a Nantucket whaling captain. She was a lady admired by all, a typical Nantucketer, precise, demure, delightfully reminiscent, and always interested in her island home.

She was a regular attendant of the Congregational church, being one of its oldest members. She was also a member of Sherburne Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

She is survived by her older brother, John M. Winslow, and by two nieces, Miss Mabel Winslow and Miss Maude Winslow, all resident in Nantucket.

Funeral services were held at her late home on Centre street, Thursday afternoon, conducted by Rev. E. W. Pond, pastor of the Congregational church.

Sept. 1, 1934

Tom McCann, one of Nantucket's characters, who, with his push-cart, is quite a prominent feature during the house-cleaning season, appeared out Monday arrayed in a uniform with an over-supply of brass buttons, and was as happy as a clam at high water. Some householder had apparently unearthed the old uniform from a distant corner of the attic, and, knowing Tom's fondness for display, had presented it to him. With his familiar harmonica Tommy now thinks he is the whole band, and the townspeople seem to get no small amount of amusement from his appearance as he pushes his cart through the streets endeavoring to play "Home, Sweet Home," "The Fifth Nocturne," or some other equally difficult production. McCann is a harmless individual and a hard worker, and he should be protected from the assaults of the young boys who are wont to have fun with him.

June 18, 1910

The Passing of "Joe" Lewis.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I can hardly let the death of my old friend, Joseph R. Lewis, pass without saying a few words of tribute to his memory.

"Old Joe", as everyone knew him, was certainly a type of the upright man. Whatever he did was done as well as he knew how, and he was certainly honest and conscientious.

I am the last one of his old shipmates living here, and, looking back over the three years that we were "aboard ship" together, I recall only pleasant memories that time can never efface.

He was a thorough sailor and an excellent cook, and was always well liked on the ship by both officers and men.

As cook of the ship his duties were confined to the galley. In many a stormy night off Cape Horn, when I was reefing a topsail, I would look down from my post in the slings of the yard at the next man on the footrope and say, "Who are you?" And back would come that cheery reply: "Me, sar!"

Also, in port, when we were short-handed, he was always ready to jump out of the galley and give us a lift or a pull, and you knew he was there. Peace to his ashes!

Capt. B. W. Joy.
Nantucket, December 18.

Dec. 19, 1925

Their Sixtieth Anniversary.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Perry Bates, who observed the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage on Wednesday. In his broadcast over WEEI, that morning, Howell Cullinan said: "Down on Nantucket Island, Mr. and Mrs. Perry W. Bates are today celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. Congratulations and good luck!"

During the day a large number of friends called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bates on Centre street to offer felicitations on the happy event. The genial bride and groom were both in excellent spirits and able to enter into the informal reception with unusual vigor.

Their marriage occurred at Campello, February 17, 1877, which was a long time ago. They resided there twenty-seven years. Mr. Bates was born in the house where he now lives. His wife is a native of Wareham.

The couple received a number of gifts from their friends, including flowers and other expressions of esteem. Those who called at the home to tender congratulations were able to enjoy refreshments which included some delicious candy made by Mrs. Bates herself.

Feb. 20, 1937

Couple Observe 55th Wedding Anniversary

Fifty-five years ago last Sunday at 5:30 in the morning Annie F. Dunham of Nantucket and Leon A. Royal of Auburn, Me. were married in the bride's home on Academy Hill.

Directly after the ceremony they left on the morning boat for their down-Maine honeymoon in Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon A. Royal still make their home on the Island at 21 No. Liberty street.

For many years Mr. Royal now a man of 79 actively employed at Cook's bicycle shop, was the chief engineer of the Nantucket Gas and Electric Company.

Three children were born to the Royals: Herbert who now lives in Detroit, Mich. and has one son Herbert Jr.; Leon who lives in Nantucket and has two children, Allan and Joan; and Walter.

Because of Mrs. Royal's semi-invalidism, they celebrated the occasion quietly with only the immediate family present.

Oct. 10, 1947

Nantucket-reared Novelist Cherishes Her Memories of Island, New Bedford

By MINNA LITTMANN
Standard-Times Staff Writer
Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Aug. 18—Mrs. Florence Mary Bennett Anderson of Walla Walla, Wash., Nantucket-reared novelist, classical scholar and writer on Nantucket subjects, is revisiting this island, her childhood home, for the first time in 11 years. New Bedford also is a part of her personal and ancestral background. A short flashback will illuminate that angle and part of the secret of the realistic appeal of Mrs. Anderson's writing.

A messenger knocked at the door of one of the comfortable big guest rooms of the Mansion House, long-gone Union Street hostelry that was the best in New Bedford in its day.

"Mrs. Plasket?" he inquired of the sweet-faced young woman who answered. "Note for you, ma'am."

A little girl looked up from her dolls. She saw her mother scan the note and burst into tears; heard her exclaim, "Oh, no, no! Not already!"

Could Not Bear to Say Goodby

The note was from Captain Henry Riddell Plaskett, a whaling master who could not bear to say goodbye. His wife and little Elizabeth were to go to the hotel cupola, he wrote, and wave goodbye from there. His ship, the Rainbow, would be leaving in a few minutes. The pilot already had gone aboard.

The cupola of the Mansion House commanded a view of the harbor. Mrs. Plaskett and Elizabeth had come up from their Darling Street home in Nantucket months before, to be with Captain Plaskett while his new ship was finished and outfitted. Captain Plaskett had avoided letting his wife know sailing time was near. It would be a long time yet, he prevaricated, when she asked how the work was coming along.

Mrs. Anderson is the daughter of the little Elizabeth who wept with Mrs. Plaskett as they waved goodbye to the Rainbow from the Mansion House cupola. Her own eyes grow misty when she tells the story. Her mother, as well as her grandmother, she said, never could talk about that farewell without weeping. She heard it from both of them and the remembered tears still move her.

Mrs. Anderson has happy personal recollections of New Bedford. She cherishes memories of visits to relatives here. She traveled by the old New Bedford-New York steamship line on her way to and from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., during her student years at Vassar College and later as a teacher at New York's Hunter College. She reveled in the long trip from New Bedford to Nantucket when she journeyed to visit from Boston, and still loves New Bedford for former pleasures associated with it.

Takes Daily Swim

Reunions with old friends, and visiting unfrequented places on Nantucket beloved from her childhood, are highlighting Mrs. Anderson's stay on Nantucket, which she hopes to extend well into September. She also swims daily.

The old lady hasn't forgotten Nantucket, she joked, as she mentioned how greatly she enjoys the warm Nantucket waters after chilly Pacific surf.

She is doing no writing, but as material inevitably comes her way. She has made one public appearance—at a meeting of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter DAR she read extracts from "A Nantucketer Re-



—George P. Fee Photo
Mrs. Florence M. B. Anderson of Walla Walla, Wash., author and novelist of Nantucket parentage, is staying at the home of her friend, Miss Josephine Congdon, 1 School Street, during her first vacation in Nantucket in 11 years.

members," which will be published in the forthcoming number of Old-Time New England, quarterly published by the Society for Preservation of New England Antiquities.

"I didn't write it, really," Mrs. Anderson said. "My mother did. It is made up of entries from her commonplace book; I have merely edited them. My mother had a very perceptive mind. She listened eagerly and retentively from childhood to reminiscences by her mother and grandmother about Nantucket happenings and people."

Her dark eyes sparkling, Mrs. Anderson related, almost apologetically, how much she was indebted to her parentage and Nantucket upbringing for her Nantucket interests and historical material.

"Through the Hawse-Hole," her absorbing novel published in 1932, was the biography, she explained, of her maternal grandmother's father, Captain Seth Pinkham. Its romantic and adventurous incidents were part of his actual life story.

True Story of Peter Folger

Her "A Grandfather for Benjamin Franklin," published in 1940, is the true story of Peter Folger, maternal grandfather of Benjamin Franklin. Folger also was one of Mrs. Anderson's ancestors.

"Peter Folger was one of the most interesting and remarkable men of early Nantucket," the author observed. "He was not one of the proprietors, but a so-called half-share man. He led a battle royal — and a victorious one — against the share-holding proprietors to establish the right of the half-share men to vote on island affairs. His principal opponent was another of my ancestors, Tristram Coffin, one of the most widely known of the proprietors. I have five lines of descent from Tristram Coffin."

Aug. 8, 1951

Florence Anderson, Nantucket Novelist On Island Renewing Friendships Of Old

Mrs. Florence Mary Bennett Anderson of Walla Walla, Wash., Nantucket-born novelist and poet, has returned to her home Island for the first time in 11 years.

Author of "Through the Hawse Hole", a delightful biographical novel of Captain Seth Pinkham, her great, great grandfather, Mrs. Anderson inherits from both sides of her family a wealth of Nantucket lore. In "A Grandfather for Benjamin Franklin", she tells the story of Peter Folger whom she also numbers in her ancestry. An earlier volume of verse includes several noteworthy poems on Nantucket.

From her inherited resources and directly from her mother who was the daughter of Captain Henry Riddell Plaskett, she has utilized material for many sketches and good short stories. Among these are "Whispering Houses" which is based on stories of Nantucket told her by her mother; a warm, personality sketch of Captain Plaskett entitled "Down to the Sea in Ships" and a story of Quaker traditions, "A Knight of the Broad Brim". One of her liveliest stories called "Salvage" is written as fiction but is actually based on a true account of a shipwreck at Tom Nevers Head.

Nantucket was apparently not without its conscienceless men for Island history admits, Mrs. Anderson said, that some lured ships to their doom by placing misleading beacon lights along the shore—a circumstance well known in other parts of the coastal areas here and in England. "Salvage" tells such a yarn.

It might be possible to call Mrs. Anderson an honest Nantucket hobbyist, yet her writing has not always been of the Island. Studying under the late Miss Guglielma Folger in the old Coffin school, one of the Island's finest teachers, she

was stimulated to an active interest in Greek and Latin. After majoring in these at Vassar, she went to Greece to work at the American School of Classical Studies. There she met her husband, the late Louis Francis Anderson who was professor of Greek at Whitman College in Walla Walla.

Following her marriage she began to publish novels based on her knowledge and understanding of Greece. The first was "The Garland of Defeat". This was followed some years later by "The Black Sail" which tells the story of Theseus against a Minoan background.

This Summer Mrs. Anderson is not working on a Nantucket book although she admits that there seems to be a natural attraction between her and good story material.

She is, however working on another true story—this time of a pioneer in Western education. Her husband's father, Alexander J. Anderson was the first president of Whitman College. Born of Scottish parentage in North Ireland, the senior Mr. Anderson lived in Illinois when it was a frontier state. After immigrating to the state of Washington, he developed the old seminary at Walla Walla into a college during his incumbency as president. It is the story of his life—and the development of a small backwoods seminary to a college of excellent standards—upon which she is now at work.

Currently she is most interested in renewing Island friendships, in taking a daily swim as long as the waters are pleasant and in thoroughly soaking up the atmosphere of her home Island which is close to her affections.

Aug. 31, 1951

Nantucket Visitor Writes of Educator

LEAVEN FOR THE FRONTIER
Florence Bennett Anderson
Christopher Publishing House

This is an ably-written biography of Alexander Jay Anderson, a powerful figure in American education, who carried the leaven of education to the Pacific Northwest. It will attract area interest chiefly because of its author. Mrs. Anderson has ancestral roots in Nantucket, her childhood home, and returns there when she can. Nantucket connections were interwoven in her source material for two absorbing novels, "An Off-Islander" (1921) and "Through the Hawse Hole" (1932) and her true story of Peter Folger, published in 1940 as "A Grandfather for Benjamin Franklin."

Alexander Anderson, an early president of the University of Washington and first president of Whitman College, was the father of the late Louis F. Anderson, whom Florence Bennett married in the parlor of her grandfather's home on Darling Street, Nantucket. Alexander's background, his character and his contribution to education are recorded in a fashion that is a fitting tribute both to the father and his admiring son. It is a book that undoubtedly will be prized in those Mid-West and Northwest communities and institutions upon which the pioneer educator left his imprint.

M.L.

Nantucket Author Writes Biography

Mrs. Florence Mary Bennett Anderson, who was reared in Nantucket and who has written several books about the Island, is the author of a new biography, "Leaven For The Frontier", dealing with the efforts of her father-in-law, Alexander Jay Anderson, in the field of education in the Pacific Northwest.

Alexander Anderson, father of the late Louis F. Anderson whom the author married in her grandfather's home on Darling Street here, was an early president of the University of Washington and first president of Whitman College.

Now 70, Mrs. Anderson, spent her childhood on the Island and continues to visit here periodically. Three of her books have a Nantucket background. They are: An Off-Islander, written in 1921; Through The Hawse Hole, 1932; and A Grandfather For Benjamin Franklin, 1940.

She is also the author of The Garland Of Defeat, 1927; Spindrift, 1930; and of articles on art, literature, philology and archaeology.

She has also contributed poems and essays to magazines and anthologies.

Mrs. Anderson's Nantucket organizations include the Maria Mitchell Association and the Nantucket Historical Association.

Oct. 31, 1953



On Tuesday of this week, Mrs. John Ditmars observed her 93rd anniversary of her birth at her home at 98 Main Street. Mrs. Ditmars is shown in the above picture as she prepared to cut the birthday cake served at a tea given in her honor by a group of her friends.



In the accompanying photograph is the group of friends who joined Mrs. Ditmars at a tea held in her honor on her 93rd birthday on Tuesday. From left to right in the picture are, Miss Ada Sheppard, Mrs. G. E. Hutaff, Mrs. Roy H. Gilpatrick, Mrs. Leon C. Guptill, Mrs. Barrett Wendell, Jr., Mrs. Leeds Mitchell, Mrs. Julian Harris, Mrs. Ditmars, Mrs. A. Morris Crosby, Mrs. Charles Amey, Miss Rita Robinson, and Mrs. O. A. Tupancy. Mrs. Ditmars is the oldest Nantucket resident to participate in the sport of iceboating and is hoping to make this winter the fourth consecutive year she has been out on Hummock Pond, provided conditions prove favorable within the next few weeks.

Jan. 29, 1960

Nantucket Widow Leaves Estate of Nearly \$100,000

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, June 18—Mrs. Lucy A. Fisher of Center Street, who came to Nantucket at 20 to find work as a Summer-time waitress, has left an estate that may be valued at \$100,000. Mrs. Fisher, who had no relatives and lived alone in her small walkup apartment over a store in the building she owned, left the bulk of her estate to the Free Hospital for Women, Brookline; the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and to Mrs. Daisy D. Poland and Dr. Warren M. Poland, two of her close friends.

The major portion of Mrs. Fisher's fortune was left to her by her late husband, Augustus L. B. Fisher, who operated an antique business. A carpenter most of his life, Mr. Fisher laid aside his carpenter tools, opened his antique shop near Straight Wharf and in 20 years made more than \$75,000. After his death in 1955 a filing of an account of his estate showed he had left \$87,898.54, all of it to Mrs. Fisher.

Bequests Listed

In disposing of her property, Mrs. Fisher left \$5,000 to the Nantucket Athenaeum and \$500 to the Maria Mitchell Association. Mr. Fisher directed the money for the Athenaeum be put in trust, proceeds from the trust fund to be used to purchase books for children between 5 and 12. These were the only island institutions provided for in the will.

After directing that the clothing, bedding and linens in her home be turned over to the Morgan Memorial and all the books in her library be given to the Boston Public Library, Mrs. Fisher left the rest and residue of the contents of her home to Mrs. Poland and Dr. Poland. Mrs. Poland is the wife of Attorney George M. Poland, whom

she named as executor of her estate, without bond. Dr. Poland is their son.

After directing that all her personal property and real estate not specifically bequeathed or devised be turned into cash, Mrs. Fisher disposed of her wealth to close friends and the institutions and charities of her choosing.

Individuals Benefit

To Warren L. Wilmarth and his wife Maude of Providence, she left \$5,000; to Jessamine Ronan of Boston, \$3,000; Clara Parker of Nantucket, \$100 and Mrs. Herbert M. Gibbs of Nantucket, \$100.

Her bequests to charities and charitable institutions included Nantucket Relief Association, \$250; Perkins Institute for the Blind, Watertown, \$500; Clark School for the Deaf, Northampton, \$1,000; St. Luke's Home, Roxbury, \$1,000; National Fund for Infantile Paralysis, \$500.

She also bequeathed to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cancer, \$500; Industrial School for Crippled Children, \$250; Massachusetts General Hospital, \$3,000; Free Hospital for Women, Brookline, \$5,000; Bay State Society for Crippled and Handicapped, \$500, and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, \$3,000.

All the rest and residue of her estate Mrs. Fisher left in equal shares to the Free Hospital for Women, Brookline, and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

1960 (P)



Photo by S. Day

Mrs. Mary Ditmars celebrates her 95th birthday.

Mrs. Ditmars 95 Last Friday

Mrs. Mary C. W. Ditmars, of 98 Main Street, observed her 95th birthday last Friday by being the dinner guest of Mrs. Leeds Mitchell and Mrs. Julian Harris at The Woodbox on Fair Street. Prior to the dinner she was given a birthday party at the Inn, where she cut a birthday cake that had seven candles on it.

Present at the party were a group of her close friends including Mrs. A. Morris Crosby, Mrs. Roy Gilpatrick, Miss Ada Sheppard, Miss Rita Robinson, Mrs. Alice Amey, Miss Josephine Congdon, Miss Helen Powell, Mrs. Jack Grout, Mrs. George A. Folger, and Mrs. Ditmars' niece, Mrs. Helen Wyeth, who lives with her.

Mrs. Ditmars, who is very spry and has a keen, alert mind, is enjoying good health. During an interview with a reporter she disclosed that only twice has she required the services of a physician. Five years ago, when she was 90 years old she fell down the back stairs of her home and broke several ribs. Two years later she tripped over a rug in her home and broke an arm.

In telling of the accidents, Mrs. Ditmars said, "I have fine recuperative powers. I recovered from both accidents within a month and I felt fine afterwards."

Mrs. Ditmars, who is a direct descendant of Tristram Coffin, one of Nantucket's original settlers, has outlived all of the members of her immediate family. None lived beyond the age of 85. Her only relative is her niece, Mrs. Wyeth.

During her younger days, Mrs. Ditmars took an active part in outdoor activities being one of the early women golfers participating in and winning several golf tournaments. Trophies she won are among her prized possessions. She was also active as a swimmer and as a tennis player.

Mrs. Ditmars described herself as a woman who has always enjoyed a wonderful life. "I never had a sick day in my life. I have never had a thermometer in my mouth, I never had any of those children's diseases and I never had a cold."

(Continued on Page Four)

Mrs. Ditmars 95 Last Friday

(Continued from Page One)

With particular pride Mrs. Ditmars described her life with her husband, the late John Ditmars, a New York Broker, as "the most wonderful years of my life. I had a perfect husband." Then with a broad smile she added, "I guess there aren't many perfect husbands around any more."

Revealing she still has a keen interest in outdoor activities, Mrs. Ditmars said two of the greatest thrills of her life were rides on an ice boat when she was 90 years old and again two years later. Then she added, "I'm waiting for Franklin Bartlett to call and take me for another ride this year."

The major contributing factor to her unusual good health, Mrs. Ditmars believes, was her swimming activities during her younger years, in the waters off the island beaches, "I feel the salt water around Nantucket is beneficial and is what contributed to my continuous fine health," she said.

A native of Nantucket, Mrs. Ditmars sleeps in the bed in which she was born, but she disclosed she was almost a native of Hyannis. Telling how she almost missed being an island native Mrs. Ditmars said: "All my ancestors were island natives and my parents lived in Brooklyn, during the winter months."

"My mother wanted all of her children to be born on Nantucket and when the time for my arrival into the world came she started for the island. She got as far as Hyannis and was held up by a storm. She had to wait over there a full day. She finally got here on a Friday night and I was born early the next day. So you see I was almost a native of Cape Cod." Then with a smile she added: "Wouldn't that have been awful?"

Feb. 2, 1962

Remarkable Family Cafe Has Five Generations.

The amiable lady who loves to cook—something rare these days when you consider that she hates to buy things out of packages or mainland bakeries—dabbed some of her home-made mince meat into pie crust made by her husband. Now you know just who she is. She is Hilda Allen, wife of Fred Allen and mistress of a famed eatery called Allen's Restaurant right here on Nantucket.

Sons William and Clifford, who are also active in the business from 5:30 a.m., when Hilda arrives, were at their own backstage jobs as their mother and their father labored happily. Fred's brother, Bill Allen, tidied up the floor in a kitchen which the whole family takes pride in keeping immaculate. At home on the Surfside Road, in a big, comfortable house, Grandma Ella Morancy, Fred's 89-year-old mother, waited for Hilda to get back and cook lunch and maybe listen to a new recipe which had come over the radio.

Now William's son, George, 19, just out of Nantucket High School, is breaking in as a chef on the breakfast bacon.

Yes, there's no doubt that Hilda, a native of Sweden though she easily passes for a Nantucketer in the restaurant partly made out of a Nantucket-'Sconset railroad carriage, adores cooking.

Cliff likes to say, "Lots of people tell me, 'Why do you people keep your mother working in the kitchen when you could hire somebody else?'"

Hilda's answer is right to the point, no beating round the scrimshaw. She says, "I'd be lost if I had to stay at home. I'm more at home in the kitchen here than anywhere else. I just happen to love to cook."

These days, she specializes with Fred in making rolls, breads and pastries, while the boys, along with Dave, the colored chef, turn out the stews, chops, shellfish, chicken and steaks. She makes all her own fillings and allows that her lemon pie might be the best of the tart family. She takes pleasure in creating old-fashioned bread pudding. If a biscuit isn't right, as Grandma used to make them, she'll throw it out.

Allen's is a place of integrity, one of the very few restaurants in all America that rolls or makes its own when humanly possible. Prices are kept low because this is not an avaricious family. "No substitutes" is the cafe motto. It seems an odd one in this age.

Hilda was born in Sweden, her father a master machinist named Martenson and her mother a phenomenal family cook. The little girl watched her mother perform in the kitchen but did very little work there herself.

At the age of 16, round the turn of the century, she braved her parents' disapproval by deciding to come to the United States alone. Quite a decision. But this mild-mannered, pleasant person, full of quiet charm, has usually won out when she wanted to. "It was just a hankering," she explains.

She had a sister, now Mrs. Ellen Johnson of North Dakota, living in Hartford, Conn. Ellen was working as a housemaid and soon got Hilda the same sort of job in a house across the street.

Three dollars a week, with room and board, was Hilda's pay. The head of the family she worked for had a shoe store and the whole crowd ate well. So well did Hilda sweep and make beds and cook that in a few weeks she was favored with a raise of 50 cents. Even so, it was rather difficult to buy clothing and toilet articles.

"I learned to cook then because I had to have that money," says Hilda Allen.

This was back in January, 1903. After about a year Hilda moved on to Foxboro, Mass., met a carpenter named Fred Allen, and married him in 1905. Then she had to cook only for Fred for a while. He always loved to eat and he still thinks Hilda's treats are just fine. Hilda was able to make several visits back to Sweden, surprising the old folks by coming without warning and taking the two lads along.

In 1921, what seemed to be disaster hit the Allens. Fred had shifted from carpenter to signalman on a railway. The slump busted him out and no union existed then to stand up for him and thousands of others.

A cousin wrote about Nantucket and a little railroad car turned into a restaurant after the 'Sconset line folded in 1917. That seemed appropriate to a railroader and so Hilda and Fred leased the tiny cafe from Gene Burgess. From then on they started to build and during the last two years they have spent \$37,000 in improvements and extensions and modernization. Two years ago they acquired full title to the whole valuable, popular property.

The lads, William and Cliff, worked right into the business. William was 12 when he started and Cliff about 15 as a counterman. "When I leave I know the boys will take care of things," says Hilda.

"I think I'm more of an old-fashioned cook by nature," the head of the concern says modestly. "I very seldom buy a package of cake mixture. I make my own. Is it a lot more work? Sure, but you see I like to do it. I don't cook anything I wouldn't eat myself, but of course I like to eat and I can eat anything good."

"Now take that mince meat. Requires all day to fix, six gallons. I think it's good. No. I don't scoop pie mixtures, like blueberry and apple, out of a hog's head prepared in some factory. I make the fillings myself."

"I like the fried chicken—we try to do it right. Old fashioned beef stew is a favorite specialty with me. But lawdy, how prices have gone up. Used to give a full dinner for 50 cents. Now it's about \$1.50."

"The quahog chowder is William's specialty. Dave is chiefly the breakfast chef. William takes care of accounts, too."

"We really all pitch in and I think that's why we hold the business. As Cliff just told you, we had an enormous summer. Right now I'm not doing any night work. The boys keep the place open till 10."

Although usually in good spirits, Hilda Allen was saddened three weeks ago by the death, probably of old age, of her Angora-type cat, Fluffy. A

dachshund named Imp, given by Fred's brother, Bill, about 10 days ago, somewhat lightened this blow.

If you go into Allen's, as most people do sooner or later, you won't see much of Hilda. She stays mostly backstage.

"Lots of times I peek in to see who's at the lunch counter when no one's looking," she admits. Then she betrayed a bit of pardonable feminine vanity. "You know, it's kind of messy when cooking and I don't like to show myself."

Sept. 26, 1953

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In a recent number of your paper we noticed the death of Mrs. Harriet B. Worron, but have seen no record of her life, as one of Nantucket's representative women. Will you permit me, as one who has known her from girlhood, to pay a brief tribute to her life's work? She was educated in the common schools of Nantucket, and "went through" the High School with Mr. Morse as teacher. At the age of seventeen she began to teach a private school in the little schoolhouse on the corner of Centre and Chester streets. Miss Turner's school was held in high repute, and many young people, scattered all over the land, look back with profit and pleasure to the hours spent in the little schoolhouse. After teaching here for a number of years, she removed to Tidjoute, Pa., where she continued in her loved and chosen occupation as teacher till her marriage, in 1868. She became a member of the North Congregational Church in 1858, Rev. Mr. Swallow being the pastor at that time. She was a true Nantucketer, being deeply attached to everything connected with her island home, and especially to Clan Coffin, of which she was a member in many direct lines. That she was a woman of superior intellect and literary attainments is shown in her book, "Trustum and his Grandchildren," published soon after the Coffin Re-union. Hers was a quiet life, and only those most intimately connected knew the depth of her life and the unflinching fortitude with which she bore her cross of pain, with ever a smiling countenance and never a complaint escaping her lips. She often said to those around her, "I have no fear of death nor the hereafter; I am only sorry for my poor boys; oh, so sorry for them." She was very ambitious for her boys, directing their education herself as far as possible. How little were we aware, while taking pleasant rides with her last summer, that under her entertaining conversation she was suffering the most acute pain, though at that time wholly ignorant of the fatal nature of the trouble. She has left to her family and friends a precious legacy—that of a pure, unselfish Christian life.

"ONE OF THE GRANDCHILDREN."

Apr. 3, 1886

Nantucket Doll House Is Dream Come True for Bostonian Who Loves Island

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, March 2—One and one-half blocks beyond the business district clustered around Nantucket's Main Street is an enchanted doll house. Margaret Pope, a retired Boston bank worker lives there, has lived there since 1954 and hasn't left this island since. And doesn't want to.

What marks Margaret as different from others who retire here is that she first visited this island, with a girl friend, in 1952 for a few days vacation to get away from the heat in Boston. As the steamer entered the harbor she was impressed by the picturesque town. She was moved by the leisurely pace of living and the genuine 19th Century flavor of this former whaling community. And she liked the friendly people.

Decision Prompt

Next year she came back for another look, got some Nantucket sand in her shoes and decided promptly that she would buy a house here, sell her big home in Boston and retire from her duties at the Federal Reserve Bank.

She spent 25 years at the bank handling checking accounts from all sections of the country. At the time, she reasoned "I'm in my early 50s and can still enjoy my pension."

Her boss though she was foolish to resign without working at least 10 more years to get a bigger pension. But she is a determined woman and once she makes up her mind, she sticks to the decision.

There was another reason, too, that prompted her decision. Tobacco smoke causes her considerable difficulty in breathing. A few years ago the bank rescinded its no smoking rule and life at the bank became miserable for her. Doctors told her there wasn't much they could do and advised her to get away from the smoke.

She got the idea for the doll house because she has always had dolls. In 1947, she bought a few unusual ones to brighten up her home. That purchase rekindled her desire to start a collection. A delightful and charming person who bubbles over with vivacity and enthusiasm, she's eager to tell interesting little items concerning her beautiful array of dolls that she arranges clever and artistic ways.

She has her collection on display in the cottage living room. She noted that visitors often say "Why don't you get a shop on Main Street? You could clean up."

Frankly, she doesn't want to clean up. That's not why she came here and money doesn't mean that much to her. She's content with sales in her present location.

This is Miss Pope's first commercial venture. All was not well the first season. The Doll



—Bill Haddon Photo

ISLAND DOLL HOUSE—Miss Margaret Pope, formerly of Boston, has retired to Nantucket where, inspired by a long-standing love of dolls, she has opened a doll shop. Some of her dolls are shown here; all of them would delight a little girl.

House clicked the first year, but Margaret didn't think it would catch on quite that fast and didn't order enough dolls. The second year there was a truck strike just as the Summer season opened and her stock delivery was tied up until July.

"But now I've learned the hard way how to order in advance," she admitted with a laugh.

Dolls Home

The first floor of Miss Pope's gray-shingled cottage home on Walnut Lane is really the home of the dolls. They are arranged around the L-shaped living room like tiny guests at an afternoon tea party. The Doll House doesn't resemble a shop and Miss Pope doesn't want it to. Entering it is like coming into the room of a collector, rather than a seller of dolls.

The traffic of strangers in the Summer doesn't upset the household too much. "But I do insist that no one smoke here." As a caution to visitors there's a hoop-skirted doll standing on the floor and holding a "No Smoking" sign. "I tell visitors that it is because of the fire laws."

Incidentally, Miss Pope has not had any recurrence of her breathing difficulties since she came to

live in the clean air of Nantucket.

The dolls come in three series and range in height from 3½ to 18 inches. The clothing of some of the dolls is patterned after characters from children's stories such as Mother Goose; others are clothed in the colors of the four seasons, still others after the days of the week: "Monday's child is fair of face, Tuesday's child is full of grace" . . . "There are also religious, bridal and commencement dolls.

Another interesting doll is Nan, a clothes-pin doll, created by Miss Helen Gardner of Lowell Place, a retired occupational therapist from Pennsylvania. Miss Gardner is a native of Nantucket.

This unusual doll, like the storybook dolls, appeals to "the young at heart." Incidentally, Miss Pope says that many customers have returned to her shop to buy another Nan explaining that the one purchased earlier had made such a hit with the men of the house that another Nan would have to be bought to take back to the mainland for the granddaughter, niece or daughter.

Earlier this month, the captain of the tanker that brings fuel oil to keep Nantucketers warm in

Winter visited the Doll House with his steward. The steward, a Norwegian, bought several dolls to send to his relatives in Norway. Miss Pope said the tanker crew was from New York City and had heard about the shop from friends. "So while they were here we had a nice talk and they said they would be back on their next trip. We're friends, now, and I look forward to their return."

Miss Pope is rightly proud of Miss Gardner's fine hand with the needle and tells how each tiny dress is an individual model. "None are repeated," she noted, "and these particular dresses can't be found anyplace but in the Doll House."

Costumes Available

Dressed in period clothes, the large dolls of the style show series, sit daintily atop an ancient pump organ (which Margaret plays) or demurely in an alcove off the living room. Pastel green walls of the room accentuate the gay checks and stripes of their costumes. Complete costumes can be purchased for dressing at home.

The trim white fence around the Doll House was built by Margaret's 81-year-old father. He's often the subject of vacationing

lensmen mainly because of his short, white beard. Of course, visitors don't know, unless they ask, that he isn't a retired whaler.

Miss Pope is quite happy on Nantucket, doesn't know when she'll ever get to the mainland. "I don't miss it really," she admits. And she always has a houseful of guests who don't have to be fed and who never make any noise or smoke.

1954

7

Mrs. Walter D. Blair.

Mrs. Walter D. Blair, who died in Rochester, N. Y., on Wednesday, April 9, and whose obituary was printed in these columns last week, was the foremost authority in the United States on heather.

When she was awarded the Eloise Payne Luquer Medal by the Garden Club of America, in 1955, the citation which accompanied the medal paid tribute to her efforts in the following manner:

"This medal is awarded for special achievement in the field of botany.

"Mrs. Blair succeeded through her own efforts, in increasing the heather on Nantucket Island from the five or six varieties found there to thirty-five. She has introduced to the trade several varieties of her own naming. All this has been accomplished with the true skill of a botanist. At the annual show on Nantucket Mrs. Blair exhibits a magnificent display of heathers and heaths in their natural habitat, remaining with the exhibit to answer questions. The increasing number of visitors carry away a fuller knowledge of these plants.



MRS. WALTER D. BLAIR

"During the winter, Mrs. Blair propagates with success gloxinias, African violets, camellias, and hebebores. As Horticultural Chairman of the Irvington-on-Hudson Garden Club she conducted a symposium at each meeting.

"With a love of plant history and lore she has shown her knowledge of botany in the many charming books written under the name of Elizabeth Hollister Frost.

"A pioneer in rock gardening in America, she assembled one of the most notable collections in the east. These plants she knows intimately, where they originated, their botanical relationship, how to grow and propagate them.

"For her ability to coat with poetic prose the bitter pill of botany, and for realizing her dream of a Heather Sanctuary on Nantucket Island, as well as for her other numerous botanical accomplishments The Garden Club of America is certain that Eloise Payne Luquer would have felt deep satisfaction in the award of this medal to Elizabeth Hollister Frost."

Mrs. Walter D. Blair Died in Rochester.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hollister Frost Blair, noted novelist and botanist, died on Wednesday, April 9, in Rochester, N. Y., at the age of 71. She had been ill for about two weeks. Mrs. Blair, who was the widow of the late Walter D. Blair, New York architect, was the owner of the Elihu Coleman House, the second oldest house in Nantucket, which was built in 1722 in Sherburne, site of the first settlement on the island.

Mrs. Blair, who wrote under the name of Elizabeth Hollister Frost, was the author of "This Side of Land: An Island Epic." This long novel, which the Philadelphia Inquirer described as "so human, intimate, and wholly fascinating," was written about the hardy early settlers on Nantucket. It is the story of men setting out to sea on perilous whaling voyages, the story of the quickened women at home fighting the ravaging winds of winter, a story of gossip, storms, shipwreck, tragedy, and young love. Published in 1942, "This Side of Land" quickly became a best-seller, one of the most popular novels written about Nantucket and Nantucketers, and the only one to have the old Coleman homestead as its setting.

Three years before the publication of "This Side of Land," Mrs. Blair published "The Wedding Ring," a collection of stories about the inhabitants of a small village in France. In 1946 her last major literary work appeared. This was a short novel, "Mary and the Spinners," and was a story of the Virgin Mary and five girls who were her friends.

In addition to being a novelist, Mrs. Blair was a poet of no little renown. Her first book of poetry, "The Lost Lyrist," was inspired by, and written as a memorial to, her first husband, Eliot Park Frost. Other books of poetry by her were "Hovering Shadow" and "The Closed Gentian," both of which contain many poems having Nantucket as their subject.

Other stories and articles written by Mrs. Blair have been published in The Atlantic Monthly, The Saturday Review, Harper's Magazine, The Yale Review, The Virginia Quarterly Review, and The London Spectator.

Mrs. Blair was considered the leading authority in the United States on heather and the dearest dream of her life was to make Nantucket "the heather sanctuary of America." This dream was in the process of being brought to fulfillment. From the time the Hollister girls were tiny children, spending their summers on Nantucket, they were taught by their mother to appreciate the beauty and the rarity of the delicate heather blossoms, but "not to pick." They were shown the few spots on the island where the heather was growing and were warned then to guard the secret well.



The Elihu Coleman House, Mrs. Blair's summer home since 1939 and the background for her Nantucket novel, "This Side of Land."

Mr. and Mrs. Blair purchased the Elihu Coleman House in 1939 and it was at that time that she determined to encourage the growth of heather on her property and in other places in Nantucket. Wherever she traveled in Europe, whether it was in Scotland or on the Continent, she gathered rare specimens as well as the more common species, and brought them home to Nantucket. Under her loving care the heather took root in Nantucket soil and prospered.

When the Nantucket Garden Club was founded in 1954, the cultivation of heather became one of the major projects sponsored by the members, each one of whom has learned to love and care for the delicate little plants under the supervision of Mrs. Blair.

In 1955 the Garden Club of America recognized Mrs. Blair's efforts by awarding her the Eloise Payne Luquer botany medal for "special achievement in the field of botany and especially for her knowledge of heather and her efforts to make Nantucket a heather sanctuary." The following year the Nantucket Garden Club gave her a citation for "perfection in the relationship of her home and grounds and floral arrangements."

The annual wild flower shows held at the Maria Mitchell Association and the exhibits held during the summer months at Bennett Hall, over a period of years, were always highlighted by the beautifully arranged displays of heather which Mrs. Blair painstakingly annotated.

Mrs. Blair was born in Rochester, N. Y., the daughter of the late George Cooper and Emily (Barnes) Hollister, whose summer home was the old Macy House at 15 Pleasant Street. She was the great-granddaughter of Thurlow Weed, a famous New York politician in the nineteenth century and a friend of Abraham Lincoln, who made him a special ambassador to England during the Civil War. She attended St. Timothy's School in Catonsville, Md., following which she married Eliot

Frost, psychologist and member of the faculty of the University of Rochester. Mr. Frost died in 1928. In 1932 she married Mr. Blair, who died in 1953.

Mrs. Blair is survived by a son, Granger Frost, of Gordonville, Va., a twin sister, Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, of East Rochester, N. Y., and Nantucket, another sister, Mrs. H. Emerson Tuttle, of New Haven, Conn., and Nantucket, two grandsons, and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held at her late residence at 345 Culver Road, Rochester, on Friday, April 11. Interment was in the Hollister family lot in Mount Hope Cemetery in Rochester.

April 9, 1958

Apr. 26, 1958

56

Elizabeth Hollister Frost.

Editorial by Andrew D. Wolfe
in the Brighton-Pittsford Post,
April 24

When Mrs. Elizabeth Hollister Frost Blair's obituary was published in the Rochester newspapers two weeks ago, her name was unfamiliar to most people living in the metropolitan area although she had spent the majority of her life here—and had returned to Rochester to live four years ago.

This is curious also because she probably was as authentic a literary "celebrity" as has ever lived in this county—although she would have argued (and perhaps bridled at) the use of the word celebrity.

Her literary output was small—several books of poetry, a short novel of early Nantucket and a widely known semi-fictional story of the youth of the Virgin Mary. She wrote slowly, and with tremendous perfectionism.

Nothing was published until it was ready—as polished and complete as she could make it. Unlike many modern authors whose works seem an extension of and accessory to a flamboyant, or at least well-advertised personality, Mrs. Blair made no attempt to share the spotlight with work.

But the work won through on its own merits. Her poetry was published regularly in Harper's and other leading magazines. It won numerous awards. Both the Nantucket novel, "This Side of Land," and "Mary and the Spinners," the story of the Virgin Mary, were book club choices and brought her wide fame.

In professional literary circles she was widely admired. Thornton Wilder was a close friend, as were many other noted figures in art and literature.

In person she was a woman of above middle height, quiet-spoken and warm-mannered, although there was a quality of almost massive strength to her head. Despite an outward serenity, she was an intense personality, but the intensity rarely got the better of her quiet manner—and expressed itself principally in her writings.

Despite her long connection with Monroe County (dating back to the days when her great-grandfather Thurlow Weed, began his journalist-politician's career in a Rochester print shop), her real home in a sense was Nantucket Island, which she had known since early childhood.

Here she had restored the island's most picturesque home—a brooding, gray house out on the Nantucket moors—not restored in the sense of giving it a snappy coat of paint and a hardtop driveway, but in trying, as she put it to recreate "the house's own life."

We visited her at the home on several vacations—a fascinating experience as the rain lashed the moors and you sat inside with a fire winking in huge open fireplace and Mrs. Blair talking modestly of her work, of Nantucket history and lore. She used many of the old Nantucket phrases—small ponds on the moors, for example, she referred to as "sky ponds"—a phrase developed from the perfect reflections of the sky in the small round ponds.

Mrs. Blair's writing career had started soon after the death in his 40's of her first husband, Elliott Frost, well-loved University of Rochester professor. "It helped me find myself again—the writing," she once said. And much of her early poetry is dedicated to Frost.

After a number of years she was married to Walter Dabney Blair, an architect, and lived in Tarrytown for more than 20 years. It was during this period that she turned more to prose and restored the ancient home in Nantucket with Mr. Blair's assistance.

The object of garden club pilgrimages, and once the recipient of an award from the Garden Club of America, the home, like Mrs. Blair's writings, is unobtrusive, yet dramatic and moving.

More than one person has suggested that the home should be preserved as a memorial of the early days of Nantucket. We hope that in some way this can happen, but it should also be a memorial to an extraordinary woman.

M24 3,1958

Will Celebrate Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary



Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Macy

Photo by S. Day

On Tuesday evening, December 12, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Macy, of 28 West Chester Street, will observe their 50th wedding anniversary with open house from 8 to 10 p.m. at their home. They have extended an invitation to all of their many friends and relatives to call on them.

The couple, both natives of Nantucket, were married on December 12, 1911, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, by Rev. Edward L. Eustis, and it was one of the principal events of the winter season of that year.

They have three children and seven grandchildren, all of whom they hope will be able to attend the anniversary celebration.

The children are Mrs. Doris Ken-

yon, of Nantucket; Mrs. Hazel Higgins, of Hopkinton, Mass., and Rev. Clinton T. Macy, of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, in Salem. The grandchildren are William Kenyon, of Nantucket; Katherine, Gail, Robert, and Brien Higgins, all of Hopkinton, and Thomas Wendell Macy and Patricia Lavender, both of Salem.

Mr. Macy, at 74, is still active in carpentry work and proudly states: "I have been at work 60 years and can still turn out a full day's work. I started when I was 14 and have been going ever since."

He is one of the oldest members and Past Grands of Nantucket Lodge of Odd Fellows and served as Noble Grand in 1916 and again in 1921. He

has also served as a District Deputy Grand Master.

Mrs. Macy, who was Maud Conant Thomas before her marriage, is also active in lodge and church affairs. She has been an officer of Island Rebekah Lodge for 51 consecutive years and is currently Financial Secretary. She is a Past Noble Grand and Past District Deputy of the Rebekahs. She is also a charter member of St. Paul's Candlelight Guild and an honorary member of the Altar Guild of the same church.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Macy was employed at The Inquirer and Mirror for a period of three years and operated a Simplex machine, one of the first type-setting machines then in use. She graduated from Nantucket High School in 1908 and then went to work for the Mirror.

Excerpts from an account of the wedding printed in the December 16, 1911, issue of The Inquirer and Mirror stated: "Promptly at 8 o'clock, Mrs. Herbert W. Bennett, who presided at the organ, opened the first strains of Lohengrin's wedding march and the bridal party entered the auditorium, the bride on the arm of her brother, Forrest Thomas, who gave her away.

"At the chancel rail she was met by the groom and the best man, Ralph Irving Bartlett, and the young couple proceeded to the altar where they were made man and wife by a double-ring service.

"The bride was becomingly gowned in silk chiffon, over white silk, with net veil, and carried a bouquet of white carnations.

"Her bridesmaid was her sister, Miss Hazel Thomas, who wore silk pongee and carried pink carnations. A younger sister of the bride, little Miss Frances Thomas, acted as flower girl, and her youngest brother, Lloyd Thomas, as ring bearer.

"The ushers were Walton Hinckley Adams, Charles Ferdinand Brooks, Joseph McCleave Swain, and Henry Stetson Coffin."

Mr. and Mrs. Macy are looking forward to greeting their many friends Tuesday night.

Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary Celebrated In Advance

Last Saturday evening at the Chanticleer in Seonset, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Macy were the guests of honor at a dinner given by their daughters and son in observance of their approaching 50th wedding anniversary.

The occasion was held at this time because it was possible for all the family, except two grandsons, to be present. The actual date of their wedding was December 12, 1911.

A wedding cake was the centerpiece for the table and at one end was a miniature church with an altar and figurines of a minister and bride and groom, made by Mrs. Everett Lavender, a friend of the couple.

Mrs. Macy was presented with a corsage of yellow roses and a gift of money was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Macy.

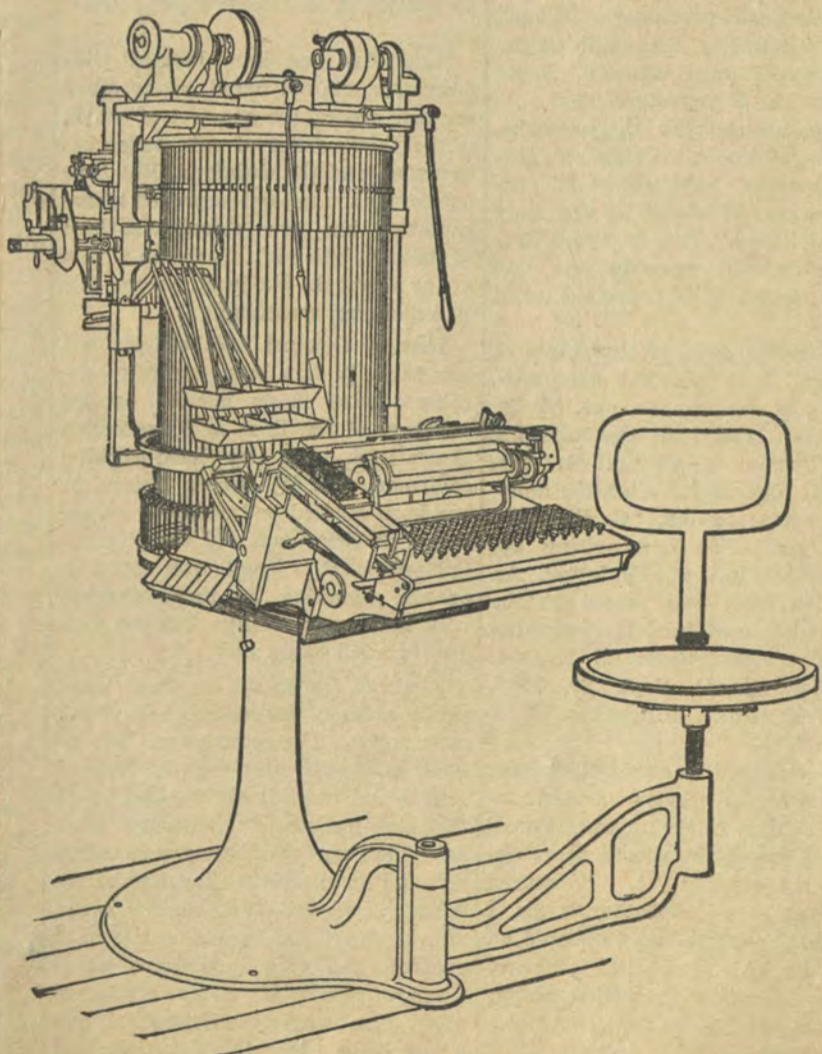
Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Macy, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland A. Kenyon, Jr., and William Kenyon, of Nantucket; the Rev. and Mrs. Clinton T. Macy, and Patricia Lavender, of Salem, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. James Higgins, Catherine, Brien, and Gail Higgins, of Hopkinton, Mass., Mr. Lloyd Thomas, of Providence, R. I., Mrs. Forrest Thomas, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Everett Lavender, of Salem, Mass., Miss Hazel Thomas and Mrs. Anna Gardner, of Nantucket.

The two grandsons unable to attend were Robert Higgins and four-year-old Thomas Wendell Macy.

Lloyd Thomas and Miss Hazel Thomas were the only ones present who attended the wedding 50 years ago, as ring bearer and bridesmaid.

Mr. and Mrs. Macy are looking forward to having open house in December.

On Sunday the family had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Macy at their home on West Chester Street. There were 16 present.



The "Simplex," first type-setting machine used at The Inquirer and Mirror. Installed in 1902, Mrs. Macy operated it for several years.

Aug 11, 1961

38

**Louise Winsor Brooks:
A Tribute**

Nantucket has lost a wise and loyal friend. Although Miss Louise W. Brooks, who died at her home on Milk Street last Friday, had retired from active life in the community about five years ago, due to ill health, she has been well and fondly remembered by all who had come in contact with her formerly. Her love of the island, its seashores, its moors, stemmed back to her girlhood days when she came here as a summer resident. In the early 1930's she decided to give up her Boston residence and to make Nantucket her year-round home, where she became active in the winter and summer life of the island. Her stimulating personality, her wisdom and her ready flow of wit made her an outstanding member of the community.

Of her many activities and interests here, one that comes to mind often was her efficient chairmanship of the British War Relief, during World War II, to which she donated time and funds without stint. And when the British War Relief work rooms were closed on Centre Street she had the work continued in her own home.

Her lasting contribution, however, to the life of Nantucket, was the sponsoring of the Nantucket Boys' Club. From its inception, through its first five years of existence, she backed the club financially, contributing and raising the money herself for its upkeep, and giving time and interest to make the club a success, when the many set-backs made it seem all but impossible to continue. With her varied interests and active mind she also made her lovely home here a delightful haven for her many friends and relatives.

Before coming to live on Nantucket Island, her two important activities that turned out to be of lasting value were the starting and carrying on the School for the Deaf in Boston, and the aiding and abetting the musical career of the famous Negro singer, Roland Hayes, in the 1920's, at a time when the possibility of a Negro being trained for the concert stage was unheard of.

Louise Brooks, affectionately known as Dolly Brooks, by one and all, had genuine compassion for humanity. She lead a full life, well spent, and has left her impress on the hearts of many for years to come.

Margaret Fawcett Barnes

Celebrated Ninetieth Birthday.



Photo by Avis Miller

Mrs. Phoebe A. Tracy observed the ninetieth anniversary of her birth on Tuesday, November 19, at her home on East York Street. Mrs. Tracy is in excellent health and spends much of her time doing the fine needlework for which she has always been noted.

She received many cards, gifts, and flowers from her friends and relatives, many of whom stopped in to wish her well on her birthday. In the afternoon she enjoyed a beautiful birthday cake made for her by Mrs. Cynthia Roberts.

Mrs. Tracy has three daughters and a son living, Mrs. Vera Closson, of Ellsworth, Maine; Mrs. Elizabeth Nickerson, of Cotuit; Mrs. Beulah Orpin, of Nantucket, and Elmore Swain, of Nantucket, and as she says, "more grandchildren, great and great-great-grandchildren than I can count." year 1957



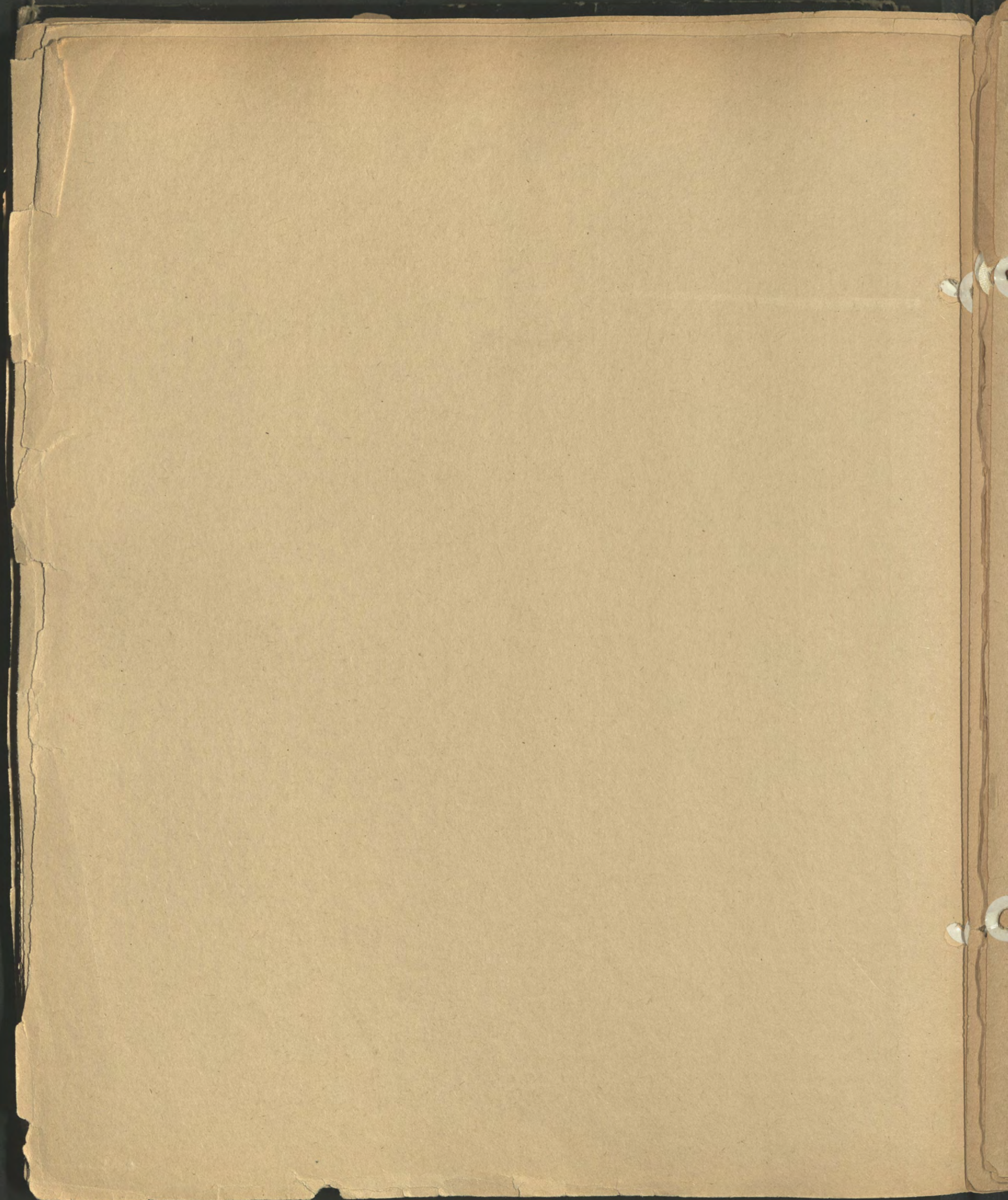
—Standard-Times Staff Photo

NANTUCKET COUPLE—Mr. and Mrs. James M. Wherry of 49 Fair Street observed their 50th wedding anniversary yesterday. They spent the day quietly at home. Former residents of Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., the Wherrys came to Nantucket in 1945 following Mr. Wherry's retirement as a consulting engineer.

June 2, 1961

1919

Grace Brown Gardner



Art On Nantucket Takes Many Forms

Many, many people have chosen Nantucket as a place for retirement. There are many reasons why it makes a delightful location. Among these is the fact that we do not have the pressure of through traffic (except to 'Sconset'), nor the accompanying noise of trucks endlessly churning dust into the air. There is a leisurely pace in the island living and a lack of bustle and ado throughout the wintertime which has a healing effect on the people who have come here to get away from the city.

Sometimes we wish there was more activity in the way of business to take up the slack in wintertime, so that the people whose efforts are mostly keyed to the summer trade would be occupied during the winter — but we don't want factories, smoke or too much bustle. Handcraft and art work are desirable.

Many people who are gifted in the realm of the creative arts have found that Nantucket is an ideal place to work on music, art, or letters. There are many places which have special off-season rates, and there couldn't be a nicer place to write a novel or do research on a thesis, in peace and quiet, than on this island. Long walks over the solitary moors await the person when his work is through, with vistas of the harbor and ocean and the endless beaches for reverie.

Tennessee Williams did some writing when he was here a few summers ago. Many other well-known names have found the muse receptive on the island.

People here seem to enjoy expressing themselves as individuals, and there is a tendency to group activity in the arts, which gives enjoyment to the audiences who are ever ready to be amused.

During the summer, the group who are members of the 'Sconset Casino put on a fantastic evening called "On the Isle" every year, and much talent is displayed. This cooperative effort is most commendable. Time was when the Yacht Club extended itself to entertain the neighborhood as well. There are summer stock theater workshops every year, which bring the best plays to our attention and, until this winter, the community has had winter performances which gave much pleasure to the audience and the players alike.

Another field which has been well represented is painting. Frank Swift Chase did some beautiful work, and taught a select group every summer. Anne Congdon painted very lovely impressions of Nantucket. Perhaps the most famous painter was Eastman Johnson, who was so fond of the cliff side of the island. Many more names could be mentioned, but suffice it to say there is plenty to inspire the true artist in marines, landscape, and portraiture.

For those who enjoy looking at the fruits of other's labors, there are art galleries and studios to delight the eye during the season, not to mention the fine collections of primitive portraiture in the museums. The strong faces of the seafaring ancestors makes an interesting study, revealing the strength of character in the folk who founded the whaling industry and made fortunes whose opulence is shown in the lovely houses of Main (State) Street.

In the Atheneum Library there are many interesting "objets d'art." Some very fine paintings are on loan at the High School in the cafeteria. Paul Morris has done some fine marines, this being his specialty. He also carves excellent whale weathervanes

to sell at "Paul's Boat Livery" in the summertime.

There are many fine craftsmen on the island busily making furniture, models, baskets, and paintings for the many art exhibits each summer. The craft exhibit, which lasted two weeks at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, was in the experimental stage last year. Its popularity was well established, and it will undoubtedly become an institution.

We have many residents who specialize in various crafts. Mr. José Reyes has as a specialty the lightship basket, which is designed to be used as a hand bag for ladies, having a hinged top. He learned to weave as a youngster in the Philippines, but it was "Mitchie" Ray, an old-time islander, who taught José the intricacies of this type of basket, which had its origin as a leisure pastime aboard the lightships. If you get a basket it is apt to have a carved whale or a ship on top, which will have been carved out of ivory or ebony by Letha Macy. She is a past master of carving, and to enter her shop is a pleasure and an education. She has quite a collection of old ivory as well as whaling implements.

Another craftsman of whom we are all proud is Charlie Sayle. He makes ship models, and about anything in the carving line, being renowned elsewhere too. His beard has been legend for many years and will survive the 300th birthday fad for many more. He has a nice little ship in the harbor, writes the "Waterfront News," and knows a whale of a lot about the ocean.

The Karrs of "Old Spouter" Pottery

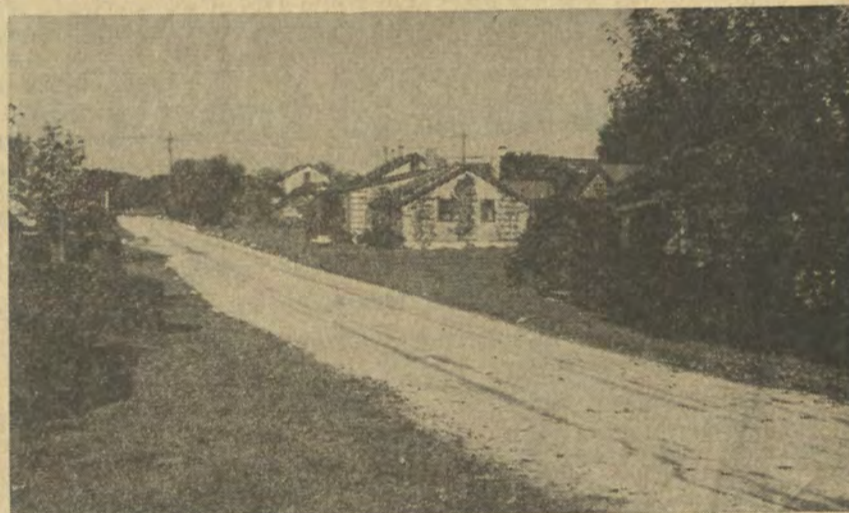
shop make fine pottery which is typical of the island, in that they use island subjects for decoration. They have established "Old Spouter" as an island institution, and its fame has reached throughout the land.

Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton deserved special mention because of the excellent map and pictorial records she has made of the island. They are prized by many island visitors. Last year she completed a drawing with all the important Nantucket buildings attractively designed.

Many more could be mentioned — Stevie Gibbs and Sherwin Boyer, as makers of lightship baskets, as well as many in various other categories — but it seems evident that there is something inspiring about the island which is responsible for this talent in all the field of art. Photographers

have a great time trying to decide whether they prefer the mood shots of foggy weather, or the sunny glory of the roses in full bloom, or billowing windclouds over an azure harbor, sand rimmed.

It is certain that there is much to delight the eye; there is leisure to write and, if you are interested in playing a musical instrument or singing with a group, you will find a sympathetic ear with the Community Orchestra under Mrs. Estelle O'Grady or with Mr. Carhart. Lessons in painting are about to be presented to adults by Paul Morris, so there is opportunity in each field. Who knows, you may have latent talent and here is a way to find out. One thing is certain, if you have an artistic flair you will find kindred spirits on the island, both summer and winter.



A quiet street in Siasconset.



The different sizes of Lightship Baskets.

over

60



Nantucket affords many an opportunity for photographers and artists to capture the beauty of sky and dunes.

March 4, 1960

Recalling a Nantucket Artist.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

For many years George G. Fish, an artist, lived here in Nantucket, and here he died early in September, 1906. There are three portraits painted by him in the Atheneum. One is of William Hadwen, who lived in one of the white pillared mansions on Main street; one is of Hon. Walter Folger in Friendly attire; and earliest of all is one of Mrs. Priscilla Wyer in a costume of the middle of the last century.

There must be many other portraits from the same brush extant today in Nantucket. In his early married life he painted many imaginary compositions where his wife's beautiful face served as a model.

In the sixties there were no fancy post cards for visitors to carry away as souvenirs of their visit. G. Soule, a commercial photographer of Boston, issued many card photographs of popular subjects which were sold for a small sum as a memento of the artist and the place. A handful of these were recently given to the Historical Society.

In a September Mirror of 1906 is a notice of Mr. Fish's death written by his friend, Arthur Elwell Jenks, giving a few items of the life of this man. After his marriage he went to Paris for further study. While there his daughter Madelaine was born and as they were living near the famous church of the Madelaine she received that name. He left another daughter, Anna Gardner Fish. Madelaine became the wife of Walter Severance.

For many years Mrs. Fish kept a very nice boarding house at the corner of North Water and Broad streets, and there many of her old guests live who recall those days with pleasure.

Mr. Fish, at that time, had one of the small front rooms of the Atheneum for his studio.

Mr. Jenks recalls with pleasure hearing Mr. Fish give a public lecture in the Atheneum Hall on "The Sublime and the Beautiful", not long before his death.

Mr. Fish was vice-president of the Atheneum Society when he died.

It would be pleasant today to see one of his imaginary compositions, which rejoiced in such names as Little Eva, Hope, Evening Glow, etc. He certainly was an artist, if not of the first rank, to be proud of and worthy of remembrance as one of the first artists of note on the island.

Jeanie Lea Southwick.
Nantucket, August 15.

We were shown a few days since a collection of pictures of the entire family of Mr. Joshua Parker, eighteen in number, set in one frame, and taken by Mr. Summerhays in his usual good style. Here were the worthy sire and wife, surrounded by their sons and daughters, with their wives and husbands, the whole forming a most interesting picture, which in after years, when death shall have marked some of the number or absence separated them, will be an invaluable memento of the present, and duly prized by the parents, to whom it was presented.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS of NANTUCKET

by pupils of

FRANK SWIFT CHASE

at the

Brick Studio, Washington Street

head of Commercial wharf,

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

August 25, 26 and 27, from 10 to 12 and 3 to 6.

Exhibition of Paintings

As a means of helping the Old People's Home an exhibition of Water Colors and Pastels has been arranged in Stanford Stevens' new studio on Mill street.

It will be open this Saturday, Sunday and Monday from three until six. There will be no sales and the entrance fee of fifty cents will go to the Old People's Home.

All of the painters exhibiting have worked here or are now identified with Nantucket. They are: George Walter Dawson, former President of the Philadelphia Water Color Society, Tony Sarg, Edgar W. Jenney, Helen Reed Whitney, Philip Whitney, Eleanor Barnard Kamroff, Edward Ludwig, Annie Barker Folger, Maginel Enright, John Lavelle and Stanford Stevens.

For the direction of visitors, Mill St. is the first through street to the right on Pleasant St. after leaving Main.

Ruth Haviland Sutton.

Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, of Nantucket, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Saltmarsh in New Bedford, the past week. The New Bedford Standard-Times says of Miss Sutton:

"She was one of the first five hundred women painters to be commissioned by the Government when the Government became art conscious. Her work is varied in subject matter, including black and white drawing as balance for the color of portrait landscape.

Miss Sutton is working on a series of pencil drawings to be reproduced as greeting cards. New York City, Williamsburg, Florida, Boston and several of the New England coast towns have provided interesting and historical subjects.

"However," the artist states, "nothing is so interesting as human character." She has concentrated on portraits during the last few years.

Her art education and training have included work at the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, Grand Central School of Art, Art Students League and private landscape classes. Portraiture was done under Henry B. Snell and Jerry Farnsworth. Miss Sutton is a member of the Connecticut Academy, of the Academy of Fine Arts, National Association of Women Artists and the Nantucket Artists Association.

The recipient of an award given by the Springfield Art League, she also has received the first award for landscape work from the National Association of Junior Leagues of America.

Recently a number of her lithographs were displayed nationally. She has been invited to show them at Carnegie Institute. Other exhibitions have been with Allied Artists, National Academy, Lyme Art Association, Westfield Athenaeum, Town and Country Club, Hartford, Conn.

Miss Sutton has done free lance design and has had the thrill of getting a Christmas present from Iowa wrapped in paper which she had designed.

Jenney Water Colors Exhibition at Metropolitan Museum.

By Joseph Downes in the Bulletin of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A loan exhibition of water colors, forty-five in number, all but four being of Nantucket houses, opened in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York city, on Saturday last. The water colors were painted by the late Edgar W. Jenney, who retired to Nantucket to paint and teach in 1927, after an active career in New York. The paintings were lent by some thirty owners, and will continue on exhibition until February 2, 1941.

The water colors are simple, spontaneous and alive, made solid by studied values and accurate draughtsmanship. High light, light, and dark are set down with the perception of an able artist. Chairs and tables stand soberly at ease; their various textures of mahogany, maple, and pine are secrets revealed for an understanding eye.

Sunlight flooding a polished table top, the diminishing color of a rug in perspective, the intricate reflections of a crystal chandelier, or the icy high lights of porcelain, against a paneled wall, are difficult problems easily mastered here. Human figures, when they appear, are never architects' robots giving scale to a background, but the real Nantucketois—so Jefferson designated the Islanders—as native as the windy moors and cobbled streets.

Mr. Jenney has given us a history of Nantucket equal to Whittier's describing "How pale Want alternated with Plenty's golden smile" in the severe, steep-gabled houses and tall chimneys set amongst the bottle green foliage of Chicken Hill and the massive oak-framed mediæval parlor of the Joseph Gardner house; the frugal Peleg Mitchell's house; the neat paneled walls in Miss Macy's dining room; the gray stone mantel and blue Delft pottery in the Charles G. Coffin parlor; a breezy captain's walk astride a gabled roof in Orange Street, the one-time site of sea captains' dwellings; the domed tower of the Unitarian Church, built in 1809, whence the deep-toned bell from Lisbon peals each day; the elder Joseph Starbuck's tidy house in New Dollar Lane.

In the "Home-Coming" and the "Little Brown House," interest is divided between the human figures and the tight little houses of Union Street, a neighborhood of wharves handy to the wharves.

There is the elegance of the Greek revival in the domed ballroom and a circular stair hall of the Wright house and in the white-pillared porticoes of the three Starbuck brothers' houses on Main street, an elm-shaded thoroughfare where merchants and ship-owners held aloof.

Finally comes a sporadic, curving, tough exuberance in Victorian marble, gilt and cut glass—Miss Buckner's music room and the dining room of the William Hadwen house.

One learns from the exhibition more than just the differences between succeeding periods of architecture and furniture. The closely built houses along the shaded streets bespeak an

June 19, 1858

Oct. 6, 1945

urbane and friendly community—quite unlike the sparsely settled farmlands "off-island." The plainness of large and small houses alike and the absence of ornamentation indicate that there was no disparity of economic status among Nantucket people.

The historian Samuel E. Morison summed up Nantucket in the following words: "Hardly a spot on the New England coast lacks passionate devotees; but the worshipers of Nantucket form a cult of positive fanatics. Anchored on the edge of the Gulf Stream, this bit of terminal moraine has a unique climate, flora, landscape, and population.... For this island, peopled by Quaker exiles from Puritan persecution, created deep-sea whaling, whose peculiar blend of enterprise, dare-deviltry, and ruthlessness forms one of the most precious memories of our maritime past."

The late Edgar Whitfield Jenney was born in New Bedford in 1869, and studied art in Boston, subsequently working there as an architectural draughtsman. Several years of travel and study in Europe led to the partnership in 1905 of Mack, Jenney and Tyler in Manhattan.

The firm designed and painted the principal interiors of the New York Telephone building, the Standard Oil building, the annex to the Morgan Library, the New York house of John D. Rockefeller, Woolsey Hall at Yale University, the Palmer House in Chicago, the state capitol in Madison, Wisconsin, the parliament buildings in Ottawa, Canada, and many banks and churches. In 1927, Mr. Jenney retired to paint, and teach private pupils, in Nantucket, where he spent the greater part of each year, until his death last year.

Edgar W. Jenney painted the houses of his friends, who were frequently his pupils; Nantucket houses were also his friends and he made a constructive effort to save them. Through the winter of 1932-1933, Mr. Jenney stayed on the Island and worked with the local carpenters and contractors, into whose hands the old houses fall for repair and restoration.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Mary Turlay Robinson and to the following owners for their generous help, which has made this exhibition possible: Mrs. Frederick Ackerman, Mrs. William S. Barkentin, F. H. B. Byrne, Henry Coffin Carlisle, L. A. Chambliss, Mrs. Herbert Royal Crane, Herbert E. Davis, Arthur Greey, Mrs. Satler Gundry, Earle F. Henry, Mrs. Edgar Whitfield Jenney, Mrs. John Harold Knapp, Mrs. Henry Lang, Mrs. Vivian M. Lewis, Horace Marks, Miss Elizabeth McConnell, Miss Mary J. Mitchell, Miss Georgia L. Norton, Walter G. Pollak, Miss Marion Rawson, Mrs. Maurice Saunders, Miss Florence L. Schepp, Kenneth Taylor, Ernest F. Tyler, Mrs. George Van Santvoord, Oscar O. Widmann, the Misses Eleanor and Louise Wilby, Miss Caroline R. Wing, and Miss Gladys Wood.

'Eastman Johnson at Nantucket' by Everett U. Crosby.

The latest addition to the extensive bookshelf which may be labeled "Nantucket books" is a monograph by Everett U. Crosby entitled "Eastman Johnson at Nantucket." It is another important contribution to the Island's historical scene by Mr. Crosby; more than that, it is a distinctive volume in its information to the field of American art.

In his preface, Mr. Crosby wrote:

"For nearly twenty years, commencing seventy-five years ago, one of this country's most distinctive artists, Eastman Johnson, lived and worked at Nantucket during the summer and fall seasons. He may have continued to paint at Nantucket for some ten years more, but not Nantucket subjects so far as known. The later part of his life was devoted to the remunerative painting of portraits.

"His studio was on Cliff Road, just above the Sea Cliff Inn, and there he painted and sketched many Nantucket persons and things from 1870 to 1887. His last dated genre painting, 'The Nantucket School of Philosophy,' bore the date 1887.

"This is an effort to list all such Eastman Johnson paintings and sketches of Nantucket subjects and where feasible to illustrate them. It will add to our records of a period which is fast growing historic. Many of the characters and costumes are quaint and the interiors and occupations primitive.

"Nearly all of the known Nantucket subjects can be assumed to be here recorded. Also, there are certain known pictures, a few of which are illustrated herein, which may well be of Nantucket subjects, but the fact is not established. The people, costumes, interiors, furnishings or scenery are correct for Nantucket of that period. Where such is the case and the picture is one on which the artist placed the date, as was his frequent custom, if it is 1870 or thereafter the chances are it was painted at Nantucket. An exception would be such genre paintings as were done at Fryeburg, and Kennebunkport, Maine, during a part of this period and many portraits mostly of important and affluent people in New York City and elsewhere."

Eastman Johnson was born in Lovell, Maine in 1824, and at sixteen was working in the same lithograph shop in Boston where Winslow Homer also worked. He became in turn an experienced draughtsman, book designer, and painter. In the late 1840's he moved to Washington where he painted portraits, and in 1849 he went to Germany to study at Dusseldorf, afterwards painted in Holland, France and Belgium. Returning to America, he launched upon a career that was always successful. His "The Wounded Drummer Boy," "The Old Kentucky Home," and "The Nantucket School of Philosophy" are perhaps his best known works from a national point of view.

Mr. Crosby, by careful research and patient exploring in the realms of art, has been able to secure concise biographies of some 60 Nantucket items out of the nearly 500 paintings executed by Eastman Johnson. Not only has the author located the paintings and sketches, but he lists them, notes their type, size, present location and historical background. Where he has been unable to locate a painting, he gives certain clues which may enable some future student discover it.

To complete the well-documented research, Mr. Crosby has illustrated the monograph with a half-hundred of Eastman Johnson's Nantucket paintings and studies, thus creating volume of enduring importance.

As an example of Mr. Crosby's excellent research is the description of a painting called "Embers:"

EMBERS.

C23.
Oil on canvas 15 1-4 x 14 1-4.
Lower right: E. Johnson.
Mrs. Herbert S. Darlington, LaJolla, California.

The old man is Capt. Myrick. See C24, C25, C26 and C27.

"An old man is seated in a green-painted chair close by his fire-place, resting his chin upon a stick which he holds in both hands, and gazing pensively at the embers which glow upon the hearth. He wears a rusty beaver hat and a wrinkled suit of black, and the figure is in strong relief against a plaster wall of the little room. Upon the fireplace shelf stands a Delft jar and two small candlesticks. Many beautiful poems inspired by this picture were received by the artist."

Aside from the value of the monograph from the point of view of art, it is a valuable record of an historical scene—a Nantucket era which Eastman Johnson happily caught and transferred to canvas. The portraits of old Nantucketers of their day, the scenes of the cranberry pickers and corn huskers, the studies of kitchens, fireplaces, implements, etc., are all of importance historically.

Since he published his invaluable architectural study of the town, "95% Perfect," several years ago, Mr. Crosby has written "A Guide to Exhibits at the Fair Street Historical Rooms;" "Books and Baskets: Signs and Silver," a bibliography of Nantucket volumes, a history of the lightship basket-making, and a treatise on Nantucket Silversmiths and their craftsmanship, illustrated by examples of their work and trade marks; "A Spoon Primer," a documented study for those interested in old silver; and "Nantucket's Changing Prosperity and Future Possibilities," a careful study of the present architecture of the business section of the town.

Although Mr. Crosby's book was printed chiefly for private distribution, a few copies will be available at Miss Cora Stevens. The edition was limited to 200 copies.

A Famous Nantucket Painter of Half a Century Ago.

Some of our readers can well recall Eastman Johnson, the celebrated portrait painter, who for many years had a home and a studio building on the Cliff on land adjoining the Sea Cliff Inn on the north. In his studio at Nantucket he completed a number of portraits of famous men, among them a painting of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States from 1884 to 1888 and from 1892 to 1896.

Eastman Johnson's work was considered in a class by itself and during his career he made portraits of such famous personages as John Quincy Adams, Dolly Madison, and Daniel Webster (who always fell asleep during a sitting). A short, jolly rotund fellow, Eastman Johnson was full of fun until things went wrong—then he would burst forth with all kinds of explosives.

As a small boy we often "ran errands" for Eastman Johnson and his wife Bessie and can recall the real enjoyment we sometimes got when we were privileged to ride downtown with his daughter, who was the owner of a large billy-goat and cart. Although she may not personally recall either Mr. or Mrs. Johnson, there is one lady in Nantucket who knows that she was named for Johnson and his wife—Bessie Eastman.

Eastman Johnson died in 1906, at the age of 82, and this February at the Brooklyn Museum a collection of 73 oils and 30 drawings made by him during his career is on exhibition and creating a large amount of interest. Among these famous paintings (aside from portraits) are his "Old Kentucky Home" and "The Wounded Drummer-Boy", whom Johnson observed at the battle of Antietam in 1862 while trailing the Union army in search of subject matter. Twenty oils, exhibited in Brooklyn for the first time, have been stored for years by their Washington owners, the Misses Pearl and Elizabeth Browning, in a Manhattan warehouse, and this is the first time they have been placed on exhibition.

NOTICE

THE subscriber is now prepared to take those splendid

AMBROTYPES,

which for beauty and durability far surpass the Daguerreotypes, in a manner equal, if not superior to those taken elsewhere. Having purchased the Patent Right, and devoted much time to the perfection of this process, he feels confident of giving perfect satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.

The subscriber also continues to take DAGUERREOTYPES, having a sky-light superior to any on the island, he can well warrant his patrons as good a picture as can be procured elsewhere.

WM. SUMMERHAYS.

RUTH HAVILAND SUTTON

PRESENTS

Exclusive Nantucket

PLACE MATS



at her Studio, "The Scallop"

Commercial Wharf

11 to 5

Stolen

FROM the Ambrotype Saloon of Mr. William Summerhays, a picture of a young lady of this town. Having suffered from this practice of stealing pictures, he offers a reward of Ten Dollars to any person who will return the said picture, or give information respecting it.

IN OIL.—In Congdon's Pharmacy, Mr. Wendell Macy has on exhibition a beautiful oil painting of schooner Warren Sawyer, wrecked at Surfside two years since, which is the finest marine painting this artist has produced, and shows a careful study on his part of a very interesting local subject, in which all the life and grandeur of the scene has been portrayed with a faithful hand. The picture is set in the rear part of the store, the light in the window being too strong to give it proper effect. It will be sent to Washington soon, for exhibition, and those desirous of seeing it should hasten to do so.

Nov. 20, 1886

Two Pictures.

Mr. H. S. Wyer has on exhibition at his store two striking pictures, both illustrative of old Nantucket. One represents a lovely old lady—a typical Quaker grandmother—sitting by the open fireplace, with her knitting in her hand, her expression indicating peaceful thoughts. This picture, painted by Mr. A. H. Seaverns, is highly creditable to the artist. It is to be reproduced in a photogravure of the size of the original, and cannot fail to meet with general favor.

The second picture is an enlargement from a photograph taken in the early sixties, showing Straight wharf, with two whaleships, several coasters, and a glimpse of the town in the distance. This picture, being the only one in existence showing whaleships at our wharves, is of great historic interest.

Sept. 9, 1909

NANTUCKET IN 1783 is the title of a large photograph just issued by our former townsman, Mr. Henry S. Wyer, of Yonkers, N. Y., a copy of which we acknowledge the receipt of. The picture represents a family on their way to "Shearing," in a tip-cart of the real Nantucket type, drawn by a white horse. The driver, a tall man in broad-brimmed hat, stands in the front of the cart, his wife, in Quaker garb, sitting behind him in a straight-back chair while two lads lounge lazily in the "tail" of the vehicle. It is a striking picture, presenting features that are familiar even to us of younger growth.

May 18, 1883

Sold Out.

Josiah Freeman, Esq., has sold his photograph business to Mr. Edwin B. Robinson, formerly of Nantucket, who is in town and will soon take possession. Mr. Freeman has carried on the business for a period of 28 years, having first been associated with Mr. David Coffin under the firm name of Freeman & Coffin, which copartnership was dissolved in 1867, Mr. Freeman continuing the business up to this time.

June 30, 1892

Story About Local Family in Communist Magazine.

The family of Stuart B. Day was mentioned in a magazine published by the Communists in Italy, recently, and was illustrated with a picture of the family group!

The magazine article was found in Italy by Paul Conway, son of Frank Conway, of 3 Milk Street, who is at present a member of the U.S. Marine Corps, aboard the U.S.S. Worcester.

Mr. Conway, to whom Paul sent a copy of the magazine, stated that the article uses the story and photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Day and their family to describe the deplorable conditions in this capitalistic country. . . how the children are forced to labor long hours in order for the family to survive. The story is laughable from our standpoint, for the photograph shows the family grouped around the soda fountain in the former R. G. Coffin drug store!

This is the type of propaganda which is being used extensively by the Communists, both in newspapers and magazines, and over the radio in Europe. It may seem funny to us, but unfortunately many people believe that such conditions do exist in this country. The magazine found by Mr. Conway's son is, however, the first instance of anyone or anything to do with Nantucket being used for propaganda purposes.

June 7, 1952

"Old Father Nile."

Mr. Wendell Macy placed on exhibition Saturday at his Studio his painting of the statue of "Old Father Nile" in the Vatican, Rome. This noted statue, unearthed at old Rome 300 years ago, represents the Egyptian river god, with sixteen Pygmies symbolizing the 16 Egyptian cubits that the Nile rises, overflowing and fertilizing the great desert. The subject is on the highest order of art, and is painted in Mr. Macy's usual broad and massive style. Every one should improve the opportunity of seeing this fine reproduction from one of the greatest works of art. The painting will be exhibited during this week only, day and evening, closing Saturday evening, May 11th.

May 9, 1895

ART ROOMS

27 Federal Street.

Paintings,
CHOICE FRAMES, PHOTOGRAPHS.

Nantucket Flower Books

A Specialty.

G. G. FISH.

Aug. 4, 1888

Kenneth Taylor Art Show.

Nantucket artists are still showing their wares, more than a week after the sidewalk art exhibition. Several of the entrants in the sidewalk art show and some who were not represented are displaying their work in the Kenneth Taylor Galleries now.

The numerous entries on both floors of the galleries include oils, water-colors, tempera, photographs, woodcuts, jewelry, copper work, and some illuminated manuscripts. Of all of these the work in the last four is perhaps the most interesting, mainly because of the more original nature of those mediums.

The woodwork was done by Aletha Macy. Her "Portrait" and a carved box are faultless examples of her skill with wood. Her "Carved Eagle" was excellent to a slightly lesser degree. The other piece of woodwork was a standard "Helping Hands" by Marguerite Sutherland.

George Du Berg contributed a contemporary illuminated manuscript, a quite beautifully done work written in good French. The jewelry, some rather heavy-looking but well-worked necklaces, pins and brooches was done by E. Byrne Livingston. Of Alexander Smith's copper work, his Nantucket tray was by far the best.

The rest of the show is of a more ordinary nature, with some very fine paintings interspersed among generally average work. One of the strongest contributors is Elmer Greene, whose striking portraits do much for the first floor's appearance.

The best of these is his portrait of Colonel Sturdevant, a well-colored work from which the eyes of the subject fairly burn at spectators in the galleries.

Gerta Kerr has three interesting watercolors of European towns and landmarks. Her "Hokenfels, Luxembourg", a bright country town as seen through a stone wall, is probably the most successful of the trio. Peter Kerr's tempera "Liston" is also worth attention.

Col. Julian Yates has three of his minutely detailed works on display, the best of which is "North Shore", a somewhat ordinary but nonetheless interesting study of an out-of-the-way Nantucket shore. Another artist whose work merits particular note is Jack Marmaras, whose "Sanddunes and Trees" is among the best in the show.

Also on display are four portraits besides those done by Mr. Greene. Ruth Sutton's pastel of R. O'Hearn, Gerald Taber's oil of Alice Taber, Eleanor Weedon's "Girl In The Beanie" and Kate Shaw's "Louise" are all good, with the first two particularly fine.

Aug. 25, 1951

FRESCO PAINTING.—One of the finest specimens of frescoing to be seen in town is the parlor and adjoining room at the residence of Hon. James Easton, Orange street. The work was performed by Mr. George Friend and is a standing testimonial to his skill, and one of which he may well feel proud.

June 1, 1880

OBITUARY.

The death of Mr. George Wendell Macy on Thursday last removes about the last of our merchants whose business career spans a period ante-dating the zenith of Nantucket's commercial prosperity. Upwards of sixty years ago he entered the hardware store of his uncle, the late William C. Swain, and worked his way up from store boy to a partnership in the business lasting some years. He subsequently withdrew from the firm and engaged in the same line of business which he continued up to within a few months of his death, when failing health compelled his retirement. He was, we believe, twice burned out, the great fires of 1836 and 1846 in each instance sweeping away his entire business. For the last thirty years or more he had occupied the stand on the Upper Square recently sold to Capt. William T. Devlan, where his weather-beaten sign from which the elements have nearly obliterated his name, may still be seen over the entrance.

In conjunction with the hardware business he has engaged in various enterprises. For many years he conducted an express business between Nantucket, Hyannis and Boston, and until a comparatively recent date has held the local agency for various insurance companies, besides holding commissions as Notary Public, Justice of the Peace, &c. He was at one time closely identified with the Nantucket Gas Company of which he served as president several years. He took much interest in floriculture and horticulture, and for a number of years served as treasurer of the Nantucket Agricultural Society. About 1870 he leased the Ocean house which he conducted one season. Of late years he has engaged quite extensively in the real estate business, being largely interested in Surf-side lands and what is now known as "Monomoy," besides doing a commission business in buying, selling and leasing real estate. He was at one time a member of the School Committee, aside from which he has, we believe, held no town office.

He was identified with various branches of the Masonic and Odd Fellows orders, having served as Master of Union Lodge, of late years Marshall, and for a number of years as Secretary of the Royal Arch Chapter. In politics he was a Democrat of the old school, and unswerving in his loyalty to party. In disposition he was genial and accommodating and a pleasing conversationalist. The past few years he has suffered several slight attacks of paralysis which seriously affected his eyesight and his health has gradually failed. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

Sept. 4, 1890

69
Mr. B. G. Tobey has handed us a fine picture of the "Old Mill," photographed by Freeman from a painting by Mr. Tobey. The likeness is perfect, and shows the mill apparently under full headway, with sails all set. From the open window protrudes the miller's head, while in the doorway stands a bag of grist, while the date of its erection, 1746, cut in the flat stone doorstep, is plainly discernable. The travelling wheel and spar by which the top of the mill is turned, are also visible and far off in the distance to the left can just be seen the farm of Mr. W. W. McIntosh, while still farther beyond at the right can be discerned the waters of Miacomet pond. So faithful has the artist been to his subject that the courses of the shingles are plainly discernable, and the frame work of the vanes can be faintly detected through sails, while the various degrees of light and shade are admirably brought out. As a photographic representation of the painting the picture reflects credit upon Mr. Freeman. The pictures are to be on sale at Mrs. George R. Folger's Shell Store and will no doubt meet with a ready sale. There is much of historic interest about the old mill aside from its great age. During the Revolutionary war a cannon ball thrown from a man-of-war passed entirely through the mill, and within a foot of the miller there at work.

July 30, 1879

Timothy Coffin's Portrait.

E. L. Barney recently secured an oil portrait of Timothy Coffin, who half a century ago was one of the leaders of the Bedford county bar. Mr. Coffin was born in 1790 and died in 1854, aged 64 years. The portrait, which was painted when Mr. Coffin was a young man, had been stored away in an attic, and when Mr. Barney secured it the features from the lapse of time and plentiful fly specks, were unrecognizable. It has been cleaned by Charles H. Gifford, the artist, who has succeeded in rendering the features so clear that those who knew Mr. Coffin in his younger days pronounce it an excellent likeness. The painting is excellently done, the flesh tints being admirably, the proportions faithful, and the old fashioned coat, with high rolling collar and stock, wonderfully well reproduced. Mr. Barney and Charles W. Clifford, a committee of the New Bedford Bar to have the picture prepared, succeeded through the agency of H. S. Hutchinson, in securing an old-fashioned frame of gold, massive in size, and Mr. Hutchinson has had the picture placed in the frame, and it is now shown in his gallery. It will undoubtedly be accepted by the bar association and hung in the court house on County street.—New Bedford Mercury.

Apr. 4, 1896

A WORK OF ART.—Mr. W. Ferdinand Macy has placed on exhibition in Wendell's Hall a large oil painting of Sankoty Head lighthouse and surroundings taken from a point on the bank half-way between Siasconset and Sankoty. The time of year which it represents is October when the underbrush so peculiar to the Nantucket commons has turned, giving more variety in tone and color than could be had in mid-summer. In the foreground and away off in the distance straggling sheep are to be seen feeding. On the right is the high bluff just back of which stands the lighthouse, and at the foot of which the ocean rolls and tumbles. The fragment of a wreck projecting above the waves can just be discerned, while the sea-gulls hovering over the spot intensify the life-like appearance. The picture is 30 x 54 inches and is to be disposed of in shares (numbering 225) at one dollar a share. The picture will remain on exhibition for the present at Wendell's Hall and anyone desirous of inspecting it is cordially invited to do so. About the first of July Mr. Macy will open a studio on Orange street where the picture will continue on exhibition until disposed of.

June 23, 1887

Mr. Wendell Macy has recently completed and has on exhibition at his studio a working model of the outer construction of a U. S. first-class twin screw battleship similar to the "New Maine" from authentic drawings and constructed on the scale of 1-8 inch to the foot. It illustrates Admiral Highbourn's improved turrets, the new Vickers rifles with revolving shields, and many other of the latest improvements which have not yet been afloat. The model itself is an artistic production of mechanical skill and unlimited patience. Mr. Macy has been at work upon it at odd times for nearly a year, finding in this labor relaxation from his regular routine work. Some idea of the vast amount of labor bestowed upon it may be formed from the statement that 1,509 separate pieces enter into its construction. It is moored in a large tank where the operation of its propelling power is shown.

July 13, 1899

W. Ferdinand Macy has placed in the gallery of Ellis's Fine Art Rooms, New Bedford, the following paintings that he has recently finished: "An Old New England Barn," "View on the West Side of the Point Drive," "The Old Orchard in October," "A Bit of the Pasture," "A Bridge in New Hampshire."

1886

The oil painting by Mr. Wendell Macy, of this town, "Wrecking Cotton from Schooner Warren Sawyer," which was on exhibition for a few days at the Pharmacy a short time since has been accepted for exhibition by the Art Committee of "The Corcoran Gallery of Art" in Washington, and is now on exhibition there. This is a compliment of which the artist may justly feel proud.

1886

Exhibition of Oil Paintings by Walter Gilman Page.

At the "Barn" of the Monnohannit Club beginning on Monday, August 16, and continuing to August 28, inclusive, there will be an exhibition of paintings in oil by Walter Gilman Page.

All the paintings represent a sympathetic interpretation of the typical scenes in and about Nantucket by a painter who has a sincere appreciation and love for the island, its history and its direct appeal to the imagination.

It is especially hoped that the citizens of Nantucket will visit the "Barn", and due announcement will be made when the club room be open on one or more evenings.

The exhibition will be open to visitors on every afternoon from three to six o'clock.

This is the first showing of paintings under the auspices of the Monnohannit Club.

Aug. 14, 1926

ARTISTICAL.—We were invited into the rooms of Mr. W. Harry Hilliard, at the Bay View House, on Wednesday last, and there saw the several sketches which that gentleman has taken during his stay in town, which were a proof that Mr. H. deserves the high reputation he enjoys. Among them are studies of the beach at the head of Long Pond and Tom Nevers Head; the old wreck at the Cliff; the 1680 house at the North Shore, and 'Sconset bank. We have already spoken in a previous issue of the three first-named, but the last-named are but recently sketched. The most striking of the latter, to us, is the sketch of the old wreck. Nothing of painting kind could be more natural. It shows that a deal of skill and careful study were requisite on the part of the artist to portray in so fine a manner every minute item of the old hulk and its surroundings. The tone of the picture is fine. Unlike most of his fellow-artists, Mr. Hilliard is not given to adding bright colors to his efforts, but takes the natural hues, as near as can be performed by man, making the coloring subdued but life-like. The sketch of 'Sconset bank is fine and natural, and this, with the foregoing, will claim a large portion of the gentleman's time during the coming winter, he considering them the most beautiful of his season's work thus far. Two of the paintings he has already chosen for his exhibition pictures at the Academy of Design in New York, while two more will be sent to the Centennial at Philadelphia. He says our beaches furnish the best opportunities for coast scenes of any he knows, the fine yellow sands giving a more lively aspect to a picture than the gray sands of other resorts, and adds, that Nantucket furnishes more varieties of scenery than any place he has ever visited.

1875

Art On Nantucket.

Editors of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

As an artist, spending his first summer on your Utopian sandbar, I have been requested to note my impressions of the hub of the artistic activity, to wit, the Kenneth Taylor Galleries and the Artists Association. Just about every community of any consequence in the United States is blessed or cursed with a local art association. Cities, in the main, by-pass exhibits sponsored by these groups as the caliber of artistic effort rarely deserves publicity of any dimension.

It therefore comes as a considerable surprise to find that here on this small island we find the exception to the rule. The dilettante is conspicuous by his absence and it is fairly obvious that many of the Sunday painters have decided to go surf fishing. Part of the reason for the dynamic role played by the Artists Association of Nantucket in the cultural life of the island is its splendid exhibiting facility, the Kenneth Taylor Galleries. Too often an over-emphasized air of dignity bordering the forbidding has frightened away the ever-suspicious layman from the gallery doors. A friendly atmosphere in an unpretentious setting contributes much to the Gallery's popularity.

I have no idea whose fertile mind or minds originally conceived the Artist-Patron Plan whereby the gallery derives the necessary operational capital but I consider it a stroke of genius. The Patron, sincerely desiring to promote the arts in this community, donates a specified sum of money to the Artists Association. A Gala Evening is designated annually, in this instance Monday, August 20th, when the artists and the patrons meet and become acquainted with the gallery. The spacious walls are hung with the works of the Association member artists, this work having been previously juried in order to maintain a high standard.

The names of the various patrons are placed in a bowl and a predetermined number of names are drawn from the receptacle. These fortunate individuals then have their choice of any works in the exhibit.

That this plan of operation was successful was fully attested to by the overflow gathering at the gallery Monday evening. In my opinion, one of the greatest assets of the Gala Evening is the bringing together of the artist and the patron. All too often any relationship between artist and buyer is non-existent. An enterprising dealer, often with larceny in his heart, is the ordinary bridge between the painter and the public.

I shall leave Nantucket at the end of August not only deeply impressed by its geographical and physical attributes but also by its sincere and remarkably successful attempts to integrate the visual arts into the bloodstream of community life.

Philip B. Hicken

Newton, Mass.

Sept. 1, 1956

James Walter Folger

Mr. Folger's Painting.

The historic painting recently executed by James Walter Folger, reproductions of which are already on sale, has caused such a wide-spread feeling of commendation that the wish is universally expressed that the painting be kept on Nantucket at any cost, as it bears unusual historic interest. Should the Nantucket Historical Association not be in a position to purchase the painting, it has been suggested that a subscription be started, that all Nantucketers both far and near, and all persons interested in the island, may have an opportunity of contributing towards the purchase and preservation of the picture. However, it would really seem as though the Historical Association were the proper medium to possess such a valuable painting.

Historic Painting For Sale.

I offer for sale at a reasonable figure my famous Historic Painting of Brant Point as it appeared from 1820 to 1842, during the palmy days of Nantucket as a whaling port. Painting is 3x7 feet. May be seen at my residence on Joy street. With the painting I will include all of the valuable data which I have secured pertaining to the picture and the period it represents.

JAMES W. FOLGER.

os 2tj

James W. Folger is at work on a reproduction of the coat-of-arms of the Coffin family on a shield about two feet square, which is to be given a prominent place on the residence of Allen Coffin, Esq., on Quano Hill. Mr. Folger has recently finished a water-color study which teems with originality and is considered by experts something of a masterpiece in that line of work. It represents the hulk of an old ship cast upon the shore, half buried in the sand, with the waters pounding relentlessly upon its old timbers. Mr. Folger has fittingly titled it "The Last Port."

Handsome Sign.

Mr. James W. Folger has carved a sign for the Wewee Cycle Club, which is now on exhibition at the pharmacy, and is a striking illustration of his skill with mallet and chisel. The centre piece represents a wheel, with the letters "W. C. C." in gilt placed between the spokes. On either side, on a dark blue background, is a white scroll, in which in black, gothic letters is the name of the club. From the hub of the wheel protrude handsomely polished horns, giving a handsome effect to the entire piece of work, and explaining the meaning of the name Wewee (a pair of horns). The design of the sign was by Mr. Alex. H. Seaverns.

THE OLD MILL.—Mr. James W. Folger has just completed carving a model of the old mill for Mr. M. F. Freeborn, who will, we understand, have plaster models cast from it, which will be placed on sale. The carving is a nice piece of work, the proportion being excellent, and the mill is reproduced as near as it is possible to do so, even the cut and irregular shingles on its sides being shown, sketches of each side of the structure having been made on the spot, with this object in view.

James Walter Folger Dead.

James Walter Folger, for many years known as the wood-carver of Nantucket, died in Tewksbury, Mass., on Monday last, aged sixty-seven years. He had been in failing health for several years, following the loss of one of his lower limbs in the fall of 1915.

James Walter Folger was born on the island of Nantucket, Mass., January 13, 1851, and educated in the public schools. He was a great-grandson of the late Hon. Walter Folger, and inherited in a marked degree the mechanical abilities so predominant in his distinguished ancestor. Early in life he was bereft of both parents, his father, a captain in the merchant service, being cast away and lost in the vicinity of Puget sound, in April, 1854, and his mother dying soon after.

On leaving the High School in 1869, he went to Cambridge, Mass., to learn wood carving, but finding advancement in the routine apprenticeship too slow in development to suit his ideas, he procured a kit of tools, went to Boston, and secured work as a journeyman. Later he returned to Nantucket and for a time made a specialty of the carving of animal heads, which found a ready sale. Then he accepted a lucrative position in Boston at ornamental carving. He was employed there but a year, when a disastrous conflagration destroyed the granite block in which he worked and he lost tools and everything—the accumulation of years. Shortly after this he returned to Nantucket and made his home here until late in 1915, when he went to Boston for an operation and had one of his lower limbs amputated. Mr. Folger during his life in Nantucket devoted himself alternately to wood-carving in all its branches, and portrait and landscape painting, which he took up in conjunction with his other work.

As an artist, his specialties included paintings in oil and water colors, sketches in crayon and pencil, and sign painting. Among his most noted productions are the "Old Nantucket Windmills" and "Shipbuilding on Brant Point," an historical painting finished in 1909. In the carving line his inventive genius led him to attempt many original and unique designs, including bird and duck picture panels, reproductions in miniature of wrecked vessels, old houses, prominent landmarks, etc. These were carved from solid blocks of cherry and other hard woods, only the very best of material being used, and the effect was often heightened by skillful touching up with water colors. He devoted twenty-five years of his life to this branch.

A close student of nature, he was careful of detail and proportion, composition and coloring, and was in constant receipt of orders for his productions, which were sent to all parts of the country.

In both his mechanical and artistic accomplishments Mr. Folger was self-taught, he having always regarded his brief apprenticeship as time wasted. His "panels" were purchased by many summer residents of Nantucket, who would occasionally pay him as high as \$200 for a piece of work less than two feet square upon which he had spent many hours in carving some familiar Nantucket picture.

Pictorial Wood Carving—James W. Folger's New Art.

An artist who goes his own quiet way, devoting his life to a work that is unique and beautiful, is Mr. James Walter Folger, of Nantucket. Those visitors to the wave bound island who have had the good fortune to discover the retiring artist in his little workshop in the back room of a joiner's store and have heard him talk about his work have found themselves amply repaid for their enterprise.

Mr. Folger's simple sign reads, "Wood Carver," but he has discovered possibilities in that art which even the great masters of wood carving of old did not think within the limit of their material.

He paints pictures, via wood carving. On boards of soft wood—pine or cherry are the best—the largest of which is not more than ten by fourteen inches, Mr. Folger carves a scene in low relief, the keen tools cutting down about five-eighths of an inch in depth. His inspiration he takes directly from the life around him—bits of the coast line, old houses or fishermen's huts, an old sailor at his door, a quaint street corner—all of the many subjects which the picturesque old town and the beautiful island, with its exquisite atmospheric effects of moor, sea and sky, offer so richly to the artist.

Even without the coloring these carvings are so full of life that they have all the directness of the painted picture. The fine detail of the work, the wonderful perspective with so little depth, are marvellous. When the picture is carved out Mr. Folger colors it in tints directly inspired by nature, and the effect is charming.

We have a unique picture, with all the plastic strength of sculpture, with the direct physical appeal made by curves we can touch and feel, and yet with all the warm life of the painted picture. Some of these little pictures have found such favor that the artist has been obliged to repeat them again and again. A particularly pretty one is "The Old Hut at 'Sconset," while "The Jethro Coffin House, Nantucket," finds almost equal favor.

It takes Mr. Folger several months to make one of these panels, even in the winter, when his money-making work of carved bread boards and furniture pieces is not so plentiful. Every slip of the tools spoils the panel, and there is no correcting a fault as in painting. The color seems to give these painted panels durability which carved wood usually does not have. Mr. Folger has had only one complaint of cracking of the wood in over sixty panels.

For five years the artist has been working on this new art, which was the result of years of experiment and was entirely his own idea. In the coloring he is entirely self-taught, although the carving has been his life profession.

Mr. Folger comes of a good old Nantucket family, being a great-grandson of the celebrated astronomer, Walter Folger. His deftness with the tools he attributes to the mechanical turn which all his family have shown; his artistic sense is his own. He does little or nothing toward making his work known, as he has that true artistic temperament which takes pleasure in the work for its own sake. —New York Sunday Herald.

Two Valuable Pictures.

A visit to the studio of James Walter Folger will well repay one. There one sees in company with local marines, landscapes, and old landmarks, all in perfect proportion in oil and water color, two most valuable and historical pictures. One shows the four original mills of old times, once situated on Mill Hills. The other picture is the old round top mill, once standing near the old North cemetery. Both of these are said to be faithful reproductions. These two historical pictures are worthy of a place in our Historical Association rooms, and should never be allowed to be bought by anyone not interested in preserving our island's history.

J. S. B.

Interesting Water Colors.

James W. Folger has just completed an interesting study in water colors, which is a view of Mill Hills as it was many decades ago, with four windmills standing. The present mill was at that period known as the "East Mill," and Mr. Folger's painting is looking westward, with this now famous building in the fore-ground, and two others of the same style standing some distance apart, while the fourth, the "Spider Mill," is seen on a site which is now enclosed in Prospect Hill cemetery. The nucleus of Mr. Folger's painting was taken from an old drawing made in 1811, and it is remarkably interesting, both historically and from an artistic point of view. A water color showing the old round-top mill standing near the Old North cemetery is another of Mr. Folger's recent works of art.

An Historic Picture.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Transition from a wood carver's block to the easel and palette of an artist became easy to James Walter Folger, a great grandson of the late Hon. Walter Folger, astronomer and mathematician. His recent historical picture in oil colors attests his genius, and gives promise of future accomplishment to his credit.

Ship building on Brant point was the artist's theme, the home coming of "ships that pass in the night," loaded with sperm oil, coming down to Nantucket bar, rounding Brant point into the haven where they would be. While these incidents were transpiring, all so familiar to our older residents, our artist was not born; but later on, he had ever so studiously read in books, and in thumb-worn manuscripts, of this lucrative industry; he had become interested in the island's traditions, often spell-bound by graphic recitals of the exploits of our navigators—only a few of whom survive to recount their thrilling sea stories.

In a word, he had so thoroughly imbibed the spirit of these "toilers of the sea," that with no thought of failure to develop what lay hidden in his mental film, he confidently drew upon his imagination at the first dash of his brush. What a broad subject it was! "A View of Brant Point, and Entrance to Harbor of Nantucket, Mass., from 1820 to 1842," was its title.

At once the difficulties of his task, the ever so annoying criticisms of those who did not, or would not understand the inspiration that encouraged him, sank into insignificance. Every mark of his brush revealed to him, only, his completed picture, as to Powers, the sculptor, his beautiful "Greek Slave" was visible while he poised his chisel. Mr. Folger realized the permanent truth once uttered by Thoreau, of "Walden Woods:" "Imagination is the air of mind, in which it lives and breathes." The shaping influence of imagination was his invisible companion daily, as he worked alone in the attic chamber of his cozy home on Joy street.

Reading from left to right, the picture is descriptive as follows: The ship building on the stocks is the Joseph Starbuck, the last whaling-ship built in these ship-yards (1838). Next is shown a marine railway for smaller crafts to be repaired; a plank-pen; ship in cradle on large railway being calked, with a horse attached to the windlass. The style of lighthouse in vogue on Brant point in 1820 is next shown. The bark Peru, the first vessel to use the camels, is being towed in by steamer Telegraph, with a full cargo of 100 barrels of sperm oil (1842). [The first ship towed out into the camels was the Phebe in 1842.]

This picture represents the activity on and about Brant point during the palmy days of Nantucket, when whaling was at its height, with many ships hailing from this port, numerous oil works, coopers' shops, candle houses, rope-walks, etc.

I can vouch for the drawing of the bark Peru, for, while a little boy, my father took me to Brant point, long ago as 1842, time of the bark's arrival. At this late day I seem to inhale the sea breeze, and the slightest odor of tar and oakum from the ship's deck. I hear the rippling waves on the pebbly beach, the scream of a solitary sea gull, and I recollect my

boyish pride when my father told me that my uncle, Joshua Coffin, was the successful captain of the Peru. Grand-daughters of the late Captain Coffin, one of Nantucket's most intrepid whalers, now live in Auburn, N. Y., in whose homes the Inquirer and Mirror is numbered among favorite family papers. Of the building of the whale-ship Joseph Starbuck, many islanders can recall the date, and repeat with no little pride, Longfellow's lines:

"We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a furnace, what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope."

To-day many of our citizens with me, can see back of this picture, another. Like a mirage the vision appears to us. From the glowing halo of a sacred remembrance, invisible to the outward eye, come, one by one, portraits of respected merchants and ship owners of Nantucket's halcyon days, faces of gentle women departed this life, the like of whom we shall never see again within our island borders.

This historical picture, eminently illustrative of the whaling business of Nantucket, ought never to go from this island. It is too valuable in honest pride of lineage and of community accomplishment. It ought to be purchased in this town, and placed on public exhibition, as a perpetual reminder of the energy and thrift of an honorable past. This picture ought to be an object lesson to the young men of our town, an inspiration to emulate the spirit and energy of former captains of industry, as "new times demand new measures and new men," to be up with the times, and to wield the twentieth century implements of present occupations for future prosperity of Nantucket, as vigorously as their fathers and grand-fathers wielded the harpoon!

Arthur Elwell Jenks.

July 24, 1909

Mr. James W. Folger has recently completed a fine oil painting of the interior of Mr. Thomas S. Coely's carpet weaving establishment on Vestal street. Prominent in the foreground is the ancient loom, primitive in construction, with its massive corn r posts and cross bars, built more than two hundred years ago and apparently good for a couple of centuries' service. Seated before it, with feet on the treadles which operate the "warp," and grasping the lever, is Mr. Elisha P. Gardner, busily engaged in weaving a partly completed "hit-or-miss" carpet, the finished portion of which is wound on the cylinder underneath. Scattered about the floor are several balls of carpet rags which have escaped from the bag and hanging on the walls and lying around promiscuously are various articles of wearing apparel, discarded parts of the loom, etc.

March 22, 1894
Journal

Interesting Water Colors.

James W. Folger has just completed an interesting study in water colors, which is a view of Mill Hills as it was many decades ago, with four wind-mills standing. The present mill was at that period known as the "East Mill," and Mr. Folger's painting is looking westward, with this now famous building in the fore-ground, and two others of the same style standing some distance apart, while the fourth, the "Spider Mill," is seen on a site which is now enclosed in Prospect Hill cemetery. The nucleus of Mr. Folger's painting was taken from an old drawing made in 1811, and it is remarkably interesting, both historically and from an artistic point of view. A water color showing the old round-top mill standing near the Old North cemetery is another of Mr. Folger's recent works of art.

May 9, 1908

Historic Oil Painting For Sale.

The large oil painting (7 feet by 3 feet) entitled "Brant Point from 1820 to 1842" is offered for sale. This is a historic representation of Brant point and Nantucket harbor during the palmy days of the whaling industry in the early part of the last century. It depicts the ship-building on Brant point and also a whale-ship being towed into the harbor in the "camels" by the old steamer Telegraph.

The painting is very appropriate for a yacht club. The purchaser will receive a lot of valuable data in connection with the picture. It may be seen at my home on Joy street.

a9 tf JAMES WALTER FOLGER.

Aug. 9, 1913

Mr. E. K. Godfrey last week put up several advertising signs, which he painted himself. The work is finely executed, and shows excellent taste in lettering. Another of the signs is a life-size portrait of Mr. Godfrey, from the brush of Mr. James W. Folger, an amateur painter, who has succeeded excellently with the picture, which now occupies a conspicuous position on a building at Steamboat wharf. This novel method of advertising is the first attempt of the kind ever made here, and will doubtless prove a remunerative one to the projector. We understand that since the "banners" were put out, some of them have been cut and disfigured by parties who could have found other and better means for employing their time.

July 12, 1879

CARVED WORK.—A carved music rack, the handiwork of Mr. James W. Folger, which has been on exhibition during the week in the window of Pitman & Ellis' pharmacy, has attracted much attention from passers-by. Upon the centre of the face is a plaster cast of Mozart's head, which Mr. Folger produced after a deal of labor. The piece is finely executed, and reflects great credit upon the skill of our young townsman. He is now engaged in moulding a camel from clay.

Dec. 14, 1878

Mr. James W. Folger has lately been engaged in getting up a number of blue glass screens, artistically carved and novel in design, so arranged that they can be stood upon the window sill, allowing the light to strike through them during the day without removing the original glass, and in the evening placed upon the table as a lamp screen, softening the light, without shutting it off altogether. We have also been shown some fine crayon portraits and domestic sketches which he has recently executed for friends, and which reflect great credit upon his ingenuity, showing the readiness with which he can turn his hand to almost any kind of work.

Apr. 14, 1877

Mr. James W. Folger has completed an excellent crayon portrait of Capt. William Baxter, which is on exhibition at F. H. Macy's tea store.

March 23, 1878

CARVED WORK.—Mr. James W. Folger has just completed a piece of carved work, representing the old wreck which lies under the North Cliff. The piece was cut from a portion of a cherry tree planted here some seventy years ago, and is 12x15 inches in size. Mr. Folger made a sketch of the wreck some months since, but only recently found an opportunity to produce the subject on wood, which he has done in a masterly manner.

Apr. 9, 1877

CARVING.—Mr. James W. Folger has just completed carving a cow's head, life size, which is a fine specimen of artistic work, and an excellent representation of a noble-looking cow owned by Mr. A. M. Myrick. Mr. Folger has been engaged for some weeks upon the work. It will be placed on exhibition this afternoon or evening in the window at Pitman & Ellis's Pharmacy, where people may judge for themselves of its merits.

May 21, 1881

Mr. James W. Folger has lately been engaged in getting up a number of blue glass screens, artistically carved and novel in design, so arranged that they can be stood upon the window sill, allowing the light to strike through them during the day without removing the original glass, and in the evening placed upon the table as a lamp screen, softening the light, without shutting it off altogether. We have also been shown some fine crayon portraits and domestic sketches which he has recently executed for friends, and which reflect great credit upon his ingenuity, showing the readiness with which he can turn his hand to almost any kind of work.

Apr. 14, 1877

Nantucket's Pictorial Wood Carver.

(From the Boston Sunday Globe.)

James Walter Folger, who lives near the old mill on Nantucket, is both a wood carver and a painter, and by combining the two he has succeeded in creating what he terms "Pictorial wood carving." Briefly described, his work consists of bas-relief wood carvings, colored in correct tints.

In the pictorial wood carvings much attention is given to detail. In a picture of a wreck, for instance, even the spikes in the planking are shown, although the whole picture is only 8 by 10 inches. In the interior of an old room every brick in the fireplace, the keyholes in the doors, the flame of a candle, are all carved out with wonderful fidelity.

In his youth, Mr. Folger, who is a Nantucketer, born and bred, took up the trade of a wood carver. He earned a livelihood carving legs on piano stools, backs on chairs and things of that sort. As the commercial value of this craft slowly declined, Mr. Folger became more skilled and gradually perfected himself in artistic wood carving. Even then he was a self-trained painter, and this knowledge first suggested pictorial wood carving to him. Today he finds a sale for his work at \$150 to \$300 a study.

Mr. Folger's pictorial carvings are from an inch to an inch and a half in relief. He carves in and under so that objects like open doors or windows, roof gutters, etc., cast their own shadows.

In a picture of an old fishing shanty one looks through the window and sees a fisherman sitting inside, and not quite in front of the window, so that one has to look a little to one side to see him.

Through an open door of an old house one sees a turn in the stairs by looking at the carving from the extreme left. It is not visible from the front. Again in the carving of a house a part of the roof has fallen in and the rafters inside show behind the bent singles of the roof.

Among the subjects Mr. Folger has carved is "The Last Port" (a wrecked vessel), "Fireplace in the Old Swain Homestead," "The Oldest House," "The Fishing Shanty," "The South Tower," "The Old Polpis House," and "The Old Mill."

Mr. Folger has his "studio" up under the roof of his home. There is a double skylight just over his head and a window in front, so he gets just the light he wants. Here, laid on his work bench in orderly array, are his tools—which he shows to visitors with pride. He has tools which will cut a line as fine as a hair in the hardest wood, and others that will take out great shavings. Most of the tools were designed by himself, as there were none ready made to suit his purpose, and all were made in England. In all there are 150 of these fine instruments.

Mr. Folger does most of his carving in cherry and walnut. These have a finer grain and are less likely to chip. One chip, no matter how near finished the picture may be, means that the whole must be thrown away. Nothing is ever "stuck on." Mr. Folger says that at first he frequently had to throw away a dozen before he finished one perfect. Nowadays, however, he has become so expert that he rarely has an accident.

After the pictures have been carved comes the difficult task of painting them. It is not mere "coloring," for the lights and shadows are put on with all the care bestowed upon an oil painting on canvas. It usually takes about three weeks of pretty steady work to complete one of these "pictorial carvings."

Mr. James W. Folger is busily engaged in carving a piece of work, a crowning piece for the large frame which the Literary Union are to send to the Centennial with the map of Nantucket, &c. The design is both appropriate and pretty. The centre piece represents a coil of rope. In the open space within the coil is a dismantled ship—suggestive of our departed glory. Below and above the ship are the dates "1776" and "1876." At the top of the coil, to the right and left, American ensigns hang in graceful folds. At the foot, on either side of the centre, are cut the various paraphernalia connected with the whale-fishery, such as try-works, line tubs, casks, whaleboats,

CARVED PICTURE.—Mr. James W. Folger has on exhibition at the Pharmacy a handsome picture of an old squaw carved in pine and painted by himself, which is attracting much attention. It is mounted in a heavy carved frame, also the work of Mr. Folger, and the whole is a piece of artistic skill to be proud of. It will remain on exhibition during to-day and this evening.

Brant Point, 1820-1840

For a Christmas Gift to a far-away friend, a reproduction of my famous painting of Brant Point, as it was between the years 1820 and 1840, will be very acceptable. I offer a limited number of copies for sale at 35 cents each, and will mail them to any address upon receipt of 6 cents additional for postage. For sale at my residence on Joy street and also at the store of A. D. Williams, Centre street.

JAMES WALTER FOLGER.

Mr. James W. Folger is carving a horse, which is to be placed on the stable of one of our citizens, as a vane.

Mr. James W. Folger has shown us a sketch he has recently made from a photograph of the Quidnet hermit, which was well executed. He also has some very fine crayon portraits in his collection. It is very evident that he possesses a goodly share of talent in this line, and by applying himself closely to his work, will make an artist of no mean ability.

The announcement in these columns last Saturday that Mr. James W. Folger had on exhibition a carved picture of an old squaw, drew out several persons who had received the impression that it was a picture of an Indian woman.

CARVED WORK.—Mr. James W. Folger has just completed a piece of carved work, representing the old wreck which lies under the North Cliff. The piece was cut from a portion of a cherry tree planted here some seventy years ago, and is 12x15 inches in size. Mr. Folger made a sketch of the wreck some months since, but only recently found an opportunity to produce the subject on wood, which he has done in a masterly manner.

A very pretty sketch in oil, entitled "Salt Haying in Nantucket," is exhibited at Mr. H. S. Wyer's, Federal street. It is from the brush of James W. Folger. Mr. Folger is engaged upon another subject, which he will call "A Corner in Pork."

IN OIL.—In the window of the Pharmacy is an oil painting by James W. Folger, representing the interior of an old-fashioned kitchen, with its huge fire-place. Two gentlemen are seated before the blazing logs, one of whom is represented with a large stick poised in his hands, as if to dart a harpoon, and is narrating some whaling experience of more youthful days, to which his guest is listening with rapt attention. The painting is a very creditable piece of work, and attracts much attention.

Mr. James Walter Folger's carved birds, recently exhibited at the Pharmacy, and a crayon drawing by Mrs. S. F. Hosmer, entitled "Pharaoh's Horses," the latter spirited and strong in the drawing, were admirable.

Mr. James W. Folger has done some artistic wood carving recently, in which he has faithfully pictured local landmarks, on cherry wood made in the form of bread cutting boards. They are handsome enough for parlor ornamentation.

Mr. James W. Folger is busily engaged in carving a piece of work, a crowning piece for the large frame which the Literary Union are to send to the Centennial with the map of Nantucket, &c. The design is both appropriate and pretty. The centre piece represents a coil of rope. In the open space within the coil is a dismantled ship—suggestive of our departed glory. Below and above the ship are the dates "1776" and "1876." At the top of the coil, to the right and left, American ensigns hang in graceful folds. At the foot, on either side of the centre, are cut the various paraphernalia connected with the whale-fishery, such as try-works, line tubs, casks, whaleboats, &c. The article is truly a masterpiece, and reflects credit upon Mr. Folger, who is also the designer.

A NEAT PIECE OF WORK.—There is on exhibition in the window of Pitman & Ellis's pharmacy a carved lion's head, life size, which attracts general attention. The animal is represented in an angry mood, the tongue protruding, eyes flashing, and with a very savage aspect in the poise of his head. It was carved from a block of pine by Mr. James W. Folger, who has frequently exhibited specimens of his handiwork in the same line before. Mr. Folger is also expert in the use of oil colors, and has given the head a very life-like coloring. He is receiving much praise for the excellence of the above-mentioned piece of work from all sides.

CARVING.—Mr. James W. Folger has just completed carving a cow's head, life size, which is a fine specimen of artistic work, and an excellent representation of a noble-looking cow owned by Mr. A. M. Myrick. Mr. Folger has been engaged for some weeks upon the work. It will be placed on exhibition this afternoon or evening in the window at Pitman & Ellis's Pharmacy, where people may judge for themselves of its merits.

PAINTING.—Mr. James W. Folger has completed an excellent picture in oil, representing an old-fashioned kitchen, with its smoky fire-place, while an aged matron sits by with her spinning wheel. Mr. Folger has studied his subject well, and in the execution of the work has made a success in point of color, bringing out a picture that is far ahead of anything we have before seen upon his easel.

Brant Point, 1820-1840

I offer for sale a limited number of reproductions of my historic painting of Brant Point, as it was between the years 1820 and 1842. Price 35 cents each. Mailed to any address upon receipt of 6 cents additional. For sale at my residence on Joy street, or at the store of A. D. Williams, Centre street.

James Walter Folger,
"Joyous Nest."

The Round Top Mill.

Mr. James W. Folger has made a fine oil painting of the old round top mill from a photograph taken a number of years since. This mill stood on the present site of the new North cemetery at the corner of New and Grove lanes and was taken down some dozen or fifteen years ago. In the painting the artist has drawn upon his imagination somewhat by placing in the foreground a man on horseback with a bag of grist fastened on behind. The mill top, unlike the old South mill, is turned on its pivot by means of a wheel at the side and the miller's assistant is operating this by a rope from the ground while the miller himself from the open doorway is directing his movements. There is evidently a stiff breeze blowing as but two sails are set on opposite vanes and both are reefed. The picture is a faithful representation of the old mill as many of us remember it when in operation.

An Historic Picture.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Transition from a wood carver's block to the easel and palette of an artist became easy to James Walter Folger, a great grandson of the late Hon. Walter Folger, astronomer and mathematician. His recent historical picture in oil colors attests his genius, and gives promise of future accomplishment to his credit.

Ship building on Brant point was the artist's theme, the home coming of "ships that pass in the night," loaded with sperm oil, coming down to Nantucket bar, rounding Brant point into the haven where they would be. While these incidents were transpiring, all so familiar to our older residents, our artist was not born; but later on, he had ever so studiously read in books, and in thumb-worn manuscripts, of this lucrative industry; he had become interested in the island's traditions, often spell-bound by graphic recitals of the exploits of our navigators—only a few of whom survive to recount their thrilling sea stories.

In a word, he had so thoroughly imbibed the spirit of these "toilers of the sea," that with no thought of failure to develop what lay hidden in his mental film, he confidently drew upon his imagination at the first dash of his brush. What a broad subject it was! "A View of Brant Point, and Entrance to Harbor of Nantucket, Mass., from 1820 to 1842," was its title.

At once the difficulties of his task, the ever so annoying criticisms of those who did not, or would not understand the inspiration that encouraged him, sank into insignificance. Every mark of his brush revealed to him, only, his completed picture, as to Powers, the sculptor, his beautiful "Greek Slave" was visible while he poised his chisel. Mr. Folger realized the permanent truth once uttered by Thoreau, of "Walden Woods:" "Imagination is the air of mind, in which it lives and breathes." The shaping influence of imagination was his invisible companion daily, as he worked alone in the attic chamber of his cozy home on Joy street.

Reading from left to right, the picture is descriptive as follows; The ship building on the stocks is the Joseph Starbuck, the last whaling-ship built in these ship-yards (1838) Next is shown a marine railway for smaller crafts to be repaired; a plank-pen; ship in cradle on large railway being calked, with a horse attached to the windlass. The style of lighthouse in vogue on Brant point in 1820 is next shown. The bark Peru, the first vessel to use the camels, is being towed in by steamer Telegraph, with a full cargo of 100 barrels of sperm oil (1842). [The first ship towed out in the camels was the Phebe in 1842.]

This picture represents the activity on and about Brant point during the palmy days of Nantucket, when whaling was at its height, with many ships hailing from this port, numerous oil works, coopers' shops, candle houses, rope-walks, etc.

I can vouch for the drawing of the bark Peru, for, while a little boy, my father took me to Brant point, long ago as 1842, time of the bark's arrival. At this late day I seem to inhale the sea breeze, and the slightest odor of tar and oakum from the ship's

I hear the rippling waves on ebbly beach, the scream of a sea gull, and I recollect my

boyish pride when my father told me that my uncle, Joshua Coffin, was the successful captain of the Peru. Grand-daughters of the late Captain Coffin, one of Nantucket's most intrepid whalers, now live in Auburn, N. Y., in whose homes the Inquirer and Mirror is numbered among favorite family papers. Of the building of the whale-ship Joseph Starbuck, many islanders can recall the date, and repeat with no little pride, Longfellow's lines:

"We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a furnace, what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope."

To-day many of our citizens with me, can see back of this picture, another. Like a mirage the vision appears to us. From the glowing halo of a sacred remembrance, invisible to the outward eye, come, one by one, portraits of respected merchants and ship owners of Nantucket's halcyon days, faces of gentle women departed this life, the like of whom we shall never see again within our island borders.

This historical picture, eminently illustrative of the whaling business of Nantucket, ought never to go from this island. It is too valuable in honest pride of lineage and of community accomplishment. It ought to be purchased in this town, and placed on public exhibition, as a perpetual reminder of the energy and thrift of an honorable past. This picture ought to be an object lesson to the young men of our town, an inspiration to emulate the spirit and energy of former captains of industry, as "new times demand new measures and new men," to be up with the times, and to wield the twentieth century implements of present occupations for future prosperity of Nantucket, as vigorously as their fathers and grand-fathers wielded the harpoon!

Arthur Elwell Jenks.

July 24, 1909

Mr. James W. Folger has recently turned out some elegant and artistic specimens of carving of varied and unique designs. A number of handsome plaques are on exhibition in the store of Mr. M. F. Wakeman, representing severally the historic Sconset pump, the Old Mill, and the Oldest House, otherwise known as the "Horseshoe" house. Each is a surprisingly accurate delineation of the subject which it represents. In the former the old pump, true to life in every detail, stands forth clearly defined, with the ancient watering tub beside it, while at its base lies a noble fresh cod just landed. The old mill often reproduced in print and on canvass, yet ever possessing a special charm as a subject for the artist, is carved in bold relief, and minutest detail, while the "horseshoe" house in miniature is a marvel of artistic skill, so faithfully do its characteristics stand forth as to recall the time-honored legends which cluster round it. These fine specimens of art cannot fail to be in demand among our summer visitors—in fact, a number have already been sold or ordered.

Dec. 29, 1898

JAMES W. FOLGER, DESIGNING & WOOD-CARVING,

Studio over Nantucket Furniture Co.,

Cor. Main and Union Streets.

James W. Folger, carver, of this town, lost his stock of tools, valued at about \$75, by the fire in Boston, Tuesday morning.

Mr. James W. Folger has, within a few days, completed a beautiful piece of carved work, in the shape of a dog's head. The wood out of which it was cut was a block of Nantucket oak, taken from the old Hezediah Coffin house, lately torn down. The head was life-size, and was fastened to a neatly-made shield, the whole making a handsome ornament.

Dec. 25, 1875

Wendell Macy

69

FINE SCENIC PAINTING.—The Nantucket Energy Club, having given two very successful entertainments, conceived a happy idea to have a number of new scenes painted, to illustrate future dramatic exhibitions. They fortunately engaged the artist, Mr. Wendell Macy, who has completed two original scenes, one, a farm-house kitchen, and the other, a parlor interior. The latter we were pleased to look at, a few evenings ago. Without giving, as we would like, a minute description at present, we desire to note the fidelity of execution as a work of art. The design of Mr. Macy was to paint in opaque color what, under a full light of an evening's exhibition, will have an illuminated effect, and to our mind he has succeeded. We shall speak more at length of the two scenes, and of Mr. Macy's work, when put upon the Atheneum stage under favorable light.

1889

IN OIL.—In Congdon's Pharmacy, Mr. Wendell Macy has on exhibition a beautiful oil painting of schooner Warren Sawyer, wrecked at Surfside two years since, which is the finest marine painting this artist has produced, and shows a careful study on his part of a very interesting local subject, in which all the life and grandeur of the scene has been portrayed with a faithful hand. The picture is set in the rear part of the store, the light in the window being too strong to give it proper effect. It will be sent to Washington soon, for exhibition, and those desirous of seeing it should hasten to do so.

Nov. 20, 1886

Mr. Wendell Macy has sent to New Bedford for exhibition in the art department of the Industrial Exhibition next week, his beautiful painting of the wrecked schooner Warren Sawyer at sunset, which was on exhibition in the Pharmacy Wednesday evening. It is pronounced as one of this artist's finest efforts in marine work, in which he has been so successful heretofore.

1888

OIL PAINTING.—Mr. Wendell Macy has on exhibition in Congdon's pharmacy a small oil painting of The Stone Barges, which, as a study for lights and shadows, is beautiful. It is a strong picture, and attracts much attention. Mr. Macy has others in various stages of completion that promise excellent results.

May 14, 1887

70

Historic Portraits.

The following are the names of portraits that were exhibited in the art department of the Coffin School, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th and 12th instant. Wherever the Inquirer and Mirror is read by Nantucket's sons and daughters, the following record will revive illustrious memories of departed days, when the urbanity of gentlemen of the "old school," and the gentility of our island mothers were the rule, and not the exception:

Mrs. Elizabeth Swain Coleman, loaned by Dr. E. B. Coleman.

Eunice Hadwen, loaned by Mrs. Linda Barney.

Capt. Charles P. Swain, loaned by Anna G. Swain.

Edward R. Folger, Mrs. Folger and John B. Folger, loaned by John B. Folger.

Lydia Ray Coleman, Capt. Eben Coleman, loaned by Martha Folger Coleman.

Hon. Walter Folger, loaned by John B. Folger.

Mrs. Lydia G. Swain, loaned by Anna G. Swain.

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, in uniform.

Capt. Sandford Wilbur, loaned by M. F. Freeborn.

Mary Paddack Tucker, loaned by Sarah B. Swain.

Benjamin Gardner, loaned by Mrs. Eunice Brooks.

Capt. Henry I. Defriez, loaned by Judge Defriez.

Capt. Seth Pinkham, loaned by Mrs. Mary B. Plaskett.

Capt. Obed Bunker, Mary Elkins, Uriah Swain, loaned by Anna G. Swain.

Capt. Henry Davis, loaned by Mrs. Freeborn.

Eliza McArthur Coffin, Mrs. Eliza McArthur Coffin, and two children, Mary Elizabeth Coffin, and Everett Coffin, and two portraits of Charles G. Coffin, loaned by Mrs. Jane Perry.

Love Parker, loaned by Mrs. Harriet Dunham.

David Mitchell Bunker, loaned by William Bunker.

Frederick Paddack, loaned by Sarah B. Swain.

Alexander Pollard, Mrs. Mercy Plaskett, loaned by Mrs. Harriet Dunham.

Micajah Gardner, loaned by Mrs. Judith Fish.

Wyman Bradbury, loaned by Anna Gardner Peterson.

Matthew Crosby, loaned by Mary E. Crosby.

Alfred Macy, loaned by Mrs. Elizabeth G. M. Barney.

Timothy Folger, loaned by Mrs. Fish.

Capt. George Winslow, painted in 1806, loaned by Mrs. Avis Tice.

William C. Defriez, loaned by Judge Defriez.

Mrs. Mary B. Plaskett, loaned by herself.

Isaac Sisson, and Mrs. Mary Gardner Sisson, loaned by Mrs. Riddell.

Stephen Parr, great grandfather of Albert G. Brock, loaned by Mr. Brock.

Capt. Henry Barnard, portrait probably painted in Batavia, Dutch East Indies, taken to Amsterdam, and shipped to Boston in the year 1806, loaned by Mrs. Helen B. Worth.

Obed Macy, 1762-1844, historian, Abigail, 1769-1842, wife of Obed Macy, Judith Macy, 1729-1819, mother of Obed Macy, Christina Macy, 1795-1681, wife of Thomas Macy, loaned by Mary E. Macy.

Mrs. Delia Bursley, loaned by Mrs. Meader.

Mrs. Eunice Weeks, loaned by Emily Weeks.

Sally Starbuck, loaned by Mrs. Linda Barney.

David Elkins, loaned by Harriet Elkins.

Tristram Toby, loaned by Florette Upham.

Eunice Swain, loaned by Mrs. Linda Barney.

Mrs. Lydia Glover Pinkham, loaned by Phebe W. Bunker.

Capt. Tristram Bunker and Mary Bunker, loaned by Lydia Bunker Gardner.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Coleman, loaned by Mrs. Arthur Cook.

Mrs. Phebe Gardner Fish, Thomas Chase, loaned by Mrs. Judith Fish.

John Cartwright, loaned by W. H. C. Lawrence.

Owen Cottle, Sarah Ray Cottle, loaned by Mrs. Jernegan.

Thomas Hussey, Charles J. Hussey, loaned by Sarah Joy Folger.

Lieut. Reuben R. Pinkham, who died on frigate Constitution, loaned by Miss Phebe W. Bunker.

Nancy Riddell, loaned by Nannie Wood.

John Swain, loaned by Anna G. Swain.

Joseph Otis Bodfish, loaned by Annie Bodfish.

Martha Gardner, loaned by Harriet Elkins.

Paul Mitchell, loaned by Mrs. Storeley Morgan.

Mary Gardner Coffin, for whom the "Oldest House" was built in 1686, daughter of John Gardner, and bride of Jethro Coffin, loaned by Mrs. Eunice Brooks.

Seth Mitchell, born October 5, 1783, died February 11, 1856, painted when he was about twenty years old, loaned by R. B. and G. M. King.

Mary B. King, born November 15, 1823, died October 26, 1904, painted by Elizabeth R. Coffin, loaned by R. B. and G. M. King.

While much historic interest invests every one of these famous oil portraits, one claimed our attention by reason of association, which differs from that of any other in the collection. It is an old portrait of Samuel Jenks, born March 29th, 1766, died June 17th, 1833, loaned by his grandson, Dr. Arthur E. Jenks. Mr. Jenks was the father of the late Hon. Samuel Haynes Jenks, the distinguished editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, whose suggestion to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, in 1826, to establish and endow a school, to perpetuate his name, instead of building a monument, or an Episcopal church, was at once adopted by the Admiral, and thus most fortunately

the Coffin School bearing his name, was built for the benefit of his kinsfolk, ever to be honored by a grateful posterity.

If every descendant of Tristram Coffin would contribute to the endowment fund, the future well-nigh incalculable influence of the Coffin School would be assured.

If notice of any portrait has been unintentionally omitted, information at this office will insure publication in our next issue.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The many friends of manual training, who gave posters and who attended the exhibition at the Coffin School last week, may be interested to learn results and how they were reached.

A general committee of arrangements, Mr. Morris, Miss King and Miss Ayers, began the work of collecting posters early in the winter. Mrs. Underwood was in charge of the Poster Show, with Mrs. Dillingham, Miss Annie Folger, Miss Bennett, Mr. Gurley, Mr. Davenport, and Mr. Swift as helpers. The Rev. John Snyder lent the aid of his genial presence as auctioneer on Thursday evening, and nearly all the posters were sold, but two pastel designs by Miss Mariana Van Pelt, suitable for advertising a cat boat, and the original oil paintings of a few magazine illustrations, were reserved for private sale.

Miss Coffin collected and hung the old portraits, miniatures, etc., and was assisted by Miss Underwood and Miss Helen Underwood, Mrs. and Miss Sharp, Mrs. Grouard, the Misses Swift, Miss Powers, Miss Lawrence, Miss Farrington, Miss Allen, Miss Helen McCleary and Mrs. Severance.

Mr. Morris, Miss King and Miss Ayers arranged the business exhibit in the main room, assisted by Grover Coffin, Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Warren Austin, Mrs. Grimes, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Luther and Mrs. W. A. Smith.

Assisting Mrs. Elting as doorkeepers were Miss Thomas, Miss Beebe, Miss Sherman, Miss Elting, Mr. Riley and Mr. Washburn.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of the whole exhibit was the afternoon tea served on the lawn under the elms by Mrs. M. T. Hutchinson and the following helpers: Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Sandford, Mrs. Howes, Mrs. Strong, Miss Lewis, Miss Hedges, Miss Tompkins, the Misses Freeman, Miss Minshall, Miss Hopkins, the Misses Wilson, Miss Boyd, Miss Elting, Miss Sharp, Marion Allen, Elizabeth Grimes, Clara Grimes, Dorothy Small, Lucy Hutchinson and Katharine Hutchinson.

Mr. Worth served ice cream with the invaluable assistance of Franklin K. Peck. Thanks are tendered the Nantucket Yacht Club for the kind loan of its tent and tables, which were used for the refreshments. The treasurer's report is appended.

Annie C. Ayers, Sec'y.

| RECEIPTS | |
|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Door receipts | \$75.25 |
| Portrait show | 66.75 |
| Auction sale | 33.00 |
| Refreshment sale | 44.83 |
| Flower table | 22.90 |
| Young Women's Christian Ass'n | 10.00 |
| John Killen & Co. | 10.00 |
| Electro Silicon Co. | 10.00 |
| E. A. Lawrence & Co. | 10.00 |
| R. B. King | 10.00 |
| Louis Coffin & Co. | 10.03 |
| Business cards, 22 firms | 14.50 |
| W. T. Swain & Co. | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Aldrich | 10.00 |
| Bench used for sale of baskets | 3.00 |
| S. M. Mass. Telephone Co. | 10.00 |
| Messrs. Zorub, Abajian, & Carroll | 29.00 |
| commission | 62.25 |
| Contributions | |
| Total Receipts | 442.38 |
| DISBURSEMENTS | |
| Envelopes, printing, labor, etc. | 19.22 |
| Balance in hands of treasurer | 423.16 |
| Alanson S. Barney, | |
| Treasurer. | |

Aug. 21, 1909

Artists Establish Nantucket Colony.

The island of Nantucket, thirty miles off the coast, was "discovered" by artists some time ago but only during the last two years has it been made particularly inviting and comfortable for them by the provision of studios. Mrs. Henry Lang, who gave the Montclair Museum its home, has spent many summers in Nantucket and recently has given a great deal of time to the remodeling of a number of quaint old buildings scattered along the wharves, more than twenty studios being the result. Only one of these is a new structure, one having been a forbe; others were boat houses, while the name of another, "Sail Loft," explains its former use.

Last summer an exhibition was held in the "Candle House Studio," a building which in whaling days was used for the making of sperm candles. Among the exhibitors were Robert B. Harshe of the Chicago Art Institutet and Harold Haven Brown of the oJhn Herron Institute in Indianapolis. Frank Swift Chase, who has been teaching in Nantucket for several years, was also an exhibitor. Michel Jacobs has taught there and Emma H. Van Pelt continues her children's classes.

Guy Wiggins and Tony Sarg own houses on the island, while Albert Groll, Maurice Fromkes and Ernest L. Ipsen have paid it brief visits during the last two years.—From the "Art News."

The numerous friends in this place, of Mr. Swain, the talented portrait painter, will be pained to learn that he is now, and has been for some time, seriously unwell, in Norfolk, Va. We are informed that he is confined to his bed. We hope to hear soon that he is recovering, and we trust that, ere long, he will be able to resume the practice of his favorite art.

Jan. 18, 1844

72
ART NOTES.—Mr. Dwight Reynolds, an amateur artist, has produced two paintings, which are exceptionally fine in color, and show a deal of taste and skill in the execution. One is a sketch called "In the Rip," being a picture of bluefishing off Great Point, with two boats in the foreground, the point itself near at hand, and other boats in the distance. This picture was striking to us for its rare truthfulness in every detail, and from the subject being of a purely local character. The second is a landscape, and considering it was the young artist's second attempt, is really a wonderful production. We can but congratulate Mr. Reynolds on his rapid advancement in the art of wielding the brush.

Mr. Benjamin G. Tobey is engaged on a painting, the subject for which he took from the interior of Capt. George Haggerty's shop, Liberty street. As far as we can judge from the picture at present, it will be the artist's best production yet. We shall speak of it more in detail when completed.

A short time ago Mr. Eastman Johnson painted a very pretty picture of some children seated on a beam in a barn, a little baby-girl, if we remember rightly, between two baby-boys, and the charming idyl—a parody on the love-making of the butterflies and sparrows—was so successful that the artist has repeated the experiment, leaving the love-making and infantile element out, and substituting for the cherubs in pinafores and bits of trousers a row of prosaic girls and boys, doing nothing but sit for their pictures, on the same beam in the same barn. The original picture was so pretty, and so entirely in Mr. Johnson's best vein, that we wonder some enterprising publisher didn't buy it for reproducing; but this picture is a tame performance, though, all the same, no one among us but Mr. Johnson could have painted it.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A painting by Mr. William S. Macy, of New Bedford, has been accepted for the Paris Exposition. Mr. Macy is a grandson of Zaccheus Macy, of this town, and is now pursuing his studies at Munich, in Germany. He was a pupil in New York with Mr. William F. Macy, of this place.

THE OLD MILL.—Almost every artist who visits Nantucket produces a sketch of the Old Mill, erected in 1746, and it has also been photographed in almost every conceivable style and size. The pictures are generally prized for their antiqueness, such structures being now very rare. It has remained, however, for our own townsman, Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, to produce the Old Mill in the form of a medallion. It is no longer a picture, but stands out in bronze bas-relief in all its quaintness and ancient grandeur. The design is artistic and entirely original. The copyright has been applied for. Copies can be purchased at the store of Mrs. George R. Folger, Centre street.

Aug. 19, 1882

CRAYON.—Mr. Harry Platt exhibited to us, Wednesday, a crayon sketch of our late townsman, Capt. George Palmer, which in point of artistic merit takes high rank, and as a likeness is particularly striking. The details of finish are so nice as to give it at once the appearance of a fine steel engraving, with perhaps a little softer touch in the shading than such pictures usually present. The gentleman is to be congratulated upon the perfection attained in this portrait. He leaves us to-day for his home in Washington, D. C., and will carry several orders for portraits from our citizens.

Oct. 9, 1880

1878
CRAYON PORTRAITURE.—Mr. Harry Platt, artist, has a studio on Orange street, where he furnishes crayon portraits in the highest style of the art. The work is exquisite in drawing and finish. His patrons have been among the best people in Richmond, Norfolk, Cincinnati, Washington and Boston. Among the distinguished persons for whom Mr. Platt has worked, we have seen the life photographs of Hons. Alexander H. Stephens and J. G. Blaine, Fleet Captain Fillebrown, U. S. N., Miss Ball, daughter of the famous sculptor, one of the wives of the Mormon Representative Cannon, of Salt Lake City. We cheerfully commend such delicate work to our people, and need not add more than the following, from the *Washington Gazette*: "Harry Platt, the well-known crayon artist, was visiting this city a few days ago, and received several orders for portraits, among which was an elegant one of Miss Ada Somers, the *Josephine* of Haverly's Church Choir Company, and also Hon. A. H. Stephens. We were in hopes Mr. Platt would decide upon locating in this city."

July 17, 1880

OBITUARY.

Mr. George N. Cass, an artist of high reputation, who formerly had a studio in this place, died Sunday, at Arlington Heights, Mass., of cancer of the stomach, after a painful illness. He was about fifty-four years of age, a native of Canaan, N. H., but had for many years followed his profession in Boston.

Nov. 25, 1882

73

1847

DAGUERRETYPE MINIATURES.

G. W. J. HAWES respectfully informs the inhabitants of Nantucket, that he has taken rooms over Frederick Gardner & Co.'s store. Persons wishing Miniatures can now procure them in style and finish unsurpassed by any. Long practice enables him to take Pictures of any style or coloring desired.

Pictures taken in cloudy weather as well as in fair.

Also, children of any age, and family groups of four or eight persons, taken on one plate.

LOCKERS and MINIATURE SETTINGS always on hand.

Those visiting New Bedford, will find us permanently located at Nos. 1 and 3, Liberty Hall, corner of Purchase and William streets, m19 G. W. J. HAWES & Co.

1847

REMOVED.—The new Ambrotype Rooms of Mr. William Summerhays in Allen's Block, are decidedly superior to any heretofore established in this town, and we doubt if any town of the size of ours can produce their equal. Neither pains nor expense has been spared by Mr. S. to render his establishment neat, comfortable and popular; of his pictures it is useless for us to speak, our people know what they are, far ahead of any ever before produced here, and equal to the best produced anywhere. Mr. Summerhays is famed not only here but abroad, for his skill in securing excellent pictures of children, as his many specimens afford evidence. He invites all to call and see his new quarters.

1860

DAGUERREOTYPING.

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Nantucket, that he has rented the room now occupied by B. D. Maxham, over Geo. R. Pierce & Co's store, for the purpose of carrying on the above named business, and will be ready to wait upon customers the first of next week, and will guarantee to all who may favor him with their patronage, as good Miniatures, and perhaps better, than have ever been taken on the Island. Remember, unless entire satisfaction is given, there will be no charge. EDWARD SUTTON.

Oct 1, 1837.

1847

For a short Time.

MR. William Summerhays will take Ambrotypes in the best style, with cases for 25 cents. Photographs for visiting cards, or life size, taken in a superior manner, warranted to give satisfaction, as cheap as can be procured elsewhere in town.

1867

Stereoscopes.

THE Subscriber has now on hand a good variety of Stereoscopes with an excellent assortment of Views, consisting of Scenes in Boston and other places, Views of public buildings &c. For sale at the lowest rates by j20 WM. SUMMERHAYS.

1859

Island Souvenirs.

DURING my leisure I have made a number of PLASTER PLAQUES of Nantucket's Oldest House, built in 1686. These are finished in oil colors (summer and winter scenes), in bronze, and in plaster. On sale at the "Oldest House," Sunset Hill, and at my dental office, 18 North Water St. je15 3m ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

1901

BARGAINS IN

Pictures!

H. S. WYER

Would inform the public that he has recently purchased from a bankrupt stock a number of handsomely-framed

ARTOTYPES.

The pictures are of choice subjects, and the frames are elegant. These goods have been bought very low and will be sold

At a Small Margin.

CALL EARLY AND SELECT.

The Goods Cannot Be Duplicated At These Prices.

Choice Artotypes in Frames

At from \$1.75 to \$2.50 !

A RARE CHANCE!

H. S. Wyer,

FEDERAL STREET.



BAS-RELIEF of "Franklin the Printer" which was obtained from the lobby of the old Mechanics Building in Boston before the building was torn down recently. The scene was created by R. S. Greenough in 1856.

March 27, 1959

Sculptured Head of Franklin Saved for Nantucket

The Abiah Folger Franklin watering trough which is part way out on the Madaket Road has an appealing tablet at the back—meant to be read by those who rested their horse by the roadside on an afternoon's "random-skootin'" over the countryside. Now, it is the bicyclist who can read the inscription which tells that the house of Abiah Folger Franklin had been off in a field a few hundred feet and that her son was none other than Benjamin Franklin, the famous Philosopher, Printer and Statesman.

Although Benjamin could not claim Nantucket as his birthplace, his mother having gone to Boston to live at the time, he was the grandson of Peter Folger, original settler of Nantucket and one of the "faculized Folgers" so-called because of their brilliance and ingenuity.

Everyone knows of Walter Folger, Jr., who made his home on Pleasant Street and became famous for his wondrous clock as well as for wisdom in commerce, legislature and astronomy.

Benjamin Franklin became a printer in Boston, later moving to Philadelphia where he became the central light of a group of intelligentsia whose attitudes formed the climate of opinion in the early days of America. His newspaper work and diplomatic efforts won him lasting fame.

In the old Granary burial ground of Boston, next to Park St. church is a tall obelisk on which the name of Franklin is raised in large letters. There Benjamin's folks were buried after Mrs. Franklin had spent her last years taking in respectable lodgers from the statehouse nearby.

This year, with the removal of the old Mechanics building to make room for the Prudential building, it was necessary to remove a huge head of Benjamin Franklin and one of Oliver Ames, which decorated the front of the building. The Ames Estate took

(Continued on Page Six)

care of the latter but no one seemed eager for Ben. When the Inquirer and Mirror found it was "begging" they decided that Nantucket was its rightful place in order that the connection between the island and the illustrious "faculized" Folger should be accentuated.

When they went up to make arrangements it was found that in the foyer, was a fine bas relief of "Ben Franklin, the Printer" on display. This, also, was purchased and is now being restored by Mr. Reginald Haskell. Mr. Lyman Fisher, photographer, has taken a fine picture of the removal of the Franklin head for the Christian Science Monitor. The "Monitor" was instrumental in the whole affair because it was one of their articles which showed the Ames head being removed which prompted inquiry about Franklin. As it says in the article:

"Interest in the head of Franklin stems from the fact that his grandfather, Peter Folger, was one of the original settlers of Nantucket."

And so it seems appropriate in this 300th year of the founding of Nantucket that we should honor him once more.

March 6, 1959

Wendell Macy

A Fine Painting.

Mr. Wendell Macy has just completed a painting of the First Napoleon from the marble statue in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., and reproduced by special permission of the officers of that institution. The statue is entitled "The Last Days of Napoleon," and represents the royal exile in his dressing gown seated in a chair, supported by a pillow, with a blanket thrown over his body and legs. Across his lap is spread out a map of Europe whose boundary lines he had so often changed, while his eyes are apparently gazing into futurity as though he was lost in meditation. The painting is on exhibition at Mr. Macy's studio but will be packed this (Thursday) afternoon for shipment to New Bedford where it will be placed in the new Emerson Building by the Dartmouth Club for whom it was painted. It is pronounced by all who have seen it a masterpiece of art, and it is to be regretted that it cannot be longer left on exhibition here.

Journal
July 12, 1894

His Best.

Our fellow townsman, Mr. Wendell Macy, has recently completed an oil painting that has engaged much of his time for the past two years. It has been on exhibition in his studio this week, and has attracted much attention for its great excellence. It is a painting of the first Napoleon, from the marble statue in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, and reproduced by special permission of the officers of that institution. The statue represents Napoleon seated in his chair, dressed in a house gown, with blanket thrown about him. In his lap rests a map of Europe, while his eyes are gazing away as though he was in deep meditation. Mr. Macy has sold the painting to the Dartmouth Club, of New Bedford. The work is certainly a gem, and is very highly commended by connoisseurs in art.

July 14, 1894

Mr. George Emerson, of Melrose, has loaned permanently to the High School of that city, a valuable painting of Napoleon at St. Helena, by Wendell Macy. The picture, which is about 6x8 feet, is a copy of the statue in the Corcoran gallery at Washington. It has been hung in the main gallery of the building and is a notable addition to the works of art already in the possession of the school.

Feb. 3, 1908

Mr. Wendell Macy has on exhibition at the store of Mr. Charles H. Jaggar, a model of a steam fire engine of the Amoskeag pattern, of his own make. It is complete in every part, even so far as having the rubber leading and suction hose. It is composed entirely of metal, and has been run a number of times, to throw water. Mr. Macy has displayed considerable mechanical skill in its construction.

IN OIL.—In Congdon's Pharmacy, Mr. Wendell Macy has on exhibition a beautiful oil painting of schooner Warren Sawyer, wrecked at Surfside two years since, which is the finest marine painting this artist has produced, and shows a careful study on his part of a very interesting local subject, in which all the life and grandeur of the scene has been portrayed with a faithful hand. The picture is set in the rear part of the store, the light in the window being too strong to give it proper effect. It will be sent to Washington soon, for exhibition, and those desirous of seeing it should hasten to do so.

Nov. 20, 1886

"Old Father Nile."

Wendell Macy places on exhibition today at his Studio (over the Express Office) his painting of the statue of "Old Father Nile" in the Vatican, Rome. This noted statue, unearthed at old Rome 300 years ago, represents the Egyptian river god, with 16 Pygmies, symbolizing the 16 Egyptian cubits that the Nile rises, overflowing and fertilizing the great desert. The subject is on the line of the highest order of art, and its sentiment is fine and extremely interesting. It is painted in Mr. Macy's usual broad and massive style. We would advise every one in Nantucket to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing this reproduction from one of the greatest works of art.

A year ago Mr. Macy completed a colossal painting of the statue of Napoleon, to order, but was unable to exhibit it but one day. At least 400 people availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing it on that day, and hundreds regretted that they could not see it. This painting will be exhibited for one week only, day and evening, closing Saturday evening, May 11th.

May 4, 1895

Mr. Wendell Macy, the artist, has taken a fine sketch of the bark W. F. Marshall now lying on the beach at the South Shore.

March 17, 1887

Mr. Wendell Macy has been at work upon a portrait of the late Hon. Alfred Macy, which is a perfect likeness.

1875

OPEN STUDIO.—We paid a visit to the studio of Mr. W. F. Macy, Thursday, where we found a handsome collection of paintings—including several of a local character,—besides some of those charming panel paintings by Mrs. Fannie S. Macy. One of the finest sketches was taken from our commons, and represents a farmer carrying home a load of corn stubble from the field, the colors in which blend in perfect harmony. Besides this there are several sketches of the old mill, marine views, landscapes, and painted candles, and panel pictures in various designs, all attractive and well finished. Mr. Macy proposes to open his studio to the public hereafter on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons, from 3 to 5 o'clock, commencing to-day, and will be pleased to his friends call on the days mentioned. To repay them to visit his rooms on Pleasant street.

1878

In the department devoted to fine arts one could linger long looking at the charming display made, and we enjoyed the feast for the eyes in common with the whole. Among the more noticeable pictorial displays, were the beautiful paintings of sheep and a calf's head by Mr. Wendell Macy, which were much admired. This artist has devoted much of his attention to the bringing out of this class of subjects during the past summer, and his success was fully apparent in the pictures referred to, which were noticeable for their harmony of color and full conception of his subjects. Mr. Benjamin G. Tobey also presented a number of paintings, in oil, which were much admired. His collection comprised sketches of the old mill, the wrecked bark W. F. Marshall, by moonlight (a charming piece), Feeding Rabbits, Lily-Vender, the Mosquito Fleet, Return from Pond Fishing, and a truthful picture of Capt. George Haggerty's cobbler's shop, with its attendant features. Mr. Tobey's pieces showed a deal of taste in their conception, and the work was a great improvement over his exhibits of last year. Oil paintings by D. K. Reynolds and Hadwen Swain possessed considerable merit, that shown by the first-named being an excellent production. Mr. Fred A. Hillery exhibited a fine portrait in crayon, which was a remarkable production for an amateur, and was much admired; portraits of the same kind were also displayed by Wendell Macy and James W. Folger, those of the latter gentleman being life-like pictures of the venerable Walter Folger, and our Representative, Henry Paddock, Esq. Virginia M. Guild exhibited two crayons, and two oil paintings; Henry Platt a neat crayon portrait, and Mrs. Fannie S. Macy a tray painted in that attractive style which she is known to be capable of executing. Mr. Alexander D. Coffin exhibited the picture of a hen made from feathers, which evinced both genius and fine taste. Lizzie A. Folger was the only contributor of song or essay. We can but congratulate all the contributors in this department on the general excellence of their work.

1878

Mr. Wendell Macy has on exhibition in the window of the Pharmacy a fine picture in oil, of the head of a horse owned by Mr. Benjamin F. Wyer, 2d. The work is one of Mr. Macy's best efforts, and attracts much attention.

Dec. 24, 1881

COMPLETED.—The lithographic views of Nantucket, made from a painting of the town by Mr. Wendell Macy, have been received, and Mr. Macy has put them on sale. The work is finely executed, and shows the place to good advantage from a point on the Siasconset road. They attract general attention and favorable comment.

Aug. 1875

Mr. Wendell Macy has on exhibition in the window of the Pharmacy a fine picture in oil, of the head of a horse owned by Mr. Benjamin F. Wyer, 2d. The work is one of Mr. Macy's best efforts, and attracts much attention.

Dec. 24, 1897

PAINTINGS.—Wendell Macy has on exhibition at Folger's shell store a large oil painting of schooner Warren Sawyer, wrecked on the south side of the island last December. It represents the vessel as she appeared one misty morning, her topmasts and the water beyond clouded by a light fog, which the artist has depicted with wonderful skill, the dull gray color evincing a careful and comprehensive study of the subject. The work of discharging the cotton is in progress, and there is everything lifelike about the work. It is a perfect likeness. Another study of this vessel is on exhibition at Miss P. E. Clisby's, and here the artist has thrown his power into the production of a charming water view. On his easel he has a third painting, nearly completed, a companion to the first-mentioned, representing the schooner in a strong light, with the work of discharging going on. In this, those who visited the scene will find it difficult to find an imperfection in point of position and general appearance, while the water painting is strikingly fine. A fourth view, smaller than the others, exhibits the remains of the noble craft under the influence of a heavy surf. The completed paintings are on exhibition at the stores above mentioned, and should be seen by all interested in fine marine painting. This local artist has also a fine assortment of panels representing scenes about the island, which attract much attention. A large painting of the town he is having lithographic copies made from.

July 11, 1885

Mr. Wendell Macy, who is spending the summer here, has a large studio on Main Street, and has been kept busy with orders. The New Bedford Mercury says that five of his crayon portraits have been placed in Ellis's Fine Art Rooms, and that they are fine specimens of the artist's best work.

Aug. 8, 1874

We visited the studio of our friend Wendell H. Macy a few days since, and took a look at several of the pictures which he was painting, and among others we noticed those of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Cathcart, which were exact portraits, and reflect credit on the artist. Mr. Macy proposes to leave us soon, and those who would like their pictures taken had better improve the opportunity.

Jan. 16, 1875

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Wendell Macy, the artist, whose fame is rapidly on the increase, is so overrun with orders that he will not return to New Bedford till late in the season.

Oct. 3, 1874

We were pleased with a visit to the studio of Mr. Wendell Macy, corner of Main and Orange Streets, during the week. There was on exhibition there, an excellent crayon portrait of the late Mr. Zenas Coffin, son of Mr. Charles G. Coffin of this town. The face is full of character, and done in Mr. Macy's best style. As a likeness it will be valuable to the bereaved widow and family of the deceased. Every family ought to save a little to furnish its walls with pictures, at least, of the parents; for in after years, regrets that this was left undone, are of no avail. Crayon portraits are in demand at present, and an interest ought to be awakened in works of art so beautiful and satisfactory in the home.

In Memory.

Benjamin G. Tobey, died March 23, 1912.

As an intimate personal friend and schoolmate of the deceased, ever since a time dating backward for more than half a century, it may not be amiss for the writer to weave into sprays of delightful reminiscence, an honor flower for one familiarly, but no less respectfully, known to every Nantucket family as our own "Ben" Tobey, whose melodious voice is now a "lost chord."

He was the oldest and last surviving one of three brothers, whose parents were the late Albert and Nancy I. Tobey, and is survived by his widow, Sarah C. Tobey, one son, Herbert Tobey, and a number of nephews, nieces and cousins.

I shall never forget his thrilling singing of "Beautiful Flowers" during the first Decoration Day services held in the Methodist church of this town, forty-four years ago on the 30th of May next. It voiced most sweetly Nantucket's tribute in honor of her brave sons who had been killed in battle.

In my thought of our island's favorite vocalist, I am mindful of that fine character of Robert Falconer, so vividly portrayed by George McDonald; and I agree with the author when he declares: "Whatever it be that gives gladness or hope—this, be it violin, pencil, pen, or highest of all, the love of woman—is a divine gift of holy influence for the salvation of that being to whom it comes."

That divine gift came to our musical friend, sometimes manifesting itself in song, sometimes it prompted him to take up his violin; often, when wooed by "art's classic halo," he would seize his palette and brushes and hie away for an hour or more, that he might bring home charming color limnings, which later developed into choice oil paintings. These translations of light and shade have been much admired. He liked the calm of our island ponds, and the long, unbroken stretches of our moorlands, while robed in the dissolving colors of a summer day's afterglow.

For composition and correct drawing he had an artist's eye. He has left two large pictures of exceptional merit, which connoisseurs have pronounced worthy of public exhibition.

They are "Twilight on the Moors," and "Sankaty Lighthouse." The latter, in its broad treatment, perspective and atmosphere, is by far the best drawing of the bold headland and the ocean beyond, that I have ever seen in oil colors. Only these pictures remain; but we cannot forget the tenor voice that has charmed us in the past. Our friend has gone, but what measure of ecstatic joy is in store for him in the celestial choir, "it hath not entered into the heart of one of us to conceive."

Whether in his soulful rendition of the "Lord's Prayer," heard for so many years in the old Unitarian church, or in his singing of "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," his voice was clear and resonant as the meadow lark's!

Arthur Elwell Jenks.

Mr. B. G. Tobey has nearly completed a large oil painting of the wrecked Italian bark "Papa Luigi C.," as she appeared before having been boarded from the shore. The picture is true to life, and so finely executed that many of the characters on the beach in the foreground can almost be recognized. A boat's crew are pulling off to the wreck through a rugged sea, while "the breaking waves dash high" above the stern of the ill-fated craft. Mr. Tobey contrives to throw a great deal of life into his pictures and although making no great pretensions, possesses considerable talent as an artist.

May 16, 1878

ART NOTES.—Mr. Dwight Reynolds, an amateur artist, has produced two paintings, which are exceptionally fine in color, and show a deal of taste and skill in the execution. One is a sketch called "In the Rip," being a picture of bluefishing off Great Point, with two boats in the foreground, the point itself near at hand, and other boats in the distance. This picture was striking to us for its rare truthfulness in every detail, and from the subject being of a purely local character. The second is a landscape, and considering it was the young artist's second attempt, is really a wonderful production. We can but congratulate Mr. Reynolds on his rapid advancement in the art of wielding the brush.

Mr. Benjamin G. Tobey is engaged on a painting, the subject for which he took from the interior of Capt. George Haggerty's shop, Liberty street. As far as we can judge from the picture at present, it will be the artist's best production yet. We shall speak of it more in detail when completed.

A short time ago Mr. Eastman Johnson painted a very pretty picture of some children seated on a beam in a barn, a little baby-girl, if we remember rightly, between two baby-boys, and the charming idyl—a parody on the love-making of the butterflies and sparrows—was so successful that the artist has repeated the experiment, leaving the love-making and infantile element out, and substituting for the cherubs in pinafores and bits of trousers a row of prosaic girls and boys, doing nothing but sit for their pictures, on the same beam in the same barn. The original picture was so pretty, and so entirely in Mr. Johnson's best vein, that we wonder some enterprising publisher didn't buy it for reproducing; but this picture is a tame performance, though, all the same, no one among us but Mr. Johnson could have painted it.—N. Y. Tribune.

A painting by Mr. William S. Macy, of New Bedford, has been accepted for the Paris Exposition. Mr. Macy is a grandson of Zaccheus Macy, of this town, and is now pursuing his studies at Munich, in Germany. He was a pupil in New York with Mr. William F. Macy, of this place.

June 1, 1878

PICTURE SALE.—The Boston Globe of Tuesday said that among the pictures to be sold Thursday and Friday at the galleries of Williams & Everett, Boston, were a series of fine paintings by Mr. George N. Cass, who is well known here. There were a very great variety of subjects to be noted in Mr. Cass's pictures, and the artist's reputation would surely be enhanced by the exhibition. New England furnishes the scene for most of these paintings. Several views of Nantucket, including Sankaty Head, the "old wreck" and the South Shore were among those on exhibition.

May 6, 1876

WHALING SCENE.—Another whaling scene, in wood, has just been completed by Mr. William H. Chase, 2d, and is the best that we have ever seen. The new piece excels in every respect the one made by Mr. Chase last summer, inasmuch as it is larger and gives the looker-on an excellent idea of how the whale is pursued and captured. It covers a surface of about five feet long by two in width. Four boats fully manned and equipped, are presented. One of them, under sail, is pursuing a whale; a second boat is fast; the third one has been seized in the jaws of a leviathan, and the occupants and gear are scattered promiscuously over the water; the fourth is represented as coming to the rescue of the unfortunate crew. On the right of the scene a whale has succumbed to the irons and turned up; and nearer the centre one of the school is sounding. The whole is pronounced by those who should know to be a very truthful representation of real whaling, and is a piece of workmanship which reflects credit on the young mechanic, who may justly feel proud of it. It will be on exhibition at Wendell's Hall, this evening, the admission price being set at five cents.

May 26, 1877

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SALE OF PAINTINGS.

THE subscriber being about to leave the Island, respectfully announces that he will offer at public Auction, at Pantheon Hall, on Friday next, at 11 o'clock, about thirty of his paintings; consisting of landscapes, fancy heads, groups, &c., &c., of various subjects, suitable for parlor pictures.

The paintings will be exhibited at the Hall, three days previous to the sale.

GEO. G. FISH.
my 31

GORHAM MACY, Auctioneer.

May 30, 1852

PAINTINGS.—Three very handsome specimens of panel painting, executed to order by Mrs. Fannie S. Macy, were shipped in the boat on Wednesday. One was a representation of a tuft of "cat-o'-nine-tail" flags with a blue heron standing at the foot; one a blasted tree, on the leafless branches of which a pair of red-winged blackbirds had made their nest; and the third bouquets of flowers. Mrs. Macy is an artist of rare skill, and her work is fast finding favor.

Feb. 9, 1878

At the exhibition of the Alumni Association of the School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia, Miss Marie Starbuck Platt has a number of large water colors of old Nantucket wharves

Dec. 2, 1903

Mr. B. G. Tobey has nearly completed a large oil painting of the wrecked Italian bark "Papa Luigi C.," as she appeared before having been boarded from the shore. The picture is true to life, and so finely executed that many of the characters on the beach in the foreground can almost be recognized. A boat's crew are pulling off to the wreck through a rugged sea, while "the breaking waves dash high" above the stern of the ill-fated craft. Mr. Tobey contrives to throw a great deal of life into his pictures and although making no great pretensions, possesses considerable talent as an artist.

March 16, 1878

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Fine Art Exhibition in Wendell's Hall.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The late Hon. George S. Hillard, while a visitor to our island a few years ago, told me that in all his travels, no scenery reminded him so much of the moorlands of Scotland, as the wild commons lying between the queer little village of Sconset and Sankoty Head. I thought of his words, while studying the charming oil painting on exhibition in Wendell's Hall, during the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday last. The artist, Mr. W. Ferdinand Macy, doubtless caught Mr. Hillard's inspiration, and has put upon a large canvas, the autumn glories which haunt the pleasing pasture-lands mid-way between Siasconset and the bluff at Sankaty.

With rare fidelity Mr. Macy has transferred the rich scarlet and purple tints of the breezy hills, and flecked the foreground with the sweetest of lights and shadows. There is the characteristic sheep, vigorously drawn, and his companions beyond; a view of the distant lighthouse, and the ocean breaking along the beach. An October sky, luminous, and full of motion, attracts the eye; while downward, across the bold outline of the shadowed bluff, and over the vale below, is the delightful charm of the picture to me—I mean the soft autumnal haze with which Nature always veils the land and sea, as she lingers admiringly between the roseate blush of summer, and the white of approaching winter. This fine picture is but one more evidence of the brilliant subjects which Nantucket presents to the eye of the enlightened artist.

A. E. J.

June 25, 1881

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Fine Art Exhibition in Wendell's Hall.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The late Hon. George S. Hillard, while a visitor to our island a few years ago, told me that in all his travels, no scenery reminded him so much of the moorlands of Scotland, as the wild commons lying between the queer little village of Sconset and Sankoty Head. I thought of his words, while studying the charming oil painting on exhibition in Wendell's Hall, during the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday last. The artist, Mr. W. Ferdinand Macy, doubtless caught Mr. Hillard's inspiration, and has put upon a large canvas, the autumn glories which haunt the pleasing pasture-lands mid-way between Siasconset and the bluff at Sankaty.

With rare fidelity Mr. Macy has transferred the rich scarlet and purple tints of the breezy hills, and flecked the foreground with the sweetest of lights and shadows. There is the characteristic sheep, vigorously drawn, and his companions beyond; a view of the distant lighthouse, and the ocean breaking along the beach. An October sky, luminous, and full of motion, attracts the eye; while downward, across the bold outline of the shadowed bluff, and over the vale below, is the delightful charm of the picture to me—I mean the soft autumnal haze with which Nature always veils the land and sea, as she lingers admiringly between the roseate blush of summer, and the white of approaching winter. This fine picture is but one more evidence of the brilliant subjects which Nantucket presents to the eye of the enlightened artist.

A. E. J.

June 25, 1881

March 30, 1912

Mr. Jenney's Exhibition of Nantucket Subjects.

The exhibition of Nantucket Interiors and sketches of Edgar W. Jenney, held at the gallery of A. Kimbel & Son, Inc., 15 East 60th street, in New York City this week, contained the following examples of Mr. Jenney's fine work:

Parlor—Emory R. Buckner, 'Sconset, Nantucket.
Stair Hall—L. A. Chambliss, Nantucket.
Delft China—Miss Phoebe Beadle, Nantucket.
Fireplace—Dr. Ella Mann, Nantucket.
Atheneum Library—Nantucket.
Exterior—Nantucket.
Dining Room—Mrs. G. L. Carlisle, Nantucket.
Parlor—Mrs. G. L. Carlisle, Nantucket.
Kitchen—Miss Mary J. Linton, Nantucket.
Dining Room—Miss Mary Macy, Nantucket.
Living Room—Miss Gladys Wood, Nantucket.
Parlor—Miss Mary E. Starbuck, Nantucket. (Loaned by H. E. Davis.)
Dining Room—Charles E. Satler, Nantucket.
Domed Bedroom—L. A. Chambliss, Nantucket.
Library—Nantucket. (Loaned by F. H. B. Byrne.)
View Through Hall—Nantucket. (Loaned by F. H. B. Byrne.)
Living Room—Mrs. Frederick Ackerman, Nantucket. (Loaned by Mrs. Frederick Ackerman.)
 * * * * *
Salon—M. Albert, Les Andelys, France.
Rectory—Somerset, Bermuda.
Breakfast.
Chateau De Grainville—France—(Loaned by O. O. Widmann.)
Drawing Room—The Bull-Pringle House, Charleston, S. C.
Sacristy—Iglesia de la Merced, Havana.

May 11, 1935

PAINTINGS.—Three very handsome specimens of panel painting, executed to order by Mrs. Fannie S. Macy, were shipped in the boat on Wednesday. One was a representation of a tuft of "cat-o'-nine-tail" flags with a blue heron standing at the foot; one a blasted tree, on the leafless branches of which a pair of red-winged blackbirds had made their nest; and the third bouquets of flowers. Mrs. Macy is an artist of rare skill, and her work is fast finding favor.

Feb. 9, 1878

Mr. W. Ferdinand Macy of this place has on exhibition at Ellis's Fine Art Rooms, New Bedford, eight oil paintings, including the following-named: Sankaty Head, Nantucket, from the North; Sunlight and Shadow; Golden Rod and Asters; An Autumn Twilight over the Nantucket Moors; An Autumn afternoon on a branch of the Connecticut; A study of the Hydrangea; A Marine; A Study of Field Corn.

Nov. 1, 1884

Eastman Johnson Loan Exhibit Kenneth Taylor Galleries.

In the summer of 1870, when Nantucket still lay in the doldrums following the Civil War and the decay of the whaling industry, a handsome, square-shouldered gentleman, with a flowing moustache and goatee, set foot on this island and looked about him. Being an artist, he was delighted with the old town, and promptly acquired two houses on the Cliff Road, which he made over into a dwelling and a studio. Here he spent long summer vacations until his death in 1906.

This Off-Islander was Eastman Johnson, a famous painter of portraits and genre or "story" pictures. He had been trained in Europe for several years studying at Dusseldorf, the Hague and Paris, and on returning to his native land he soon rose to the front rank of the American painters of his generation. He found in Nantucket the quiet retreat that he was looking for, and he discovered here many subjects that appealed to him. He liked the kitchens and back yards, the cranberry pickings and corn huskings. Best of all, he delighted in the old seafaring types, and made actual portraits of these men for his pictures. For instance, in the group called "The Nantucket School of Philosophy," every man was a retired whaling captain of that period. Strange to say, however, the artist seems to have taken no interest in the wharves, the shipping, or the sea.

A number of Eastman Johnson paintings are already familiar to every visitor to Nantucket. There is the Ratliff portrait in the Whaling Museum, the Frederic C. Sanford in the Atheneum, and the Captain Myrick in the Fair Street museum. This latter man was a favorite subject, and it would appear from the pictures that he lived in his battered old silk hat, indoors as well as out.

Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Everett U. Crosby, brought out last year a handsomely printed monograph on "Eastman Johnson at Nantucket," with reproductions of all the artist's drawings and paintings that can be identified as having been done on the island.

In connection with the opening of the Kenneth Taylor Galleries Mr. Crosby has arranged for a loan exhibit of this distinguished painter. The pictures are lent through the courtesy of such galleries as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Leighton Museum of Milwaukee, the Addison Gallery at Andover, and the Knoedler Galleries of New York. Eighteen examples of Eastman Johnson's Nantucket pictures have been promised, including the seven which are owned here.

No event could be so fitting to inaugurate the new art center. The collection will be on view at the opening, Sunday afternoon, July first, and will continue to be shown during the month.

—W. O. S.

1947?

Eastman Johnson Dead.

Eastman Johnson, the painter, died suddenly at his home in New York city, on Thursday night of last week, in his 82d year. Mr. Johnson had been ailing for a year. Mr. Johnson was born in Lowell, Me. His father was Philip C. J. Johnson, who was for many years secretary of the state of Maine. Mr. Johnson settled first in Augusta, working almost wholly on portraits in black and white and in pastel. In 1845 he moved with his parents to Washington, where he drew portraits of many distinguished men, including Daniel Webster, and John Quincy Adams. While in Boston in 1846-49 he made portraits of Longfellow and his family, Emerson, Hawthorne and Sumner.

He went to Dusseldorf in 1849, studying one year at the Royal academy. He spent a year with Leutze and four at The Hague, painting there his first important portrait in oil, "The Savoyard" and "The Card Players." He established himself in Paris, but returned to the United States in 1856. In the two years following he was in Washington and on the northern shores of Lake Superior among the Indian tribes. In 1858 he painted "The Old Kentucky Home." That painting practically established his reputation as an artist. In that year he opened a studio in New York city, where he had lived ever since. He was elected an academician in 1860.

Although Johnson excelled as a portrait painter, he made his reputation as a delineator of American domestic and Negro character. Mr. Johnson received medals for exhibitions at Paris, London, the Philadelphia centennial, the World's Columbian exposition and at the Buffalo and Charleston expositions. He was a member of many art and social organizations.

Mr. Johnson married Miss Elizabeth W. Buckley. His daughter, Ethel, is the wife of Alfred R. Conkling. Mr. Johnson has for many years been a well-known summer resident at Nantucket, and executed a number of his best paintings at his studio here.

ART NOTES.—Mr. Dwight Reynolds, an amateur artist, has produced two paintings, which are exceptionally fine in color, and show a deal of taste and skill in the execution. One is a sketch called "In the Rip," being a picture of bluefishing off Great Point, with two boats in the foreground, the point itself near at hand, and other boats in the distance. This picture was striking to us for its rare truthfulness in every detail, and from the subject being of a purely local character. The second is a landscape, and considering it was the young artist's second attempt, is really a wonderful production. We can but congratulate Mr. Reynolds on his rapid advancement in the art of wielding the brush.

Mr. Benjamin G. Tobey is engaged on a painting, the subject for which he took from the interior of Capt. George Haggerty's shop, Liberty street. As far as we can judge from the picture at present, it will be the artist's best production yet. We shall speak of it more in detail when completed.

A short time ago Mr. Eastman Johnson painted a very pretty picture of some children seated on a beam in a barn, a little baby-girl, if we remember rightly, between two baby-boys, and the charming idyl—a parody on the love-making of the butterflies and sparrows—was so successful that the artist has repeated the experiment, leaving the love-making and infantile element out, and substituting for the cherubs in pinafores and bits of trousers a row of prosaic girls and boys, doing nothing but sit for their pictures, on the same beam in the same barn. The original picture was so pretty, and so entirely in Mr. Johnson's best vein, that we wonder some enterprising publisher didn't buy it for reproducing; but this picture is a tame performance, though, all the same, no one among us but Mr. Johnson could have painted it.—N. Y. Tribune.

A painting by Mr. William S. Macy, of New Bedford, has been accepted for the Paris Exposition. Mr. Macy is a grandson of Zaccheus Macy, of this town, and is now pursuing his studies at Munich, in Germany. He was a pupil in New York with Mr. William F. Macy, of this place.

June 1, 1878

APRIL 14. 1906

Nantucket Town Crier Weather Vane

Manufactured by R. B. Hussey.

On sale at Mack's and Westgate's in Nantucket and at Lawrence's in 'Sconset.



July 24, 1915

Nantucket in High Relief

Nantucket Scenes Carved on Pine Slabs



Launching out on a new career as a woodcarver, after having no art training or experience for more than 70 years, Herbert Paddock of Norton, Mass., has taken first prize in a Taunton hobby

show with high reliefs carved in sugar pine. Here he holds up a book on Nantucket, with wooden covers and pages hinged firmly together. Mr. Paddock spent his childhood at Nantucket.

By Don Messenger

Staff Writer of
The Christian Science Monitor

Herbert Paddock may live in Norton, Mass., but his heart is in Nantucket, and he is expressing his affection for the island where he spent his childhood in the '70's and '80's, by carving Nantucket scenes in high relief on slabs of sugar pine.

He has made one great wooden-paged and wooden-covered book, hinged neatly together, containing a carved map of the island, a page of descriptive matter inscribed in the wood, and indoor and outdoor relief carvings. This is his special pride and joy.

But since he started this new hobby some three years ago, at the suggestion of a son, he has turned out numerous single pieces, not all of them connected with Nantucket.

He had no dealings with any kind of art work in his first 70 years or so, he says, but he had a certain knack at whittling, so that his son, who is a keen amateur photographer, suggested that he use some of his photos as guides, and try his hand at pictorial relief carving.

He has always been something of a Jack-of-all-trades, Mr. Paddock explains, though one of his main interests in earlier years was marine engines. When the depression came, he lost an ice-cream business which he had set up, but he and his son, a marine radio operator, kept busy by building the house in which they now live.

The son, Carl, has now converted a spacious chicken house into a well-equipped woodworking shop, where he and his father plan to specialize in making miniature grandfather clocks for mantlepieces.

Mr. Paddock's reliefs took first prize in a recent Taunton hobby show, which resulted, among things, in the discovery that there is a market for this form of art work.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR,

Oct. 24, 1949

DAGUERRETYPE ROOMS.

THE subscriber has recently fitted up over his Furniture Warehouse, rooms for the purpose of taking Daguerreotype Likenesses, in the best possible manner. He has taken quite a number, which the public are invited to call and examine, as specimens of his work.

He has on hand a good assortment of elegant cases of various patterns, and at low prices. Having a very superior light pictures will be taken at all times of day and in any weather.

June 14--15

WM. SUMMERHAYS.

Jan. 1855

Re-Issue of the Ambrotype Patent.

THE great merit of the Ambrotype Pictures has been most signally shown, by the united efforts of some of the Principal Daguerreotypists to break down and prevent a re-issue of the Patent. They have been defeated by the Government in their attempts, and a new Patent has been issued, covering the entire claims of the Patentee, in making pictures on Glass, and hermetically sealing them between two plates of glass, with Balsam of Fir or its equivalent, giving exceeding brilliancy and beauty of tone, which cannot be effected by the atmosphere, water or acids; making it as enduring as the glass in which it is secured.

*The word Ambrotype coined expressly to designate the Picture, is also patented. All persons, not having purchased the rights, that are making use of the term to sell a worthless imitation, taken on a single glass, and covered with varnish and black paint, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The genuine Pictures all have the patent stamp.
CUTTING & BOWDOIN,
819 The originators and Proprietors.

1856

Life Magazine Features Nantucket Wood Sculptor

Life Magazine devotes a two-and-a-half page illustrated article to Nantucket's Nikita Carpenko and his wood carvings of long tapering heads in the current issue which went on newsstands yesterday.

"Nicky", as he is familiarly known on Nantucket, now 54, appears in the Life picture spread with one of his ship models which he has been making since he was 7. "Nicky's" head models were photographed against the background of a picture of New York's skyline by the Life photographer following their exhibit at a New York art gallery.

Says the Life article of "Nicky" and his wood art:

"Twenty-two years ago a Ukrainian named Nikita Carpenko settled on Nantucket Island and began to earn his living making ship models for boat-lovers like President Roosevelt. But in 1948 Carpenko got tired of whittling hulls and spars. Picking up a piece of wood—it happened to be a table leg—he set to work with his penknife and produced an austere and solemn head, as slim and elongated as a mast. Over the next three years Carpenko turned out more than 100 heads, using broomsticks, chair legs and any stray wood he could find around the Island. Sometimes he carved as many as four heads out of a single piece of wood.

"This Winter Carpenko brought his carvings down from Nantucket to New York where they were put on exhibit in an art gallery. There the stern ranks of sharp-angled, tapering heads created a startling architectural effect and prompted Life's Andreas Feininger to photograph them like sculptured skyscrapers against one of his pictures of the skyline of New York. Already Carpenko has sold 40 of his skyline heads at prices ranging from \$50 to \$300. Now he is at work on his tallest to date, a cranial phenomenon that stretches seven feet."

Feb. 8, 1952

NOTICE.
THE subscriber is now prepared to take those splendid

MILLENEOTYPES,
which are far superior to anything yet discovered for Lockets. He also continues to take the

AMBROTYPES,
in a style unsurpassed. Persons wishing an imperishable picture of themselves or friends can obtain them at the most reasonable prices at the Saloon on Centre Street.

P. S.—The Subscriber will remain in Nantucket, and warrants every picture he puts up.
Jy 20 WM. SUMMERHAYS.

June 29, 1858

Nantucket Art Notes.

Portraits, Inc., in its eighth annual survey of contemporary portraiture in New York City features "a portrait of Pope Pius XII by the Boston painter Elmer Greene, Jr. Recently completed from life, it was presented to Cardinal Spellman by an anonymous donor. Large and impressive, the Pope, in the robes of his office, here surveys the world with calm benevolence".—Chris Ritter in "Art Digest".

Milton Marx, an accomplished water colorist, who has been an enthusiastic exhibitor in the Nantucket Sidewalk Art Show, is holding an exhibition in New York at The Stable.

Miss Harriet Lord, just arrived at her Red Anchor Studio on Washington street, recently closed her exhibit at the Audubon Society in New York where she showed her exquisite paintings of shells done in Florida this winter.

A drawing of Nantucket harbor, by Ruth Haviland Sutton, is reproduced on the cover of "The Radiator", the house organ of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Jamieson, painters from Washington, are occupying one of the studios on Straight Wharf. This is their first season on the island.

Art Digest—May 15, 1952

Marguerite Chatfield: Miss Chatfield's delicate meticulously accurate flower studies are in the fine French and Austrian tradition of botanical illustration, but less stylized, more observant of details and nuances than those of—say—Redouté.

The lazy graceful curl of clematis tendrils; the veining and serrate edge of a rose leaf; the exact softness of a rose petal; the lassitude of Althea leaves—of such details is Miss Chatfield's art made. To an inexperienced eye the orchid studies seem especially fine and the tendrils of the Vanda have a floating, drifting quality which the artist captures, seemingly without effort.

It is an exhibition which should please the flower lover and also the man who knows nothing of flowers, but likes a fine drawing. (Knoedler, to May 30).

J. F.

May 31, 1952

In Memory.

GEORGE G. FISH.

So many of Nantucket's old residents, honored men and women who were identified with our island's former prosperity, have passed on, that it is natural to revert to accomplishments of such sterling townspeople who lived in a time when gentility in society and value placed upon individual worth for worth's sake, were the rule, and not as nowadays, the exception.

Mr. Fish, lately deceased, was contemporary with the foregoing. Quite early in life he developed artistic taste, and subsequently his work in pastel, crayon, and oil colors found substantial recognition. For thirty years he had a studio in New York city. In 1866 he and his wife visited Paris, that Mecca of American painters. While there for one year, Mr. Fish studied with the celebrated French artist Brochart. On returning to Nantucket he resumed his art work in the west room of the Atheneum. Later he removed to rooms over the store of Charles Lovell, Main street, where he remained until failing health compelled him to give up his life work. An oil portrait painted by him, of the late William Hadwen, now graces the Atheneum library room; it is a speaking likeness. In the parlors of some of the fine residences of our town, there are creditable pictures from his easel, one of which represents "Uncle Tom and little Eva," much admired as an illustration of two favorite characters of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." One of the sweetest of his island souvenirs, and apart from his "Animated Flowers," is entitled "Father's at Sea," copies of which in photograph are treasured in many New England albums. It is a picture of a young maiden who holds "a sounding shell to her ear that she might hear the sea at home."

Mr. Fish was familiar with English literature; he could converse entertainingly upon the merits of great authors and dramatists of America and England. I recollect that years ago, I listened with profit to his lecture, "The Sublime and the Beautiful," which he delivered before a large and delighted audience in Atheneum Hall; he was one of the vice-presidents of the Atheneum at the time of his death, and a trustee of the First Congregational church.

On Sunday afternoon last, in accord with the comforting and impressive funeral service as rendered by his pastor, Rev. F. W. Manning, gifts of rare flowers gracefully decked his easel, upon which rested a life-like portrait of himself. To the bereaved widow, Mrs. Judith J. Fish, her numerous guests in all parts of our country will offer sincere sympathy, in unison with that of all Nantucket people; while the two surviving daughters, the Misses Madeleine and Anna G. Fish, who hold important positions abroad, will sadly miss his home presence, and ever feel keenly the loss of a father's love for, and pride in them, measured only by their own constant devotion to him in sickness, as in health, and their consideration for their widowed mother.

Arthur Elwell Jenks.

Many Fine Portraits Repose In Island Homes and Museums.

The search for early examples of portraiture owned in Nantucket upon which the Massachusetts Portrait Survey has been engaged for some weeks, has been completed and the paintings inventoried will be listed in the "Index to Colonial Portraits" which the Survey will publish in the near future. Some remarkable finds have been made in addition to those paintings already hanging in the Nantucket Whaling Museum, Historical Society Rooms and institutions. Many private homes were shown to be the repositories of fine portraits, some of which go back to the latter part of the 17th century. One portrait found by Survey workers was painted in 1655.

In addition to the canvases, miniatures painted on ivory were found, and these in numerous instances were objects of exquisite beauty and were presentments for the most part, of lovely women of an age long since passed.

Some of the paintings of Nantucket people are housed in the Nantucket Historical Society Rooms, and others in the Whaling Museum, while there are many meritorious works scattered over the island in private homes.

There were many paintings found which were unsigned, and some which afforded no clue to the sitters. These may have been the works of traveling artists, who went from place to place painting portraits in the early days of the colony and republic.

Among the most striking of the portraits is one of Captain David Baker, a study in oils by William Swain. A miniature of Captain Baker was also painted by William Swain toward the close of the 18th century. Both of these portraits are in the possession of the Nantucket Historical Society.

A rather interesting portrait is that of Nancy (Gardner) Brown and child, which was painted by a native of Nantucket somewhere about 1825. Mrs. Brown was the wife of Benjamin Brown of Nantucket. This, too, is held by the Nantucket Historical Society.

Another charming painting is the portrait of Sarah (Comstock) Coffin and her children. This was painted in England by an unknown artist, at the request of the husband of Mrs. Coffin, Captain Frederick Coffin. This is in the collection of the Historical Society.

An unknown artist in 1800 painted the portrait of Captain Job Coleman, and for some years it has reposed in the Nantucket Whaling Museum.

The search for the portraits has been conducted under the direction of Charles K. Bolton, formerly of the Boston Atheneum, assisted by Miss Sylvia Schlafer, supervisor of the portrait Survey. The volume to be issued in addition to the check-list of portraits, will contain a historical sketch of early portraiture in Massachusetts, and mention will be made of the artists. Only those portraits which were painted prior to 1825 will be included in the Index.

The Late Alexander Seaverns.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Reproductions in your Feb. 10 issue of the two wood engravings by Alexander H. Seaverns are particularly interesting to me, for I met Mr. Seaverns as a fellow member of the Artists' Guild of Springfield, Mass., in 1926, when he was actively engaged in commercial work for one of the photo-engraving houses there.

As you say, his work for reproduction was done before the camera could give any help to the illustrator.

Mr. Seaverns was honored by an exhibition of his wood engravings in the Art Room of the Springfield Public Library, and his work is included in the Aston Collection of Engravings in the Springfield Museum of Fine Arts. His training was superior to that of many of the present-day commercial men, who know nothing of the process of a wood engraving.

When the Artists' Guild elected him an honorary member he enjoyed the distinction with pride. All who knew him spoke highly of him as a man and as an artist.

Yours,

Ruth Haviland Sutton

OBITUARY.

MACY.—William Ferdinand Macy, a native of New Bedford and an artist of some note, died yesterday at Pembroke in his 50th year. Mr. Macy was of Quaker stock on both sides, being a lineal descendant of Thomas Macy, who, to escape persecution, left his home in Amesbury, and, embarking in an open boat with his family and effects, landed on Nantucket in 1659, the "Venturesome Macy" of Whittier's poem, "The Exiles." He is also a Mayflower descendant.

At the age of 18 he went to New York, where for several years he was a pupil of R. Swain Gifford, and Eaton, the portrait painter. For a few seasons he had a studio at Nantucket and the pictures he painted of island scenes are among his best known works. After leaving Nantucket he had a house at Wellfleet, where he had opportunity to study Cape Cod sand dunes and the sea in all its phases. His marshes and marines have found appreciators and purchasers among some of the most discriminating patrons of art.—N. B. Standard, 27th ult.

"OFF SANKATY HEAD" is the title of an oil study by Dr. Arthur E. Jenks, which has been accepted by the committee of the Rochester, N. Y., Art Club for their public exhibition, which opens in that city May 29th. The painting, which has been much admired, was contributed by invitation of Rev. J. Hogarth Dennis, of St. James Church, Rochester, himself a fine artist, and one of the accepting committee.

Exhibition of Nantucket Subjects.

Visitors to Nantucket, as well as the islanders themselves, are privileged in being able to view the pastel sketches by Annie Barker Folger. These are now on exhibition in the second story of H. S. Wyer's corner art store, No. 4 Federal street. Miss Folger, a charter member of the New York Art Students' League and a great lover of Nantucket in season and out, is well equipped to put on canvas the beautiful Nantucket moors, as well as some of the old flower gardens and streets about town. With a keen eye for selection and a delicate sense of feeling, she is the first to give us the brilliant hill-sides of October and the quiet long shadowed streets of Autumn.

Some of the old farm houses, with their broadly painted landscapes, and the delightful old-fashioned garden on Union street in its early spring charm, are also subjects which Miss Folger has treated with rare skill. Those who have seen these pictures take great pleasure in urging others not to miss the opportunity.

Miss Riddell's Pictures.

Miss Annie Riddell welcomed many visitors to her studio at 729 Boylston street, Saturday, when her work in oils and water colors of the preceding year was placed on exhibition. A good share of the paintings were done at Lake Winnepiscogee, Nantucket and the rural spots in Jamaica Plain during the summer and autumn; they reflect the personality of the artist, and several of them show her at her best.

A study of a woman's head won great commendation. It is treated broadly, the light being handled in a most suggestive way. Miss Riddell has certainly the power of conveying to the imagination of subtle, haunting beauty. There is also on the walls a portrait of Miss Sampson of Jamaica Plain, and another in oils of an elderly woman in white cap and kerchief.

A water color of secluded Tucker-nuck island, near Nantucket, depicts a spot seldom seen, and has very strong values. A number of Nantucket scenes show the fine touch and discriminating sense that have made Miss Riddell's work so highly appreciated in the past.

There are a number of scenes from Lake Winnepiscogee, one with Mt. Ossipee in the distance. One of the most interesting things in the studio is a woodland sketch, which was done on the Sargent estate last summer.

The exhibition continues through this week.—Boston Sunday Herald.

Herbert Paddock Has Carvings in "Dimension Relief."

By Anne Johnson in Attleboro, Mass.,
Sun for August 6, 1948.

Herbert E. Paddock, of So. Washington street, East Norton, who for the past two and one-half years has been carving pictures in wood, mainly because he is fascinated with the work, and because he originated the art of his particular method, has now accumulated a large collection of these wood art carvings, all of which required talent and skill. The carvings are done direct from photographs and are transformed into third dimension relief.

Mr. Paddock worked as a carpenter in his younger life and now at the age of 73 is required to take life easier because of a heart condition. Thus he devotes long hours to his carvings, some of the pictures taking two to three weeks to complete. The wood he uses is sugar pine, a soft, fine grained wood which comes from the West Coast.

Among his treasured collections is a carved book 16 x 24 x 4 inches. The front cover has a carved border and "Nantucket" carved diagonally across. The pages are hinged to a piece of wood on the end, similar to a binding. Upon opening the book, there is the island of Nantucket, a map, carved in relief. The next page has a brief history telling about the discovery of the island, a description of the second oldest house and of the fireplace.

Turning another page there is a carved picture of the Elihu Coleman old house mentioned. The inside of the back cover shows the inside of the house, fireplace, kettles, ladels, and oven. In an adjoining room can be seen two spinning wheels and a stand complete with candlestick and candle. The back cover has a carved border similar to the front.

The history carved in the book reads: Nantucket discovered in 1602 by Bartholomew Gosnold. Indian population fifteen hundred. 1641 Mayhew deeded the island to ten others for 30 pounds and two beaver hats. In 1653 Peter Folger moved to the island. His daughter Abiah married and became the mother of Benjamin Franklin. She was born there August 15, 1567. 1692 island became part of Massachusetts. 1772 Elihu Coleman house built, now owned by Elizabeth Hollister Frost. Chimney island clay and broken sea shells, and fireplace 17 feet at base, laid in second oldest house now. 1795 name of island changed from Sherbourne to Nantucket.

Mr. Paddock is a native of Nantucket hence many of his pictures are of that section and include the Old Mill, built in 1746 and still standing; Oldest House, built in 1686, named Jethro Coffin house, both owned by the Historical Association; Martins Lane, the narrowest street in Nantucket; North Church, Congregational; Coffin School; North Wharf; Easy street; Moore's End, a Colonial type house; Macy House, showing famous doorway; Abraham Quarry, last Nantucket Indian, who died in 1854; Cliff Road, showing two old style houses; South Beach, which shows boats and old fish houses; Old Sconset Pump; Fishing dory, landing through the surf; Shimo Valley; Sankaty Head Lighthouse; Steamboat Wharf; Union street; Wreck of Warren Sawyer, in two pictures.

Other pictures are Portland Head Light, Portland, Me.; Horse's Head; Testimonial Gateway; Mohawk Lake Hotel, at entrance to Mohawk, N. Y.; Morro Castle, Havana, Cuba; Paddock Coat of Arms; Dog's Head, a Cocker Spaniel; John Brown House, now home of Rhode Island Historical Society in Providence; Gloucester Fisherman.

The carving of Coat of arms is a new venture and Mr. Paddock plans to do more of these. His son, Karl, is assisting him by taking photographs. He has put into book form photographs of many of his carvings which he has completed himself, his hobby being photography.

Mr. Paddock is justly proud of his work and is happy if anyone is interested enough to want to see them.

AUGUST 21, 1948.

Two Pictures.

Mr. H. S. Wyer has on exhibition at his store two striking pictures, both illustrative of old Nantucket. One represents a lovely old lady—a typical Quaker grandmother—sitting by the open fireplace, with her knitting in her hand, her expression indicating peaceful thoughts. This picture, painted by Mr. A. H. Seaverns, is highly creditable to the artist. It is to be reproduced in a photogravure of the size of the original, and cannot fail to meet with general favor.

The second picture is an enlargement from a photograph taken in the early sixties, showing Straight wharf, with two whaleships, several coasters, and a glimpse of the town in the distance. This picture, being the only one in existence showing whaleships at our wharves, is of great historic interest.

Mr. A. H. Seaverns is painting a handsome sign for Mr. A. J. Swain's blacksmithing shop. On one side the proprietor is represented at his anvil engaged in general work, while the other shows him engaged in horse-shoeing.

Mr. A. H. Seaverns has completed the copy of the Town's seal for exhibition at the World's Fair, and has made a highly artistic work of it. His representation of a sperm whale is pronounced perfect by old whalers.

Last week we spoke of the proposed sale of the pictures of Mr. George N. Cass at Williams & Everett's galleries, Boston. The number included several sketches of attractive points of our island, which brought the following sums: "After the Storm, Nantucket," \$11; "Smith's Point," \$14; "Sankaty Head," \$35; "Beach," \$5; "On the Shore at Nantucket," \$12; "North Shore," \$15. The artist received many fine notices of his works from the Boston papers.

Painting Of Governor Bradford By Artist Of Nantucket Unveiled At The State House Executive Chambers

A painting of Governor Robert Bradford by Elmer W. Greene of Coffin Street, Nantucket was unveiled in the executive chambers of the Massachusetts State House in Boston this week.

The portrait of the Republican Governor who is being succeeded by Governor Paul A. Dever has been placed along side that of other former gubernatorial chiefs of the Commonwealth.

Portrait by the Nantucket artist shows Governor Bradford seated. It was begun by Mr. Greene in December and completed on New Year's Eve.

Mr. Greene and his wife, also an artist using the name of Catherine Shaw, have been exhibitors at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries here. He

is a graduate of the Massachusetts School of Art and the School of the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston. Mrs. Greene is also a portraitist, specializing in those of children.

Portrait of Governor Bradford is not the first of the state official by Mr. Greene. Two years ago he painted one of Secretary of State Frederick B. Cook who was swept out of office in the Democratic landslide last November.

Some of his other portrait subjects have been President John Sloan Dickey of Dartmouth College and Virgil van de Woude, former president of Shell Oil Company.

The Nantucket artist will do next a portrait of J. L. Hutcheson, president of the Peerless Woolen Mills of Rossville, Ga.

SKETCH OF NANTUCKET.—Mr. A. F. Poole has completed his bird's eye sketch of the town of Nantucket, also of Sconset and Sankaty, which we had the pleasure of examining yesterday. In details the artist has been strikingly particular, and has produced perfect pictures of the several stations of the island mentioned, defining the various residences in a manner which makes it easy to point them out. The sketch is in size about two feet long and one in width, and is in every way a credit to the artist. Mr. Poole will commence to-day a thorough canvass of the town, and it will depend upon the number of names obtained whether the sketch is published. He will remain here several days longer and all will have the opportunity to look at the sketch and subscribe for a copy. The price is very reasonable, and we believe a large number will avail themselves of the opportunity to procure one.

Hartford Paints of Nantucket.

We have seldom seen a more spirited conception of a hayfield and the haymakers engaged in active work than in a picture which is now on the easel of Mr. F. A. Hartford at his studio 376 Broadway. There is a bright, warm, summer sky, full of light and color, while the hay field, bathed in sunshine, shows toiling oxen and moving figures of men engaged in harvesting the hay crop. The picture is on quite a good sized canvas 40x60 inches, and is painted in a careful manner with due regard for detail. The figures, eleven in all, are pitching, raking and stowing the hay, and each form seems to move in an easy, natural way, that gives life and character to the scene. The field, the team, and the figures of the men, are studies from life and possess the charm of actual fact and truth in every detail. The painting, when finished, will be the property of Dr. J. S. Sanborn of Nantucket. Mr. Hartford has also a study in the window of Mr. Fielding on Dorchester street, of Sankaty lighthouse, Nantucket. This is painted from one of his studies made several years ago and shows how much can be done with a simple subject. The color of the clouds shows particularly a Nantucket sky, and the local coloring is warm and soft. No doubt many of the *Inquirer* readers will recognize the place, as it is a favorite summer resort.—*South Boston Inquirer*.

[Dr. Sanborn will display the picture of the Haymakers in some convenient place for all to see upon its arrival here.—Ed.]

MORCEAUX IN ART.—Ours is pre-eminent by a day of decorative painting. Choice reflections of local color are now seized and fixed by the acute artist, in a style as enduring as it is attractive. Our attention has been called during the week, to one of these morceaux in art, carefully executed by W. Ferdinand Macy, whose color studies rank high in genuine quality of tone and pleasing effects. His subject is a mantel with panels. It graces the spacious and elegant parlor of the new hotel recently erected by our veteran landlord Mowry, of the Springfield House. In the centre is a fine transcript of marine landscape—sunset on the ocean. The sky is luminous, and the turbid sea, bearing a single floating spar, is full of motion. A lone gull swoops down from the upper air, giving the whole a vivid effect. In harmony with this central picture, there are panels ornamented with our island grasses, and lilies, peacocks' feathers, the sentimental owl, and a lovely ideal of eventide, which the artist has prefigured in an agile female form with drapery, floating away from the golden crescent moon. When entirely completed, Mr. Macy's work will assuredly reflect enviable credit upon his fidelity to the subject which he has selected.

CRAYON.—Mr. Harry Platt exhibited to us, Wednesday, a crayon sketch of our late townsman, Capt. George Palmer, which in point of artistic merit takes high rank, and as a likeness is particularly striking. The details of finish are so nice as to give it at once the appearance of a fine steel engraving, with perhaps a little softer touch in the shading than such pictures usually present. The gentleman is to be congratulated upon the perfection attained in this portrait. He leaves us to-day for his home in Washington, D. C., and will carry several orders for portraits from our citizens.

Mrs. Stark's Hazleton Exhibit Well Received in Home Town.

In last week's issue of The Inquirer and Mirror we mentioned the fact that Mrs. Robert W. Stark was to hold a "one-man" exhibit at the Art League in Hazleton, Penn., this week. The Wilkesboro Record gave her exhibit a good review, which we are reprinting herewith.

Mrs. Robert Stark, of Nantucket, Mass., captures the seasonal atmosphere of the New England coast in her many seascapes, which help to comprise her one-woman exhibit, which opened with a preview and reception for Art League members and guests last night.

The exhibit of the artist, who formerly lived in this city, will open tonight to the public and will remain here until Friday. Gallery hours at the Art League, 225 East Broad Street, are 7 to 9 o'clock evenings.

The former Louise Wolfe, of Wilkes-Barre, she started painting about 10 years ago and considers herself essentially selftaught. She began art as a hobby and spent a brief period in study with Robert Brackman, the famous American artist.

She is married to Robert Stark, son of Frederic Stark, of Wilkes-Barre. For many years her father-in-law had a summer house at Conyngham Pass. She and her husband lived in Hazleton for several years.

Mrs. Stark's paintings have been on display in the Kenneth Taylor Gallery at Nantucket for three years, and the artist will have an exhibit there this summer.

She is the mother of three children, and her daughter is an artist in her own right, painting black and white horses in the style of Anderson.

In her paintings, "Surfcasters in Fog", loaned to the exhibit by Mrs. Winston Fowlkes, mist completely envelops two vague fishermen casting their lines into the gray ocean.

The white dunes of the sandy windswept shores dominate the painting, "Towards Great Point". The wild grass topping the dunes reflects the wind's motion.

The simplicity of the New Englander is captured in the portrait, "The Nantucketers". The face of the woman is sharp and clear and is accented by the plain lines of her dress. The community church and a home make up this painting's background.

Mrs. Stark creates a winter scene in her painting, "Pleasant Street". The snow is flying as a young girl walks up the sidewalk, and a house, in the manner of the old sea captain's abode, is situated on the corner.

'Angel' at Nantucket Finds Good Luck's the Thing

By MINNA LITTMANN
Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, July 26 — "I've been lucky all my life," volunteered George E. Vigouroux Jr. of Park Avenue, New York; Palm Beach, Fla., and Nantucket.

Mr. Vigouroux is an angel, a tall, tanned, handsome and enthusiastic Broadway angel. His luck in picking Broadway successes for financial backing was the special good fortune under discussion at the moment.

The sea lapped gently just a cigaret's throw from french doors of the two-story high living room of his Hulbert Avenue mansion. Cool salt air filled the room right up to the hand-hewn beams of its keel-shaped vaulted roof. Luck seemed an appropriate word in those surroundings.

Gives Instances

Mr. Vigouroux ticked off some instances.

"Tea and Sympathy," he said, "I liked it so well when they showed me the book that I interested Huntington Hartford, of the A and P Hartfords, and Miss Natalie Gates, a Nantucket Summer resident, and some other friends to go into it with me.

"The Member of the Wedding," you remember that one? It ran more than two years on Broadway, with Julie Harris. 'The Bad Seed'? I got a group of friends together on that, to take 10 percent. 'The King of Hearts'—Bob Hope made a film of that.

"My latest project is a play called 'Comes a Day' by a new writer, Speed Lamkin. It's being produced by Cheryl Crawford and Alan Pakula and will star Judith Anderson.

"Here," he said indicating a well-thumbed copy of "Laurette" by famed actress Laurette Taylor's daughter, Marguerite Courtney, "is something I'm very much interested in. Stanley Young, who's coming to Nantucket this Summer, is going to dramatize it. I think it will be a natural."

Always Loved Theater

Conversation made it clear that Mr. Vigouroux arrived at his status of angel in part by having loved the theater since he could remember and having been prevented by fate from being an actor.

He managed to get himself cast, in his younger years, in small parts in seven plays which apparently had everything except what it takes. They all flopped. He tried once again, some years later, finding the acting virus was still active in his system. Again the play was a flop—not his fault, because his part was too small for that.

The flops apparently are not rated bad luck by Mr. Vigouroux as he looks back on them, possibly because they taught him much



—Bill Haddon Photo

RESEMBLANCE COINCIDENTAL?—No, it isn't. Genial George E. Vigouroux Jr., Nantucket Summer resident and Broadway "angel," commissioned artist Don Gifford to paint him as a one-armed sea captain, looking "as mean as possible." A lover of painting as well as the theater, he, himself, has begun painting as a hobby. He is currently making a series of Nantucket shipwreck pictures from old drawings and photographs.

about what the public doesn't want. They also helped enlarge his wide acquaintance with actors and producers, among whom he has numerous friends today.

Bea Lillie has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Vigouroux twice at Blue Waters. Helen Hayes has graced it with her presence; and there have been many others.

Shirley Booth Was Guest

It is at Palm Beach, however, that Mr. Vigouroux and the stage celebrities in his circle see most of each other. He has been chairman of the subscription committee of the Palm Beach playhouse. Now housed in a new \$1,000,000 playhouse called the Royal Poinciana, it has had great success, he observed, with Winter stock.

He and Mrs. Vigouroux entertain extensively in Palm Beach for stars who play there—he mentioned Shirley Booth as one of those for whom they have given parties.

As to the financial resources back of his angel status, Mr. Vigouroux was not specific. However, his wife of 18 years is the former Ethel Keith Albee. Her

make another Nijinsky of him. He has the talent."

The family, however, had no wish to see their George become another Nijinsky. They humored his early stage aspirations, nonetheless. He danced in musical comedies.

Covered with gold paint, he danced the Nijinsky role of the slave boy in "Sheherazade."

He danced for a season in the corps de ballet of the Metropolitan Opera.

Persuaded by his family that he should seek a more substantial means of livelihood, Mr. Vigouroux became a publisher, with the aid and advice of his father, who knew the field.

"Sometimes I'm sure I am a promoter at heart," said the high-spirited New Yorker. He was recalling ideas by which he kept Westchester Home Life, a monthly magazine concentrating on Westchester County, bubbling for 15 years, with a circulation that exceeded 25,000.

Longed for Stage

Interviewing many theatrical persons during his years as a publisher, and otherwise maintaining contacts with Broadway, Mr. Vigouroux found himself still longing for the world of grease paint and footlights. He resolved to try once more to become a part of it. He studied under Frances Robinson Duff, who coached Katherine Hepburn, Clark Gable and Norma Shearer.

Hopefully, he obtained a part in "Farewell Summer," which was to star Lois Wilson.

Critics said hail and farewell to "Farewell Summer" in the same breath. And Mr. Vigouroux said a permanent—he believes—farewell to hopes of becoming an actor.

During World War II Mr. Vigouroux turned over his yacht to the U. S. Government and served as a chief boat's mate in the Coast Guard.

Has Own Tennis Court

A tennis enthusiast, he has his own tennis court just outside his door at Nantucket. He persuaded the Edgartown and Nantucket Yacht Clubs to hold annual tennis matches.

He has known Nantucket since his late teens, when he spent two Summers at the Coffin farm in 'Sconset and commuted by bicycle between the beach and the Nantucket Atheneum, where he was reading up on his favorite personalities. Years later, he introduced Mrs. Vigouroux to the island and she, too, became an enthusiast.

Studied Dancing

When other little boys were rebelling against dancing school, George Vigouroux was eagerly commuting from his native New Rochelle, N. Y., to New York, to study dancing under Alexis Kosloff. Another Kosloff pupil at the time was Marilyn Miller.

"Giff me the boy," Kosloff offered George's parents, "and I will

May 7, 1955

1958

82

Mrs. Charles E. Congdon.

Mrs. Anne (Ramsdell) Congdon died at her home on Orange Street Saturday evening, January 18, after a long illness. Mrs. Congdon was the widow of Dr. Charles E. Congdon, of Nantucket, who was a well known surgeon in Nashua, N. H., until his retirement in 1930. Dr. and Mrs. Congdon became permanent residents of Nantucket in that year.

Mrs. Congdon was born in Nashua, N. H., on December 8, 1873, the daughter of former Governor George A. Ramsdell of New Hampshire and Eliza (Wilson) Ramsdell. She was a well-known landscape artist and studied in private schools in the United States and in Europe. Her paintings have been exhibited in Nashua, Lowell, Manchester, and here in Nantucket.

She was one of the founders of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital Thrift Shop, to which she devoted many hours of faithful service until 1955 when her health caused her to give up active work with the group. For 25 years she was in charge of the antiques and books divisions of the Thrift Shop. She was for many years an active and very interested member of the Artists Association of Nantucket. She was a member of the Unitarian Church, of the Unitarian Alliance and the Sewing Society, of the Nantucket Historical Association, and of the American Legion Auxiliary, and was formerly a trustee of the Old People's Home Association of Nantucket. For many years she was a trustee of the Nashua Public Library.

Mrs. Congdon is survived by two sons, Robert D. Congdon, of Nantucket, and Allen R. Congdon, of Bronxville, N. Y., and by three grandchildren, Miss Catherine Congdon and Richard Congdon, of Nantucket, and Miss Jane Congdon of Bronxville.

Private funeral services were conducted Tuesday afternoon from her late residence, the Rev. James S. Hammond, Minister of the Unitarian Church officiating. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

Richard C. Beer, Island Artist, Dies at Cottage Hospital

Richard C. Beer, one of Nantucket's most talented and best loved artists, died at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital early Thursday morning. He was stricken with a paralyzing shock Wednesday morning at the Wharfhead Studio, his home on Old North Wharf, and was taken to the hospital shortly afterward.

Mr. Beer was born in Yonkers, N. Y., on October 8, 1893, the son of the late William C. and Martha Anne Alice (Baldwin) Beer. He graduated from Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., following which he served in the Consular Service of the United States for 10 years. During this time he represented the United States in Budapest, Hungary; in England, Havana, Cuba, and in Canada.

He first came to Nantucket in 1896 when his family spent the summer in Siasconset and, since that time, missed summering here only while he was in the Consular Service. In January, 1933, he married Miss Doris Riker, who survives him, and who is also a well-known watercolor artist. They purchased the building on Old North Wharf which became their studio and home in 1940. With the exception of four winters, which they have spent here on the island, Mr. and Mrs. Beer spent the winter months in New Orleans, La., Florida, Arizona, or in New Hope, Pa.

Mr. Beer was a writer as well as an artist and contributed frequently to the "Saturday Evening Post" and to "Liberty" magazine. He was a staff writer for "Country Life" and "Art News." Several Nantucket articles written by him have appeared in "Yankee" magazine and his most recent one, about "Whale-oil Bus," an old Nantucket character, is scheduled for publication soon in that magazine.

He was a member of the Artists Association of Nantucket and of the Wharf Rat Club.



Richard C. Beer, Island Artist,
Dies at Cottage Hospital

(Continued from Page One)

In addition to his wife, Mr. Beer is survived by a daughter by a previous marriage, Miss Gloria Beer, of Guadalajara, Mexico, and by a sister, Miss Alice Beer, curator of the Cooper Union Museum in New York.

Jan 15, 1958

Mar 2, 1959

FINE ARTS.

The number of articles in this department was larger than usual, and the paintings were of a higher order of excellence.

Wendell Macy had a variety of paintings from his studio, some of which possessed great merit, and all of which were really beautiful. His painting of taking kelp from the sea-shore, was true to the life, and oxen, driver, and the man with shoulder at the wheel, were life-like portraits; aunt Dinah feeding her fowl, was good; the picture of the W. F. Marshall, as she lay on the beach at Mioxes, the head of the horse and the fancy pictures all had their fine points. The crayon portrait was excellent. Eliza M. Hussey had a crayon figured vase, which was a fine specimen of workmanship.

Mrs. Fannie S. Macy had some very prettily painted panel decorations, the work done on panels taken from some of our old buildings and decorated in a style showing a rare genius in Mrs. Macy for work of the kind.

One of the finest things on exhibition was the work of Mr. Roland B. Hussey, in his exhibition of plain and fancy printing. On a large frame with a black background were tastefully arranged his specimens of card and letter-press printing. At the top of the frame was a large cow, having on her side a placard "twenty-second annual cattle show," and in a ring through the nose this placard: "Specimens of plain and fancy printing, done at the *Inquirer and Mirror* office, by R. B. Hussey. This piece attracted a great deal of attention, and was the cause of much amusement.

A painting was on exhibition by Mrs. William T. Swain, drawn by Philip Swain. It represented a watermelon on a table cut in two, and the knife inserted to cut it longitudinally, and also a bottle and goblet. It was very good.

Mr. M. V. Reynolds exhibited a copy of the celebrated painting of "Doodle," by Willard, of Cleveland, Ohio, the original of which was on exhibition at the Centennial building at Philadelphia, last year, and was purchased for \$20,000. It represents the old man, leading on, beating his drum, the young man at his side playing his fife, and the drummer-boy on the other side with his look riveted on the face of the old man. The expression of the faces is a study for an artist. Space forbids our mentioning it at length, but it was by far the finest and most expressive picture in the hall.

Benjamin G. Tobey had several local paintings on exhibition, the largest of which was a view taken at Weweeder, showing the fisherman there fishing for bluefish from the shore, the surf on the beach, the dories on the bank and the life-saving station in the distance. Another represents Capt. Burgess baiting his trawls, and two others are fancy sketches. This is Mr. Tobey's second appearance with his pictures at these exhibitions, and he even excels his efforts last year. He is getting to be an artist of merit.

A crayon of Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, was on exhibition by Mr. James W. Folger, who this year has stepped out of the field of carving to enter that of painting.

Miss Emma L. Nickerson had on exhibition a very fine oil painting representing water lilies.

A lithograph of steamer "Nevada" was on exhibition by Mrs. Mary N. Swain.

A picture of a calla, painted by Miss Nellie Starbuck, was on exhibition; it was very beautiful.

At the fine art rooms of W. Ferdinand Macy, on Orange street, may be seen a large panel upon which the artist, Mr. Macy, has painted in life-size a cluster of hollyhocks. In color they are exquisite, and the drawing of the leaves is executed with a rare fidelity to these nodding denizens of garden nooks. Look in as you pass.

WHALING SCENE.—Another whaling scene, in wood, has just been completed by Mr. William H. Chase, 2d, and is the best that we have ever seen. The new piece excels in every respect the one made by Mr. Chase last summer, inasmuch as it is larger and gives the looker-on an excellent idea of how the whale is pursued and captured. It covers a surface of about five feet long by two in width. Four boats fully manned and equipped, are presented. One of them, under sail, is pursuing a whale; a second boat is fast; the third one has been seized in the jaws of a leviathan, and the occupants and gear are scattered promiscuously over the water; the fourth is represented as coming to the aid of the unfortunate crew. On the right of the scene a whale has succumbed to the irons and turned up; and nearer the centre one of the school is sounding. The whole is pronounced by those who should know to be a very truthful representation of real whaling, and is a piece of workmanship which reflects credit on the young mechanic, who may justly feel proud of it. It will be on exhibition at Wendell's Hall, this evening, the admission price being set at five cents.

PAINTINGS.—Mr. Benjamin G. Tobey is at work on a couple of paintings of the two wrecks at the South side of the island, as they now appear, which are really worthy of notice. Although Mr. Tobey makes no great pretensions as an artist, yet he certainly displays fine taste in the work he is engaged in, which, when completed, will compare favorably with that of artists of longer experience. He has also in his studio some very attractive small paintings, which he has completed during the past few months.

A NEW BEDFORD SENSATION.—An associated press dispatch to the daily press says that considerable excitement was occasioned in New Bedford Monday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, by W. Ferdinand Macy, a well-known artist, who threw open the window of his studio, in the second story of Masonic Building, and leaped out. He landed on the awning of Briggs & Lawrence's furniture store. This split under him, and he fell to the sidewalk. The awning broke his fall, and he was not seriously injured. A crowd gathered, and in response to questions he said he jumped to save his life. His clothes were badly torn and his face bruised and bloody. He was in his studio attending to his business, when Alexander Cumming, brother of Arthur Cumming, teacher of drawing in the public schools, came in and accused him of calling him (Alexander) and his brother liars and cowards. Mr. Macy said that what trouble he had was with Arthur, and he had made an apology for what he said to him. Alexander then struck Mr. Macy, knocked him down and then dragged him around the room by his collar and kicked and otherwise maltreated him. Mr. Macy stood no chance of defending himself from his assailant, who was a very powerful man, and as he could not escape by the door, when he broke away he jumped from the window. After reaching the sidewalk Mr. Macy went to a drug store and had his wounds dressed, and then swore out a warrant against Cumming, who was summoned to the Police Office and allowed to go upon his promise to appear in the District Court next day, which he did, pleading guilty to the charge of assaulting Mr. Macy, who went into the court room for the purpose of withdrawing the charge, as matters had been satisfactorily settled, and Cumming was fined one cent and costs.

For the *Inquirer and Mirror*.

Fine Art Exhibition in Wendell's Hall.

Messrs. Editors:—The late Hon. George S. Hillard, while a visitor to our island a few years ago, told me that in all his travels, no scenery reminded him so much of the moorlands of Scotland, as the wild commons lying between the queer little village of Sconset and Sankaty Head. I thought of his words, while studying the charming oil painting on exhibition in Wendell's Hall, during the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday last. The artist, Mr. W. Ferdinand Macy, doubtless caught Mr. Hillard's inspiration, and has put upon a large canvas, the autumn glories which haunt the pleasing pasture-lands mid-way between Siasconset and the bluff at Sankaty.

With rare fidelity Mr. Macy has transferred the rich scarlet and purple tints of the breezy hills, and flecked the foreground with the sweetest of lights and shadows. There is the characteristic sheep, vigorously drawn, and his companions beyond; a view of the distant lighthouse, and the ocean breaking along the beach. An October sky, luminous, and full of motion, attracts the eye; while downward, across the bold outline of the shadowed bluff, and over the vale below, is the delightful charm of the picture to me—I mean the soft autumnal haze with which Nature always veils the land and sea, as she lingers admiringly between the roseate blush of summer, and the white of approaching winter. This fine picture is but one more evidence of the brilliant subjects which Nantucket presents to the eye of the enlightened artist.

A. E. J.

AN ARTIST'S RETREAT.—Nantucket seems to be the delight of artists from abroad this summer. They will doubtless find many a nook and corner queer enough for their delicate brushes. Among these art-students, we mention Mr. W. Ferdinand Macy, whose studio may be found upon what is familiarly called the North Shore hill. Like Leigh Hunt, he has transformed the old building he occupies, literally hanging its walls (?) with a trellis of roses, and other adornments quaint and curious. Mr. Macy is doing good work, is a devoted artist, having learned "the secret of art, which is to study nature with earnestness and enthusiasm, and to draw things as they look to the observer."

ART GALLERY.—A painting called "A Studio from Titian," by Mr. George Flagg, is on exhibition at the art store, 27 Federal street. The color is specially rich and Venetian. There is also a fine landscape by Mr. B. G. Tobey, called "Over the Creeks." A special feature of this unique little gallery is a number of rough sketches by various artists, for sale at very moderate prices. This brings what is often the best work of the artists within reach of all.

"OFF SANKATY HEAD" is the title of an oil study by Dr. Arthur E. Jenks, which has been accepted by the committee of the Rochester, N. Y., Art Club for their public exhibition, which opens in that city May 29th. The painting, which has been much admired, was contributed by invitation of Rev. J. Hogarth Dennis, of St. James Church, Rochester, himself a fine artist, and one of the accepting committee.

84

**Richard C. Beer, Island Artist,
Dies at Cottage Hospital**

Richard C. Beer, one of Nantucket's most talented and best loved artists, died at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital early Thursday morning. He was stricken with a paralyzing shock Wednesday morning at the Wharfhead Studio, his home on Old North Wharf, and was taken to the hospital shortly afterward.

Mr. Beer was born in Yonkers, N. Y., on October 8, 1893, the son of the late William C. and Martha Anne Alice (Baldwin) Beer. He graduated from Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., following which he served in the Consular Service of the United States for 10 years. During this time he represented the United States in Budapest, Hungary; in England, Havana, Cuba, and in Canada.

He first came to Nantucket in 1896 when his family spent the summer in Siasconset and, since that time, missed summering here only while he was in the Consular Service. In January, 1933, he married Miss Doris Riker, who survives him, and who is also a well-known watercolor artist. They purchased the building on Old North Wharf which became their studio and home in 1940. With the exception of four winters, which they have spent here on the island, Mr. and Mrs. Beer spent the winter months in New Orleans, La., Florida, Arizona, or in New Hope, Pa.

Mr. Beer was a writer as well as an artist and contributed frequently to the "Saturday Evening Post" and to "Liberty" magazine. He was a staff writer for "Country Life" and "Art News." Several Nantucket articles written by him have appeared in "Yankee" magazine and his most recent one, about "Whale-oil Bus," an old Nantucket character, is scheduled for publication soon in that magazine.



**Richard C. Beer, Island Artist,
Dies at Cottage Hospital**

(Continued from Page One)

In addition to his wife, Mr. Beer is survived by a daughter by a previous marriage, Miss Gloria Beer, of Guadalajara, Mexico, and by a sister, Miss Alice Beer, curator of the Cooper Union Museum in New York.

May 5, 1959

Old Whalers' Wharf Now Center

for Pencil Prints, Lithographs, Portraits

By Carol Biba

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

Mailing post cards back home while on a vacation trip is part of the fun of being away, especially if the cards authentically represent the vacation scene. To the delight of the many thousands of summer visitors to Nantucket, the little island off the coast of Massachusetts, such post cards are found in Ruth Haviland Sutton's delicately drawn pencil prints which have been reproduced for greeting cards.

Miss Sutton, a New England artist noted for her thoughtfully executed lithographs and who now lives in Nantucket the year round, came into the greeting card business at the suggestion of another Nantucket resident by whom she was commissioned several years ago to do a black-and-white drawing of Stone Alley, one of the island's famous lanes. After the drawing had been completed, the owner suggested to her that she draw some Nantucket scenes that could be made into post cards to be sold in the local shops.

Miss Sutton began in a small way, reproducing four or five Nantucket points of interest on a

few cards. Now the Pencil Prints, as they have come to be known, occupy a building which was the storehouse of a candle factory in Nantucket's whaling days, where the cards are packaged and shipped to off-island shops.

Pencil Prints are only one of Nantucket subjects, for, following her success with these, Miss Sutton has added other vacation places to her collection. Now Pencil Prints of Boston, Salem, Marblehead, Cape Cod, and Martha's Vineyard as well as those of New York City, Williamsburg, and Florida are available in shops all along the Atlantic Coast.

Starts Wharf Project

Pencil prints are only one of Miss Sutton's summer interests. Several years ago she bought a parcel of land on Commercial Wharf, no longer in use for the fishing industry, and has established a picturesque colony of summer houses for artists and writers. Nine studios are in the group which directly overlook Nantucket Harbor. Near the water's edge is the old candle factory, now turned into three studios, the warehouse and Miss Sutton's studio, "The Scallop," where she spends many hours drawing and painting.

Summer visitors who call on her are privileged to see a one-man show of lithographs and oils which are hung attractively on the board walls of the house. The Scallop was made from two fishermen's houses moved up from a coastal point along the island and the front porch which looks out onto the water was part of a railroad station from the now-abandoned Sconset railway.



Ruth Haviland Sutton shown in her wharf studio, "The Scallop," at Nantucket, on the occasion of the painting of one of her most appealing

child portraits, Jane Silva.

Silva

Artist Beloved for Her Nantucket Subjects Dabbles in Picturesque Island Real Estate

Nantucket Work Popular

Another studio appropriately named "The Cranberry" was moved to the wharf from an old cranberry bog. Still another fisherman's shack was moved from a far-off point on the island and is now called "The Hermit Crab."

From childhood, which was spent in Springfield, Massachusetts, Miss Sutton was interested in sketching houses and trees and this has led to her special skill of drawing architectural subjects.

She approaches a subject painstakingly and is careful to record every detail. Her lithograph of the historic Nantucket Doorways on Main Street has attracted nationwide attention and the winter drawing of the houses of the whaling captains on Orange Street has been purchased by a gallery in Sweden. Another of the same street was hung in an international French exhibition held in Paris last year.

Stone Alley, sketched by many artists, has been particularly fascinating as a subject to Miss Sutton, not only because it meant the start of her Pencil Prints, but also because it was chosen from a group of her lithographs exhibited at the art museum of the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh for purchase by the museum. Several years ago this lithograph was reproduced on the Home Forum page of The Christian Science Monitor.

Occasionally Miss Sutton leaves the island in the summer to do a drawing of a house or paint a portrait. The first holiday she has taken from her work since she

came to Nantucket to live was a three-month trip to Guatemala in the winter which turned into a bus-man's holiday for she spent most of her time drawing with colored pencils and pen and ink.

Talent Is Recognized

Miss Sutton was educated in Springfield, Massachusetts, attended the Hollywood School for Girls, and studied at the Grand Central School of Art and the Art Student's League in New York. She has had one-man shows in Springfield and Boston, as well as at the Kenneth Taylor Gallery in Nantucket.

Miss Sutton likes doing the Pencil Prints along with her lithographs and portraits. The adventure of going to unknown cities and towns has brought pleasant incidents and many friendships, she says, and she hopes that her prints have made happy vacation memories for the many persons who see her greeting cards.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR,

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1949

Nantucket Artist 'Lived in Suitcases' 15 Years, Now Has House and Studios

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Sept. 24—Somewhat back from the curve of Nantucket's South Beach at the town end of the crescent is the studio of Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, Island lithographer, portrait and landscape artist. Here, during the long Summer days, she greets her public with disarming hospitality, willingly exhibiting lithographs, portraits and note sheets illustrated with pencil sketches of a dozen well-known resorts and cities.

But when the gray of Winter and the brisk chill breeze from the north browns the beach grass around her scallop shanty, Miss Sutton moves her painting materials, canvasses, lithograph stones and herself into Harbor View, a three-story, solidly-constructed candle warehouse built about 1820 which lingers into the present as a pleasant dwelling.

Miss Sutton enjoys telling the story of her candle warehouse for as she said, "More or less, this house and the three studios surrounding it landed in my lap. I did not seek them out. However, now that I have it, after almost 15 years of living in suit cases I at last have a real home—a place to drop a permanent anchor and really live."

Belonged to Island Company

According to Miss Sutton, the Island Service Company wished to make an immediate sale of the property on Commercial Wharf when its owner, Mrs. Henry Lang, died in 1913. Mrs. Lang formerly owner of the Island Service and of the property, had begun sometime between 1920 and the year of her death to remodel the original "oil shed," a brick structure with a round roof; the warehouse which had progressed through slaughterhouse and tenement to its present status as a pleasant dwelling, and the scalloping shanties into homes and studios.

The warehouse, now called "Harbor View," was laid out into rooms and apartments, the lower floor of which has now become Miss Sutton's Winter home. The scalloping shacks fringing the nearby beach were made habitable by grouping two or three together. These are now The Scallop, Miss Sutton's own retreat; Wateredge, The Cranberry, Hermit Crab and Candle House.

Under the present owner's scrupulous care, the interiors of the old buildings have been equipped with modern conveniences and thoughtfully and attractively redecorated. Today's artist colony, lapped by the blue waters of the harbor, has become a private, pleasant refuge. It has a withdrawn quality welcome to the creators who live so quietly within.

Miss Sutton glanced around her own fishing shanty and sighed a little. "It is of course a responsibility to be in charge of so much. I never knew anything about practical details such as plumbing, beds, mattresses and heating. There are still many things I want to do and many places I want to go, yet in a way I am tied by my houses. I love them—and this Winter in my reorganized apartment I shall be able to close the door of my Winter studio and work uninterrupted."



RUTH HAVILAND SUTTON

Wintered on Nantucket

Miss Sutton has spent other Winters on the Island, especially the war years when she took as active a part in the community effort as time and strength would allow. However this season, she added she hopes to accomplish a great deal of personal work.

Among several projects outlined for the approaching brisk days, she plans to add to her pencil sketches of Martha's Vineyard. Approximately 13 of these are already completed in the note sheet form. Among them are drawings of Edgartown, Menemasha, the Edgartown Yacht Club, the old Corbin house at Oak Bluffs, the Tiasquin River with the ancient Mayhew house in the background and others. She expects to finish six more for she finds there is considerable demand for the delicately executed notes.

At the same time she looks forward to making further lithographs of Martha's Vineyard. While she awaits the stone expected shortly from New York, she is happy to show those already finished. Of these, the most pleasing to the writer personally was one of the Chinese pagoda tree, brought back over a hundred years by a whaling captain and still standing in Edgartown. In the picture thick, blue-black shadows of the tree cast curious patterns on the houses nearby, but in the background seen standing firm and clear in the direct sunlight is a square, finely constructed building dating from early whaling days. The depth and quality of the lithograph is strengthened by the natural contrast.

Miss Sutton's eyes lighted with new enthusiasm when she talked of other Winter plans. She looks forward to certain experimental work in fields of art still untried by her. She smiled again as she said, "You know, when I was studying with Harvey Dunn he told me something I have never forgotten. He said to keep to myself any painting ideas or projects for once shared they ceased to be an extension of the artist. They became everyone's property." Therefore, of these secret projects she would speak but little, except to say that they would deal with Nantucket material carefully gathered during the Summer.

Native of Springfield

A native of Springfield, Miss Sutton's position in art is established. All through her student days, she explained, at the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art and at the Grand Central School of Art and the Art Students League in New York, she knew what she wanted: To work on landscapes and portraits. To further those ends, she took private lessons from Frank Chase, Nantucket landscapist; worked on portraits with Henry B. Snell and Jerry Farnsworth, and studied with George C. Miller, a prominent U. S. lithographer.

Among the many exciting commissions she has received, two have been outstanding. In 1934, the Springfield Public Works Administration asked her to do an astronomical painting for the City's Museum of Natural History. The painting, permanently housed in the museum, measures 8 by 11 feet and is titled "A Window Into the Universe." Imagining herself on the moon's orbit, she viewed the Arcturus at the top of the canvas to the Southern Cross at the bottom. Miss Sutton, in discussing the remarkable oil, added proudly, "The moon crossing through the heavens actually has sparkle and movement."

Then, referring back to the other unexpected commission, she spoke of Robert C. Saltmarsh of Hutchinson's Bookstore in New Bedford. In 1945, he invited her to do a series of pencil sketches of that city. While working on the new series she was a guest of the Saltmarsh's. In all, about 10 of these excellent drawings have appeared, proving popular wherever they are sold.

The artist chuckled when she spoke of trying to get a view of Johnny Cake Hill one warm Sunday morning while Mr. and Mrs. Saltmarsh were at church. Flat on her stomach in the family station wagon, parked at the foot of the hill, Miss Sutton sketched all that long morning. The result, attained under personal difficulties, is a charming, slightly foreshortened view straight up the hill.

Lithographs Exhibited Here

At the book party given by Mr. Saltmarsh in his store to celebrate the publication of Nantucket's Dr. Will Gardner's "Three Bricks and Three Brothers," Miss Sutton's lithographs were exhibited as a special feature.

A year ago, Miss Sutton stated briefly her own art philosophy—which again this Winter she will project into reality. She said, "Art manifests itself in many varying degrees of ability. It should have a practical expression as well as give pleasure to others and creative satisfaction to the artist."



This sketch of Johnny Cake Hill is one of 10 scenes of Greater New Bedford done by Miss Sutton at the request of Robert C. Saltmarsh, owner of H. S. Hutchinson and Company.

Sept. 25, 1949

Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton

Funeral services were held at 2:30 last Sunday afternoon at St. Paul's Church in Nantucket for the late Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, one of Nantucket's most famous artists, who was found dead in her home last Friday morning, November 25. The Reverend Bradford Johnson officiated at the service, which was attended by many of Miss Sutton's friends.

Miss Sutton had spent a quiet Thanksgiving Day, having entertained at dinner a friend who had remained with her during the afternoon, leaving her in apparently good spirits about five o'clock. It is believed that, sometime during the evening, she rose from her chair in the living room, reaching for her walker, upon which she depended, and fell. She was found sitting on the kitchen floor shortly after 8:30 the next morning, the house filled with gas from the open gas jets on her kitchen stove, by Ernest Whelden who was called from the Dryshoal Cleaners by Mrs. Jean Reis, her housekeeper. Mrs. Reis had attempted to enter the house when she detected the smell of gas and called Mr. Whelden, who, in turn, notified the police.

Miss Sutton had been a year-round resident of Nantucket for about 20 years. She was a talented artist and one of those very few whose talents included the delicate art of lithography, oil paintings, and pencil drawings as well as watercolors. As a portrait artist she had painted many famous people throughout the United States as well as here in Nantucket.

Both her water colors and her oil paintings, as well as her prints, have been purchased for permanent collections in Carnegie Institute, the Library of Congress, the Ashton Collection in Springfield, Mass., the Art Institute of New Britain, Conn., and the Kenneth Taylor Galleries of Nantucket. A group of her prints was selected for presentation to members of the Newcomen Society of England. She exhibited annually in the Nantucket Sidewalk Art Show, of which she was a committee member for many years, and at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, in addition to maintaining a permanent exhibition at her own studio, The Candle House Studio, on Commercial Wharf.

One of Miss Sutton's most ambitious undertakings was a large, softly-colored print presented to the public early in the summer of 1959, as her contribution to the island's 300th Birthday celebration. This was "a composite architectural arrangement of historical items of Nantucket . . . the result of long and affectionate acquaintance," as described by Miss Sutton herself. Her beautifully executed map of Nantucket has long been a favorite with residents and visitors alike.

Ruth Haviland Sutton was born in Springfield, Mass., on September 10, 1898. Her father was George Haviland Sutton, an outstandingly successful insurance man with Mutual Life of New York, of which he was the agent for western Massachusetts. At one time he was a representative of the Springfield Board of Trade. Her mother was the former Nellie Grace Abbe, of Warehouse Point, Conn.

She attended school in Springfield and a boarding school in Hollywood, Calif., and studied art in Florida, Booth Bay Harbor, Maine, in Mexico, and with the late Frank Swift Chase here in Nantucket for four summers. She first came to Nantucket in the summer months of the late 1920's with her mother and, in 1936, occupied the "Scallop" studio on Commercial Wharf. It was in that year she began her series of now famous cards, the Pencil Print Notes of Nantucket scenes which she later extended to include Florida, Williamsburg, Va., and Martha's Vineyard as well as other places along the Atlantic Coast.

In 1943, following the death of Mrs. Henry Lang, Miss Sutton purchased the group of studios on Commercial Wharf, enlarging the group by the addition, and renovation of, two small buildings formerly a part of the Nantucket Cranberry Company. Her studios have, through the succeeding years, been the summer homes of many members of Nantucket's artist colony. Nine years ago she remodeled the old Candle House, at the corner of Commercial Wharf, making an attractive home with the adjoining studio, where she has lived ever since.

Until the unfortunate accident three years ago when she fell and broke a hip, confining her to her home, Miss Sutton took an active part in the community life of Nantucket. She traveled to Florida, Mexico, and to South America, returning from each trip with a wealth of material

which she transferred to paper or canvas in glowing colors.

She was one of the first 500 women artists commissioned under the Civil Works Administration and painted two large panels for the Hall of Astronomy in the Museum of Natural History in Springfield. Among her awards were a first prize in the Springfield Art League for a member under 35 years and a first prize for a landscape in the National Exhibition in Boston of the Associated Junior Leagues of America. She spent two winters in St. Paul, Minn., where she had received many commissions for portraits.

She was a member of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, DAR, the Artists' Association of Nantucket, and the Nantucket Historical Association. She was a member of the Historical Association's Publications Committee and a frequent contributor to the Association's quarterly publication, "Historic Nantucket." Reproductions of several of her lithographs have been used many times on the cover of the quarterly.

Following her expressed desire, Miss Sutton's remains are to be cremated.

The only survivors are cousins, Mr. and Mrs. David Brainard and family, of Thompsonville, Conn.



RUTH H. SUTTON

Funeral Set For Artist

Nantucket Woman Believed Suicide

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Nov. 26—Funeral services will be held at 2:30 tomorrow afternoon at St. Paul's Episcopal Church for Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, 62, who was found dead on the kitchen floor of her gas-filled home on Washington Street yesterday morning.

The Rev. Bradford Johnson will officiate at the services. The body is to be cremated.

Miss Sutton's body was discovered after Mrs. William Reis, who did house-cleaning work for her, found the house full of gas when she reported for work. She called Ernest Whelden from the nearby Dryshoal Cleaning plant, and Mr. Whelden entered the house. When he found Miss Sutton on the floor, he notified police.

Associate Medical Examiner George A. Folger has not given his official findings as to the cause of death as yet, but Police Chief Wendell H. Howes said that five unlighted burners on the gas stove were open, which would indicate that Miss Sutton had taken her own life.

About three years ago, Miss Sutton suffered a bad fall at her home and broke her hip. Since then she has been confined to the use of crutches and a wheelchair. She was alone in the house over the Thanksgiving holiday.

Miss Sutton was one of the first women artists commissioned to make paintings under the Civil Works Administration and painted two large panels for the Hall of Astronomy in the Museum of Natural History in Springfield. She has done drawings from Florida to Williamsburg and from New York City to New England coast towns and had them published as correspondent's cards known as "pencil print notes."

She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Artists' Association of Nantucket, and the Nantucket Historical Association. She is survived only by distant relatives, Mr. and Mrs. David Brainard and family of Thompsonville, Conn.

Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton Found Dead This Morning

As we go to press we have heard the sad news of the death of Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, well-known artist and lithographer, by gas asphyxiation. Miss Sutton was found lying on the floor of her kitchen at her studio-home on Washington Street this morning.

Mrs. William Reis, of Pleasant Street, went to the house to do cleaning work and smelled gas as she opened the front door. She immediately called Ernest Whelden at the Dryshoal Cleaners for assistance. He called the police and notified them the house was full of gas.

Police Chief Wendell H. Howes said he received Mr. Whelden's call at 8:30 a.m., and sent Patrolman Herbert Cole to the house. He also called Freeman King of the Gas and Electric Co. to shut off the gas, and summoned Dr. Wylie L. Collins, as Dr. George A. Folger, associate medical examiner, was at the hospital in the operating room.

Nov. 25, 1960

Dec. 2, 1960

Nov. 26, 1960

88



Ruth Sutton Enjoys Life on Nantucket.

Jean O'Connell, under the heading "Let's Talk Shoppe" in a recent issue of the Springfield, Mass., paper, has the following sketch of Miss Ruth Sutton, the well-known local artist:

Summertime browsers can follow a full schedule on the island this season, poking through the profusion of shops which have been flung wide open. Along Petticoat Row, and all the other main streets of this quaint spot which has attracted some 20,000 persons for the current holiday, veteran shopkeepers and newcomers in the business field are displaying a wide variety of enticing articles.

Discovery of old friends among the shopping throngs is one of the added joys of a Nantucket vacation. In our case the discovery turned out to be Ruth Haviland Sutton, a friend of many in Springfield, and known widely as an artist residing in the city not so long ago. But that's a story all by itself.

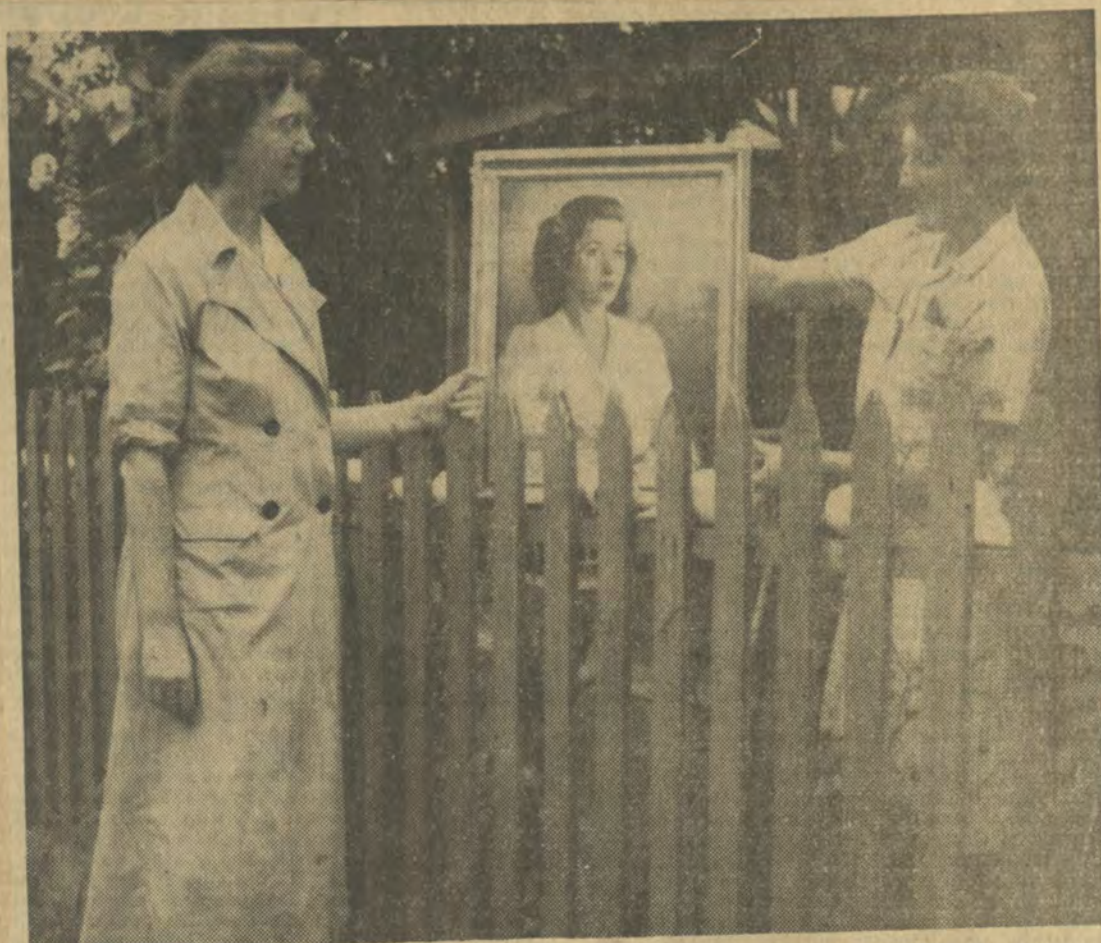
Shell jewelry appears to be headlining the parade of wares laid out for the wandering tourist. Earrings, pins, combs to ornament the hair, and other feminine trinkets are all made of tiny bits of shells which may or may not be painted. One eyecatcher is a pansy set including pin and earrings carried out in genuine purple and yellow shades. Despite its size (most of the shell items are very dainty) the flower has all the earmarks of the real thing. Most of the shell jewelry is made here on the island.

Shops are more crowded this season than last year, and they have more goods for sale. Despite shortages, woolens and yarns are still available in many shades. Along gift aisles, of which there are more than ever, large wooden trays, pottery from England, Mexico and the United States, and books and pamphlets about Nantucket are the chief offerings. Stock goods are also in large supply.

Pencil sketches, lithographs and hand-colored maps of Nantucket bearing the name of Ruth Haviland Sutton were noted in several shops. While in the newly located book shop on Federal street, we found out that the former Springfield resident dwells in a studio down near Commercial Wharf. Seemed like a wonderful chance for a visit, and a peek at the artistic side of Nantucket, so we dropped in one evening.

Miss Sutton spends the summer months in "The Scallop". The tiny house boasts three rooms, and we found her sitting in the picture-lined studio portion, looking very much the part in a sports frock and suggestion of a fishnet cap atop her hair. Full-sized lithographs of Nantucket subjects, and two new maps which entailed about two months' research, practically paper the walls of "The Scallop".

"I even go to town meeting, so you can see that I am a permanent resident here," Miss Sutton commented, in reply to the proverbial question about plans when the summer days are gone. She explained that a few years ago she went to Nantucket for the summer, but she liked it so well she decided to stay. And today she is not only active in artistic circles including the newly organized art association, but she is a property owner and voter as well. Right now she's enthused about a current exhibit in which she has several pictures entered.



NANTUCKET PAINTERS, Miss Emily L. Hoffmeier (left), and Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, prepare for the sidewalk art show.



ACTIVE IN NANTUCKET—Left, the Rev. Laurence Farr gives a fresh coat of paint to the steeple of the First Baptist Church. Right, Herman Garde, chairman of the Nantucket Hospital drive, presents a certificate of merit to Mrs. Nathalie G. Gates of Sconset, a volunteer worker, and Mrs. James Coghill of Quidnet, left, examines her roll of honor.

Sketches and paintings of Commercial Square, Storowton and Connecticut shore resorts are associated with Miss Sutton for her work completed while she lived in Springfield. She was also responsible for many decorative program covers of leading organizations. Presently marking her role as a New England artist are impressions of the people and places connected with Nantucket.

Her work is by no means limited to the summer subjects which have caught the eye of so many artists and writers. On one of the studio walls is an oil of the main thoroughfare of the island, picturesque with its cobblestones and dated store fronts.

The picture was done last March when life was apparently quite serene in contrast to the vacation period. In the scene there are only three or four persons making their way along. "Some of the natives seem to disappear and come out when the summer is over," Miss Sutton confided. She said she met many natives in the wintertime who just never showed up in July and August.

Miss Sutton, who has "open house" each Sunday afternoon in her little studio, experiences the whims of the summer visitors the same as the shopkeepers do. In addition to marketing many of her lithographs and pen sketches in the shops, she also does portraits. In one instance she packed up two portraits while eager patron waited in a taxi which was to take them to the wharf for the boat home. "I don't like to do things that way," she remarked, recalling the chapter of the anxious parents who wanted to take home portraits of their two young daughters.

With winters "less severe than Springfield" and early morning dawns in the ocean right outside her back door, Miss Sutton appeared very much satisfied with her new residence. In the same colony there are a number of other artists, including Elizabeth Saltonstall, who make "very good neighbors". Picking our way through the gateway to the road seemed as though her conclusions were pretty much on the right.

Churches Inspire Sutton Prints

Five new pencil prints have been devised by Ruth Haviland Sutton, noted lithographer, as part of her series of Nantucket scenes. An admirer said to her last spring, "Why put some Nantucket churches in your pictures?" In May, the artist could be seen seated in strategic spots around the town, studying her subject and putting it down in carefully spirited sketches.

The result of this pleasant labor is now visible in her Commercial Wharf studio. St. Mary's Church in Federal Street is attractively arched by the Old North Church dominates picturesque Academy Lane. The classic details of the Methodist Church contrast with part of the Pacific National Bank and Ashley's at Main and Commercial Streets. The demure Bay Church in Summer Street and the Little home beyond form a church scene.

For good measure, the artist devised a poetic version of Brant Point and the light that stands where geese once gathered.

July 1, 1953



BENCH WARMERS—Sandwiched between stalls of the flower market at Nantucket, Mrs. Herman Gade and Ralph R. Lee of New York, sitting, receive the greetings of Joseph R. Burgess, director of the Nantucket Neighbors.

Joseph Clapp's Will.

The will of the late Joseph W. Clapp, which was presented for probate this week, did not bear the eccentricities which it was commonly thought the document would contain, in keeping with the general character and life of the deceased. It is, however, rather interesting reading. The will was drawn up by the testator himself, every portion of it being in his own handwriting except the signatures of the three witnesses. After disposing of his two parcels of real estate, and his household effects, Mr. Clapp stipulated that the funeral services held over his remains should be under the Masonic rites, without any religious ceremony whatever. He even stated where his body should be placed, which was in the spot set apart by himself sometime before his last illness, in the family lot in the North cemetery, he afterwards having located his grave and had the stone set, upon which the date of his death was to be inscribed. The will, which was filed on May 13th, reads as follows:

Nantucket, June 29, 1907.

Know all men by these presents that I, Joseph W. Clapp, of Nantucket, Mass., being of sound disposing mind and memory, in view of the uncertainty of life, do make and publish this, my last will and testament, revoking all other wills hitherto by me made.

Firstly, I appoint as executors and administrators, Albert G. Brock and George Howard Winslow, without surety or official bond of any name whatever, and rely on them to carry out my will, as follows:

Firstly, I give, devise and bequeath my real estate on Centre street, known as the property of my late mother, Eliza W. Mitchell, together with all property that I may die possessed of, real, personal and mixed, to my heirs, viz: Susie E. Brock, Bertha Hazard and Augustus Coffin, my cousins.

My Union street house, known as the Timothy Clapp house, to be retained as a homestead by the present tenants, Misses Margaret and Harriet Ray, during their natural life, and at their death to revert to my heirs, as aforesaid, provided that they keep said property—viz: Margaret and Harriet Ray—in decent repair and pay the tax as tho they owned the same.

My household property to be divided, share and share alike, in fair and equal proportions, to my aforesaid heirs, and to them solely, to the exclusion of all other persons, and in the good sense of my cousins, Susie E. Brock and Bertha Hazard, in which I fully confide and trust they are to divide, all household goods, as in their mutual judgment between the three heirs and claimants as above named; and should my cousin, Augustus Coffin, not be present on the division of the personal goods and effects of whatever nature, he must rely fully on the sense and equity of my beloved cousins and co-heirs, Susie E. Brock and Bertha Hazard.

My real estate to be sold whenever convenient and as aforesaid equally divided.

At my decease, I further request a plain inexpensive (so far as possible) funeral, under Masonic rites, and with no religious form whatever. I desire to be laid by the side of my brother Henry and near my late sister, in our family burial plot, North cemetery, after which my executors and administrators will pay at an early date all of my known debts, as soon as may be convenient.

[Signed] Joseph W. Clapp.

June 28th, 1907.

Signed, published and declared by the said Joseph W. Clapp, as and for his last will and testament, in presence of us, who in his presence and the presence of each other, and at his request, have herewith subscribed our names as witnesses.

[Signed] Ernest H. Jerengan,
William Cox,
Richard Mack.

Anecdotes About William Hosier Recalled by Mary E. Starbuck.

The tearing down of the old Hosier shop brings back happy memories of childhood days to many Nantucketers concerning the genial Quaker.

What a favor to be weighed on his scales, which were said to be the only accurate ones on the island! How the little girls envied the High School boys who had their heights measured off against the walls of the old shop.

There is a story told about two little girls, who, seeing their brothers selling rusty nails, thought that they could get twice as much by selling new nails. So they appropriated some horseshoes and nails from a nearby stable and sold them to Mr. Hosier for forty-two cents. However, when the owner found that the girls had taken the horseshoes he made them forfeit the forty-two cents; but the disappointment was dispelled by a gift of eight cents from the kindly Quaker, which he called "commis-sion."

One day an elderly lady, walking along the icy pavement on Federal street, stopped in at the little shop to get a walking cane or an umbrella to aid her. Mr. Hosier had none but he loaned her a whaling harpoon—which, one must admit, was better than either cane or umbrella for her purpose.

For fifty years he went in and out of the little hardware shop—a man of integrity, giving honest and cheerful service.

During his early life he followed the sea, sailing in ships commanded by some of the island's most successful sea captains, having many thrilling experiences in foreign ports.

It is said that when he asked the girl of his choice to marry him, she refused him, saying, "Didn't thee miss thy first whale, William?"

Upon retirement he conducted the business in the little shop.

There were four brothers in the Hosier family and at each meal William would ring a huge dinner bell. Long after his three brothers had passed on he continued to sound the bell at each meal-time.

He was the last one remaining of those who frequented the meeting house on Centre street, which is now the north dining room of the Roberts House.

After he had passed away in 1899, a prominent clergyman who had spent the month of June here for more than forty years was surprised, or rather heartbroken, to find the old junk shop converted into a gift shop, and the marks showing his height eradicated. Incidentally, he built the first house on the cliff, it being anchored by cables under the sand to secure it against the strong winds.

The Hosier property, a gift to the town, is now partly used as a rest room. The little shop will be missed and many will sigh over the passing of an old landmark. But the memory of William Hosier, whose life was an illustration of the text "Let another praise thee, and not thine own self," will long be cherished.

Trina Griek.

March 2, 1936

May 5, 1909

A Nantucket Artist Tells of His Work

Elmer Greene Has Won Fame For Portraits

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Nov. 11 — Boston-born Elmer Greene, well-known portrait painter whose painting of Brigadier-General Louis E. Boutwell was recently unveiled at Logan Airport is a modest man. At least, while he approaches his profession with confidence, a half-smile of wonderment at his own prowess seems to linger in his eyes as he talks.

Referring to the new portrait which hangs temporarily in the terminal building at the airport, but which eventually will be placed in the administration building, still in the blueprint stage, Mr. Greene explained that since General Boutwell died in 1948, he had to create the likeness from photographs, personal movies and available printed material.

But family discussions and talks with personal friends were equally important media. From these combined sources Mr. Greene gradually evoked the personality and physical characteristics of the man who during his life had founded the National Air Guard and later became the capable head of the Massachusetts branch.

Considerable Care

As he worked in his Nantucket studio he found that the problem of painting the six foot two inch General life size required considerable care to avoid possible distortion. He had chosen a low horizon line to enhance the impressive appearance of the figure. That he overcame the difficulty and produced an excellent likeness posed with Boutwell's familiar assurance, right hand on hip, head high, has been acknowledged by Mrs. Boutwell, the Air Guard which commissioned Mr. Greene and the critics themselves.

Interested in people from early childhood, Mr. Greene spoke of the never-ending fascination of observing them under different aspects of light; in bright sunlight or shadow, at the theater or concert or at a candle-lit dinner table. He also stressed the importance of hands in portraiture, pointing out that they were as indicative of character and personality as the face. Sometimes more so. "We teach our faces to hide those things we'd rather not make public, but hands can't be hidden. And all of our faults and virtues are there if you look for them."

Through the large studio window the light accented the quiet tones of fawn and chartreuse, one scarlet chair giving point to the large room where we chatted comfortably. Mr. Greene talked readily of his first success. "Intrigued by people as I have said, or rather their pictorial qualities, my earliest accomplishment was strangely enough, a bunch of carrots."

Then he told this story. As a small boy in the second grade, crayons were handed around the class and the children were instructed to draw a picture; the subject was of no importance. When the finished efforts were collected for comment, an odd looking group of carrots was laid to one side as "interesting."

Last Laugh

The children laughed loudly because such carrots had not come their way before, but the wise teacher entered the picture in a Statewide contest. Not long after the children's scorn was replaced with a dawning respect—for Elmer Greene, Grade 2, had won first prize!

And so with the completion of his elementary and secondary schooling, he began a concentrated period of study first at one Massachusetts School of Art, then on Newbury Street in Boston; later at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, and privately, with Ernest L. Major.

Oddly enough, judging from some of his portraits, he was an early rebel against the academic point of view and felt a strong kinship toward the French impressionists. But he said he began to realize as he matured in art



ELMER GREENE

that the use of color with such seeming abandon required a good deal more knowledge than he had at that time.

Straightway he fell to learning how to draw, how light transformed color and how for exerted its own discipline on painting. Only then did he return to his earliest interest—people—and while still in school applied his fresh understanding with skill and ability. The portraits of those early days have stood the test of time, their quality still recognized.

Studied Abroad

Further study in France and Italy brought his formal art education to an end although through the years he has never ceased to approach portraiture with respect for the different possibilities each subject presents. He has now perfected his technique so completely that he is able, during the Winters, to work on a tight schedule. For instance, for three months he travels from one commission to

another arranging his route so efficiently that little time is lost in travel.

From each sitter he exacts a minimum of 1½ hours daily appearance, then, by working eight consecutive days, he usually completes the portrait. The first sitting is apt to be a little strained, for the subject who faces palette and easel for the first time often does so with self-conscious awkwardness.

By the following day, warmly relaxed by good conversation, the sitter's attitude has changed to a blend of willingness and curiosity about the method of portraiture. From then on to the end, artist and sitter work smoothly together. Mr. Greene likes to work on at least a 30-by-36-inch canvas if the hands are to be included, painting in first the more important parts such as hands and facial details, adding more later.

Using this method last Winter he painted six or more portraits of distinguished Southern executives and philanthropists, among them David Comer, head of Avondale Mills and a former member of the War Production Board; William C. Anderson of the Bibb Manufacturing Company, one of Georgia's leading citizens and Horace Johnston of North Carolina.

Mr. Eisenhower

During the same period he flew to Manhattan, Kan., to paint Milton Eisenhower, brother of the General. Mr. Eisenhower proved to be a ready sitter exchanging stories and experiences with the artist. He was particularly interesting, Mr. Greene said, in discussing the relocation of the California Japanese at the beginning of the war, a project of which he had been the director.

"The brothers are proud of each other's achievements," Mr. Greene commented, "and thoroughly enjoy their occasional meetings together."

Other portraits of notable personalities include former Governor Bradford, Secretary of State Frederick B. Cook, Sir James Dunn of Algoma Steel, President John Dickey of Dartmouth, Virgil van der Woude, president of the Shell Oil Company and, on Nantucket, Hugh W. Sanford and Everett U. Crosby, distinguished Summer residents. In Mr. Greene's studio is an especially lovely portrait of Mrs. Greene

who, as Kate Shaw, is a talented painter of children. Mr. Greene's easel now holds an unfinished study of Mrs. John Bergschneider, wife of the sculptor, which exhibits an unusual brilliance of color and design.

This deviation represents Mr. Greene's renewed interest in the impressionistic approach. A portrait, he is convinced should not only be the best possible likeness of the subject, but also a colorful decoration to enhance a room. In discussing this point he spoke particularly of his enthusiasm for Degas and Eduard Vuillard. Vuillard, Mr. Greene continued, though perhaps not as well known as Degas, used equally-clear color, strongly-contrasted light and shadow and an over-all decorative pattern resembling Vermeer, though completely different in treatment. Vuillard's painting has

warmth and charm, characteristics which have always appealed to Mr. Greene.

Renewed Interest

Because of his renewed interest along these lines, he has become freshly aware of the "paintability" of Nantucket Island where, with Mrs. Greene, he makes his home for the greater part of the year. The pure light, the varied shadings of the moors and the sea, he is confident would serve excellently for use in studies of Nantucket people as well as for those who Summer there. He hopes, in time, to free himself partially from other commissions in order to devote more time to such work.

In a portrait made last Summer of 10-year-old Clarice Johnson of Nantucket and exhibited at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries on Straight Wharf, he manifested his sincere interest. Bought by Miss Jean Gundry of Main Street, the picture of the little girl will fortunately stay on the Island as initial proof of what Mr. Greene hopes to do in the future.

Mr. Greene's enthusiasm for Nantucket blossomed 12 years ago when with a friend he sailed there for the first time. A single glimpse of the old cobbled Main Street—and he knew what he wanted. Finally in 1947 he and Mrs. Greene bought and remodeled what had once been an old barn. Beyond the friendly house, a street or two removed from the lawn and gardens which are the hobby of Mrs. Greene, the harbor glitters in the sunlight or turns a still, polished silver in hours preceding a storm.

There except for the Winter months when portrait painting takes him to the mainland or when he is occupied with a Summer portrait, Mr. and Mrs. Greene relax with music, books and friends. A good life, well rounded and satisfactory, they are well content on the Island which is "the other side of land."

N.B. Standard

Nov. 15, 1950

Elmer Greene, Island Artist, Commissioned To Do Portrait Painting Of Pope Pius XII

Elmer W. Greene Jr., well known Nantucket artist, has been commissioned, in an extraordinary honor, to do a portrait painting of Pope Pius XII in Rome, the Town Crier has learned exclusively.

Mr. Greene and his wife, the former Miss Katherine Shaw, also a painter who specializes in children's portraits, left Nantucket several weeks ago on a three month tour of Italy and Spain and not even close relatives were aware that the Island artist was to do a painting of Pope Pius.

Mr. Greene is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Greene of Watertown and his wife is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield L. Shaw of New Boston, N. H.

Reached at their home in New Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw said they had no details regarding the prominent commission given their son-in-law except that he was doing the portrait of Pope Pius.

They expressed great pride in the honor given their son-in-law.

Secrecy Surrounds Commission

Considerable secrecy surrounds the commission given Mr. Greene and relatives had no knowledge either that he planned to do the portrait or who made the arrangements with the Pope for the commission. So far as they knew, Mr. and Mrs. Greene were merely going on a trip to Europe.

Mr. Greene a native of Watertown, Mass., who is in his early forties, has won wide recognition for his portrait paintings which have included many prominent people. A quiet, unassuming person, he has painted former Governor Robert Bradford of Massachusetts, Sir James Dunne of Canada, President John Dickey of Dartmouth College; President Milton S. Eisenhower of Kansas State College and many other portraits which included those of outstanding business executives and of prominent Southerners during a long period which he and Mrs. Greene spent in the South.

The Nantucket artist has been interested in art ever since he was a child and attended the Boston Museum School of Fine Arts. His early interest in art focused on the modern school but he gradually limited himself to the portrait work in which he excels although he continues to find modern art intriguing.

He is painstaking in his portrait work, works on a planned schedule, and learns as much as he can about the personality of his subject. He will study photographs of the subject, query his friends and family and obtain information from the subject himself during informal conversation when the latter is not posed.

Mr. and Mrs. Greene make their home on Union Street.

Nantucket's Elmer W. Greene Keeps Busy Doing Portraits Of Prominent Leaders

Chances are that you'll seldom see one of Elmer W. Greene's pictures on exhibition or hanging in a gallery, but if you're one of those familiar with the board rooms where the titans of business gather you might well see a portrait of his gracing one of the walls. Mr. Greene, a Summer visitor here for 17 years, is, in a sense, a specialist in the art world; he does portraits exclusively.

His work is such that he was commissioned to paint Pope Pius XII four years ago. To do the portrait Mr. Greene spent three months in Rome. Though he looks upon this as one of his greatest assignments, Mr. Greene also has done portraits of statesmen, college presidents and business tycoons. By his own estimate he has completed well over 300 and he said, "They hang in just about every state in the Union."

Asked about the number of men he has painted and the number of women, Mr. Greene, a soft spoken man with an easy going manner, chuckled and said men predominate as subjects "apparently because they're the ones who are usually found in board rooms." Men or women, Mr. Greene paints anywhere from 15 to 20 portraits a year and he's booked solid here through the rest of the Summer and expects his agent will have additional assignments when he returns to his New York studio in mid-October.

What Mr. Greene refers to as the "board room size portrait" requires from two to three weeks to finish or eight to ten sittings lasting about an hour and a half each. These sittings, one gathers, can at times be somewhat of a problem. Officialdom being what it is, an artist apparently needs more than talent to paint a Congressman or an outgoing Cabinet member. He must have a ready supply of patience.

Businessmen are invariably on time for a sitting, but a senator or representative seems to have only bare knowledge of what clocks are for. No doubt the great press of government affairs keeps them from their appointed sittings.

Mr. Greene remembers House Speaker Joe Martin as about the only government figure who clocked in on time for a sitting, but then Mr. Martin's a newspaper publisher and that's a business where time, and being on it, is a key to the success of operation.

Painting government figures presents another obstacle, too. Often times, Mr. Greene recalled, he's been shuttled back and forth between unused offices in the House or Senate building where he's had to set up a temporary

studio. Congressmen may be able to work in the dark—and there are those on both sides of the political fence who stoutly maintain that it's where they do work—but a portrait artist can't. Mr. Greene makes the inference that a clustered House office leaves something to be desired in the way of a studio.

Space is a necessity, also, he said, for the portrait painter. In addition to natural light the painter must be able to study his subject from all angles. Mr. Greene prefers to work in his New York studio where he has such needed props as drapes and screens along with the best light. Still when the occasion demands he'll pack his oils and be off for a place like Montreal.

Regardless of where he happens to set up his easel Mr. Greene in beginning a portrait first blocks in the subject's head and hands to establish the pattern. Such parts of the painting as the subject's clothes or the background are completed towards the end of the sittings.

Mr. Greene actually began his career as a portrait painter and says today he much prefers to paint people rather than landscapes. He admits there are very few modern or contemporary portrait artists whose works hang in the country's museum. That's not to say or imply, however, that a top portraitist like Mr. Greene suffers in any way from a dearth of work or leads the indigent life so often attributed to artists. On the contrary, one might say his personal life inclines towards the opulent side judging from his Summer residence on Coffin Street. Even the gardeners' may find themselves toiling to the soft strains of music that flows from a discretely placed loudspeaker on the grounds.

A native of Boston, Mr. Greene embarked on a portraiture career in his last year at the Museum of Fine Arts there where he studied under Ernest L. Major and Edmund Tarbell. For awhile he taught and it was in one of his classes that he met his wife, the former Catherine Shaw, also of Boston and an artist in her own right who specializes in children's portraits. She signs her work as Kate Shaw. Speaking of his wife's painting, Mr. Greene adds with a pleased smile: "I married my most talented pupil."

The cost of a portrait, somewhat like an automobile, is governed by size and name of the artist. Obviously a full length work will cost much more than

say a portrait that shows only head and shoulders. In keeping with the comparison, a portrait done Mr. Greene figured in terms of cash would in one instance equal about the cost of two, and in some cases, three automobiles. Not to discourage those who might be considering having a portrait done by an artist, Mr. Greene points out with a laugh that portraits are usually painted for much less.

Just a short time ago Mr. Greene completed a portrait of former President Herbert Hoover. He has also painted President Eisenhower's brother, Milton; Edsel Ford, Cardinal Spellman and A. P. Giannini, founder of the Bank of America; Dartmouth College's president John Dickey and former Massachusetts Governor Bradford. He has also painted such perennial Summer visitors here as Everett Crosby, Mrs. John Kitchen and Mrs. Pauline Mackay Johnson.

Vandals Slash Portrait Elmer Greene; Damage

s Painted By Noted Set At \$6,000—\$8,000

Vandals who broke into the home of celebrated portrait painter Elmer Greene of Coffin Street a week ago yesterday caused damage estimated at \$6,000 to \$8000 when they slashed two oil paintings and poured linseed oil over living room couches. Police made public the break last Monday.

The break occurred, police said, after Mr. Greene had left for the mainland and was discovered by caretaker Allen McGarvey of 44 Pine Street. The vandals had gained entrance by removing a screen and opening an unlocked window.

Damaged were a self portrait in which a sixteen-inch slash had been cut and a portrait of Mr. Greene's wife, Kate, who died two years ago. A three-inch gash within a six-inch scrape marred her portrait.

According to Police Chief Wendell Howes and Patrolman Herbert Cole, who are investigating footprints and fingerprints indicate that the vandalism may have been the act of juveniles. A fingerprint expert from Barnstable, Deputy Sheriff Francis Brown, was asked to aid in the investigation and took prints Friday.

Dec. 22, 1957

Oct. 30
1954

Nantucket Woman Is Artist in Ivory, Oils, Wood

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Jan. 28 — In these days of mass production and automation, the highly-skilled artisan is often overlooked. If one is able to visit Nantucket Island, however, an American artist can be seen at work in her own shop. Even the casual visitor can hardly fail to be impressed by the exquisite ivory carvings of seagulls, horse heads, and, quite naturally, whales.

Miss Aletha Macy, descendant of one of the island's original settlers, is an outstanding example of the creative artist whose native abilities were developed over many years by practicing patience and perseverance. Except for her early training in the use of wood-working tools under the late Lincoln Ceeley, beloved Nantucket cabinet maker, Miss Macy is an "untrained artist."

Mr. Ceeley died several years ago. But he is still remembered, loved and respected by Miss Macy for his kindness and the valuable advice he gave her willingly and freely in her work.

Resembles Sandburg

His photograph-portrait hangs on the wall behind Miss Macy's work bench in her new shop on the Madaket Road just beyond the top of Main Street. His picture bears a resemblance to poet Carl Sandburg.

In discussing the beginnings of her creative life, Miss Macy refers with quiet pride to her inheritance through the Macys and the Dunhams, both hand-minded, independent and capable men.

"As a child," she said, "I troubled my mother repeatedly because I would hammer, nail or try to carve wood—any wood which came my way. The floor, walls and even my mother's furniture." She was, according to her mother's views, "a destructive child."

Whittling and building continued as a spare-time occupation until as a very young girl of 11 she went to work for Mr. Ceeley. Her first job was painting hundreds of Happy Jacks—the sailor weather-vanes which were a popular item in Linc Ceeley's shop on Vestal Street. Each year she now makes and paints hundreds of them.

Built For Whale Oil

"Linc's shop was originally a cooperage," said Miss Macy, "and had been owned by his family for 200 years." During the Nantucket whaling era the ships and the wooden barrels to hold the oil that brought fortunes and fame were built on this island.

By the end of her first four years in Mr. Ceeley's shop she had progressed sufficiently in skill to make a Martha Washington mirror as a gift to her mother.

"The training Mr. Ceeley gave me couldn't have been better," she said. "For him every detail of a carving had to be planned exactly right. He absolutely would not tolerate half-way measures. I have always been grateful that he kept my standards high. I don't like mass-produced things."

Since those early days when Miss Macy was apt to cut her fingers accidentally with a sharp knife her talents have matured



—Photo by Hill Haddon

NANTUCKET ARTIST—Miss Aletha Macy of Nantucket is shown putting the finishing touches to a ivory horse-head design inlaid in a Jose Reyes' hand-woven Philippine bamboo handbag.

and strengthened. Today she has become recognized as an artist of outstanding ability. Examples of her cabinet work, her oil paintings, chip and ivory carvings are in many island homes and in cities throughout the United States.

Has Pot-Bellied Stove

Her shop is located behind her brand new four-room Cape Cod-type home on the edge of town. A pot-bellied stove stands in the center of the room surrounded by a display case, two work benches, a jig-saw and buffing wheel.

Today most of the projects under way in Miss Macy's quiet

Aletha Macy — Island Craftsman in Ivory.

A century or so ago it was the elusive whale itself and stories of its peregrinations which bound together Nantucketers in so many ports of the world. Today the small white ivory whales and gulls which Aletha Macy carves in her shop on Quaker Lane for ornamentation on the wicker baskets of Jose Reyes have become a touchstone for recognition among Nantucketers everywhere.

Miss Macy, direct descendant of one of the Island's original settlers, Thomas Macy, has been a craftsman since the age of eleven, when she studied woodwork under Lincoln Ceeley, cabinet-maker at what is now the Cooperage. The exquisite pieces she produced are today in several Nantucket homes.

Her shop at the meeting of Quaker Lane and the Madaket Road is a museum in itself. Among the relics here is a rare print of the Peche du Machelot, on which the story of "Moby Dick" was based, and a lithograph of the highpoint in a whaleship's voyage, "The Capture." Beside these on the walls hang the whaler's irons; harpoons, lances, blubber-spades, and the "weapon of last resort," the harpooner's gun. In the glass case are examples of the fine art of scrimshaw—the etching and carving of whale teeth.

shop are devoted to working ivory. She buys the tips of the elephant tusks in New York City. The base of the tusks are sold to billiard ball manufacturers.

"Sometime I'd like to buy the thick end and carve a really big horses head or maybe a bird," said Nantucket's well-known sculptor.

Jose Reyes, on top of whose hand-woven Philippine bamboo handbags Miss Macy often puts her carvings, came to this peaceful island 30 miles out in Nantucket Sound several years ago with his wife and two sons. Both artists have built up a thriving business in a few short years. Some idea of the extent of their business may be had when Miss Macy admitted that she had been working from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. weekdays since last August until mid-December filling Christmas orders for handbags.

Carves Whales

Miss Macy also carves and mounts miniature ivory whales on gold tie-clasps and accurately scaled ivory bird earrings. This last week she has been busy putting the finishing touches on a series of every type whale known.

"Sometime later this Winter I plan to go up to New Bedford to visit the famous Whaling Museum there," she said, adding as an afterthought that she has never seen the museum's collection of scrimshaw—picture drawing on whale bone.

This is her art. From the ivory teeth of the whale or the stark white tusks of the elephant, Miss Macy creates pieces of intricate design and extraordinary workmanship. Some of these, like the whales and seagulls, go onto the basket. A basket-bag she decorated for Beatrice Lillie last summer brought an autographed photograph inscribed: "I love my gulls!" Others make watch-dangles, pendants, or table-pieces. A distinctive item is a series of eight small whales on a polished plaque.

The raw materials for her work come from Norway, final outpost of the whalers. The teeth are sliced to the thickness desired and the natural colors of the dentine and enamel worked into the pattern of the piece. In all her designs the subject is delicately and exactly presented, down to the teeth, the fins, and the feathers.

Miss Macy still does some woodwork. The handsome quarterboard which hangs above the door is hers. In deep scrolled letters is the name of her shop: "Ivory of the Sea."

DdeB

Jan. 29, 1956

Aug. 2, 1958

94
Christian Science Monitor, July 1959

Nantucket Crafts Natural to Island

By Carolyn F. Hummel

Staff Writer of The Christian Science Monitor

Nantucket, Mass.

When most New England towns turn back the clock and try to recapture the early American atmosphere for a special occasion, the result is usually "quaint." But in Nantucket, quaintness is the everyday.

Dressed in colonial garb and working at handicraft they look natural. Perhaps it looks natural because it is, for them.

Several of the islanders spend their time weaving, sewing, modeling, or painting for a hobby or for business. Even Sheriff Nelson Dunham is a woodworker and restores furniture.

Fitting into this pattern of a Nantucketer is Miss Aletha Macy, a descendant of Thomas Macy, one of the original settlers here.

Miss Macy is known for the whales, sea gulls, and portraits which she carves out of whale's teeth, imported from Norway. These either decorate straw pocketbooks, handwoven by Nantucketer Jose Reyes, or are mounted on a panel or made into pins.

Recent Talent

But this carving which absorbs all of Miss Macy's working hours is a recently developed talent.

Until five years ago she had been a woodworker, primarily making reproductions of early American furniture.

"When I was very small I used to get my father's hammer and drive nails into everything—the floor and sometimes the furniture," Miss Macy related. "So when I was 11 years old my parents sent me to learn cabinet-making with Lincoln J. Seeley. I worked for him for more than 35 years.

"I started by painting sailor boy faces," she continued. These small wooden figures are used on weather vanes.

"Then I made a Martha Washington mirror, some grandmother clocks, and a tambour desk that is worth between \$800 and \$900," she said. Miss Macy's own home is furnished with several of her tables and mirrors.

Hard Taskmaster

Mr. Seeley was a hard taskmaster. "He insisted our work had to be right or it wasn't any good," his pupil said.

After Mr. Seeley passed on in 1950, Miss Macy continued working in wood, modeling reliefs as well as furniture. In 1951 she carved in relief "The Last Indian of Nantucket," from a photograph. This was recently bought by Mrs. George Carlisle, and will hang in the Nantucket Historical Society.

Much of the craftswoman's time is spent in her workshop, Ivory of the Sea, but she does find time to enjoy being a Macy.

One of the activities planned for the Nantucket 300th anniversary celebration was a series of family reunions of the nine original settlers. Two weeks

ago 196 Macys, from all over the country, came to the island.

"We enjoyed seeing cousins we had never met and had fun noting a Macy resemblance. We felt like one big happy family," Miss Macy described. Some of the Macys came from California.

"But I don't like going away very much," the Nantucketer confided. "I haven't been away for four years and that was when I went to New Bedford to get some books on whaling at the museum."

The crafts and activities which are representative of early Nantucket, many of which are still carried on today, will be demonstrated at the Main Street fete on Aug. 11. At that time the cobblestoned Main Street will be closed to traffic and booths and festivities will take over.



Photo by Universal Photo Shop

Aletha Macy Featured in Article In Yankee Magazine

Miss Aletha Macy, talented and popular craftsman of the Island, is featured in the December Yankee Magazine under "Small Business and Crafts," by Damon Ripley, Yankee's Roving Reporter.

The spirit of old Nantucket survives in Aletha Macy. Not only is Miss Macy a direct descendant of Thomas Macy, first settler on the island, but her ivory carvings carry on the traditional "scrimshaw" art of old-time whalers. You can see the whalers' scrimshaw at Nantucket's Whaling Museum, along with carving of eight whales by Miss Macy. For today's "Ivory of the sea," visit Miss Macy's workroom on Madaket Road.

Only a ship's quarterboard sign marks the grey shingled cottage as studio and salesroom. Outside and inside, the house is as efficient and attractive as Miss Macy herself. She carves at a big work-desk, her many tools at hand. Her advantages over the whalers who spent long hours at sea on scrimshaw are a saw to cut her ivory, and buffer to finish her work.

Her most noted pieces, of museum quality, are beautifully finished and accurately scaled half-models of whales, or gamefish such as swordfish, blue fish, and bass. These carvings, mounted on walnut panels,

make handsome decorations, and are much in demand as trophies by yacht clubs and fishing clubs. Each model requires many hours of work, and most are carved on commission. Those which Miss Macy makes to please herself are sold almost as soon as hung on her display wall.

Miss Macy also carves many small ivory pieces — gulls, whales, nautical subjects — to be used as cover ornaments for the "Nantucket lightship baskets" of her neighbor, Stephen Gibbs. These woven rattan baskets, first made by men aboard the South Shoals lightship, are now handmade by Mr. Gibbs, and are used as ladies' handbags. Miss Macy's carvings add the finishing touch to baskets which are sometimes called "Nantucket Mink," because the woman who carries one acquires a mink-coat status.

If a shipment of elephant tusks from Africa comes into harbor, any Nantucketer knows its consignee without reading the name: Aletha Macy.

Dcc. 8, 1961

Nantucket Woman Carves Portrait of Last Indian in Wood

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Aug. 18—Sometimes called "scrap island," Nantucket's fame as a unique whaling center withstands all attempts to lower that tradition. Bound up with the whaling prominence goes a still continuing tradition and skill in handcrafts. Pouring down from previous generations who made their own whale ships, carved the delicate scrimshaw, built their simple, well-proportioned island homes, comes a genuine creative spirit.

Miss Aletha Macy, descendant of one of the island's original settlers, is an outstanding example of the creative artist whose ability is a direct result of her inheritance. Her recently completed wood-carving of Abram Quarry, last of the Nantucket Indians, is proof, because except for her early training in the use of wood-working tools under the late Lincoln Ceeley, Nantucket cabinet-maker, Miss Macy is an untrained artist.

The new portrait study carved from a 1-inch plank of rock maple, 18 by 22 inches, is the first such work done by Miss Macy, who has been recognized previously for her skill in cabinet-making, chip-carving, reverse painting on glass, and oils and water-colors.

Patience Is Shown

The study shows Adam Quarry by his fireplace in the crude Shimmo hut where he lived all his adult years. At his feet rests a basket of herbs. Behind him a window opens on the distant town of Nantucket with the bell-tower of the Unitarian Church faintly discernible in the background. Patience and a sad recognition of his racial loneliness on his own island are emphasized in his face.

The portrait, which has already been highly praised by off-island art critics, notably John E. Bird, Boston portrait painter, will be shown at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, where the annual exhibit of the Artists Association opened Tuesday. According to Miss Macy, Mr. Bird's comments indicated amazement that she has completed such a remarkable portrait with no assistance or advice from anyone. The task took about seven months to complete and Mr. Bird valued it at \$1,000.

The story of Abram Quarry is an interesting one, Miss Macy said. Growing increasingly fascinated by the man's personality as she brought him to life on the rock maple board, she dug into old island newspapers and went through letters contemporaneous with his death in 1854 for details.

From these sources she learned that Abram obviously came from good, peace-loving Indian stock. His home wigwam was on the west side of Sesachacha Pond, not ordinarily the site of Indian homes. Franklin Folger writing in 1854 from "Sconset said that while both Sarah and Joseph, parents of Abram, were leaders among their people, they placed their son in the white home of the Steven Chases. There he lived for many years, learning the ways of his white neighbors but remaining loyal to his own people whom he visited frequently.

Photo Was Model

Mr. Franklin also mentioned the oil painting made while Abram was living alone in his Shimmo hut by a French artist. It was a worn old photograph of this portrait that Miss Macy used as her model for the wood-carving.

Another record, located by Miss Macy, is of the same period and was written by George



MISS Aletha Macy of Nantucket holds her carved portrait of Abram Quarry, last Indian on that island.

Franklin Folger, formerly custodian of the Nantucket Athenaeum. He tells the story of Abram's brush with the Nantucket law courts—apparently the only time he became so involved.

Off-island visitors, interested in Indian remains, and armed with shovels, began a thorough digging of the Monomoy area—one of the spots where early Indians were said to be buried. Presumably looking for arrowheads, weapons or utensils used by the red-skinned natives, they were suddenly interrupted by the sudden, angry appearance of Abram. Gun in hand he ordered them away from the place.

Arrested and brought into court, the judge queried Abram on the reason for his belligerent behavior. "They were disturbing the graves of my ancestors," was the rejoinder.

Gravely the judge pushed his probing questions. "Would you have shot them if they had continued in the face of your protests?" the judge went on. "Yes." The Indian's answer was sober and thoughtful, "I would." Fully understanding the position of the sole remaining member of his race, the judge sympathized with the man and permitted him to leave court with only a minor reprimand as punishment.

Price Was High

Another anecdote told by Miss Macy and taken from the Folger record concerns a group of boys who called on Abram one day. In his house was a small model ship which he had made. Coveting the lovely little thing, the boys asked the Indian what he would take for it. "Your head," was his grim response. The record ends with the comment that no attempt was made to pursue the negotiations further.

In 1911 Richard Swain wrote from Shanghai of his memories of the old man. He emphasized, Miss Macy said, the hospitality of Abram, who frequently entertained unexpected guests.

On a day's outing to Shimmo, Nantucketers would be greeted

kindly by Abram. He would spread an outdoor table with a snowy cloth (he was noted for the whiteness of his table coverings), heat water for tea and do countless other small services before he would disappear quietly into the woods, not to return until the party had packed their picnic baskets and returned to town.

Mr. Swain's letter ended with a description of Quarry's last days which were spent in the almshouse. It was with reluctance that friends persuaded the old man to give up his two-room hut and move there. Unable to help him as they would have wished, they knew that the care Abram needed would be given him there. After his death a fire of unknown origin razed the small shack—and the last trace of one of the island's most interesting personalities vanished.

Intuitive Understanding

Perhaps Miss Macy's intuitive understanding of old Abram, an obvious quality in her carved portrait, stems a little from her strong sense of loss at the passing of her old teacher, Mr. Ceeley. "Never was that loss greater than this Winter," Miss Macy said, "when I had to work alone without his kindly criticism to guide me."

Standing in front of an oil painting of Mr. Ceeley which now hangs on her wall, Miss Macy admitted that one night working late she suddenly felt that the technical problems of carving the Indian's face were beyond her. "It seemed I could not go on without him. I felt so desperate I was on the point of giving up the whole thing."

"And then almost as though he were in the room with me I could hear him say 'Go back and cut deep. Cut deep.'"

A feeling of complete calm settled on the artist and she returned to her work with confidence and courage. That night she carved until the sun touched the walls of her work-room.

In discussing the beginnings of

her creative life, Miss Macy first refers to her inheritance through the Macys and the Duhamms, both hand-minded, capable men. "As a child," she said, "I troubled my mother repeatedly because I would hammer, nail or try to carve any wood which came my way—floor, walls, furniture." She was, according to her mother's views, "a destructive child."

Standards Were High

Whittling and building continued a spare-time occupation until at 11 she went to work for Mr. Ceeley, painting Happy Jacks, the sailor weather-vanes which were a popular item in the cabinetmaker's shop. By her 15th birthday she had progressed sufficiently in skill to make a Martha Washington mirror as a gift to her mother.

"The training Mr. Ceeley gave me couldn't have been better," she said. "For him everything had to be exactly right. Half-way measures were not good enough. I have always been grateful that he kept my standards high."

During the years since those early days, Miss Macy's talent has matured and strengthened until she now has come to be recognized as an artist of outstanding ability. Excellent examples of her cabinet work, her oil paintings and chip-carving are in many island homes as well as in mainland cities. Mrs. S. Leo Thurston of Nantucket owns a lyre table, a small desk, a canthus leaf mirror, an exquisite grandmother's clock and a carved full-rigged ship, all done by the Nantucket artist. Other lovely pieces are owned by Miss Gladys Wood, Walter Coffin and Henry A. L. Sand of New York and Nantucket, who bought the painting of the ship, the Nathan B. Palmer.

Beyond the creative joy of working in wood, oils and water-colors, Miss Macy has one other major interest. Since girlhood she has loved horses and delighted in riding. When the Autumn fairs were still an integral part of each season, Miss Macy used to delight in racing with others around the track of the old Fairgrounds.

Likes Horses

In spite of a serious back injury which precludes active participation in the sport now, she finds a horse a rewarding companion. She is, therefore, caretaker of two fine riding horses recently purchased by Mrs. Mitchell Todd of Nantucket. One of these is a palomina, the other a black Tennessee walking horse.

In the paddock behind her charming four-room house furnished with her own craft work, Miss Macy will be in charge of the two well-bred animals when Mrs. Todd and members of her family are not exercising them on Nantucket's moorlands.

"I find horses satisfactory," she explains, "because they are intelligent and real personalities. They have their days, just like humans, when they feel nervous and fractious—and other days when just living is so easy and fine that nothing would ever frighten them. If horses are treated with consideration, the same kind of thoughtfulness you give your friends, they respond wonderfully and can be trusted to be loyal and willing."

If care for horses and creativeness seem, on first thought, wide apart, additional consideration will reveal beneath the surface a real kinship. Both require deep understanding of values and an honest devotion and care in mastering details and technical control. A master artist such as Miss Macy finds a satisfactory release in her sympathetic love of fine horses.

Resident Paints Last Island Indian

A portrait of Abram Quarry, last of the Nantucket Indians who died in 1854, carved on a one inch rock maple board measuring 18 by 22 inches by Miss Aletha Macy, Island artist, is being exhibited in the annual show of the Artists Association at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries which opened Tuesday for two weeks.

Miss Macy, descendant of an original Island settler and well-known for chip-carving and other wood-carvings, has spent almost seven months on this present work. A copy of a contemporaneous painting made in Abram Quarry's two-room hut at Shimmo by a French artist, the study shows the Indian resting by his hearth-side, a basket of native herbs at his side. The careful detail of the interior, the far-glimpse of the Unitarian Church bell tower, through the open window, the patient, sad expression on the face of the Indian are remarkably reproduced in the wood-carving.

Even Miss Macy's choice of the surface on which she laid out her personality portrait adds to the effectiveness of the work. Graining and faint brown lines running through the maple suggest the probable quality of the hut's original walls and the possible faint trace of smoke from a smoldering fire.

Pre-viewed by John E. Bird, portrait painter of Boston, the wood-carving was given high praise. The first portrait to be thus done by Miss Macy, the quality of the work amazed Mr. Bird who found it hard to believe that she had developed the carving unaided and undirected.

Miss Macy Carved Portrait of Abram Quarry.

From New Bedford Standard-Times.

Nantucket, Aug. 18—Sometimes called "scrap island", Nantucket's fame as a unique whaling center withstands all attempts to lower that tradition. Bound up with the whaling prominence goes a still continuing tradition and skill in handicrafts. Pouring from previous generations who made their own whalships, carved the delicate scrimshaw, built their simple, well-proportioned island homes, comes a genuine creative spirit.

Miss Aletha Macy, descendant of one of the island's original settlers, is an outstanding example of the creative artist whose ability is a direct result of her inheritance. Her recently completed wood-carving of Abram Quarry, last of the Nantucket Indians, is proof, because except for her early training in the use of wood-working tools under the late Lincoln Ceeley, Nantucket cabinet-maker, Miss Macy is an untrained artist.

The new portrait-study carved from a 1-inch plank of rock maple, 18 by 22 inches, is the first such work done by Miss Macy, who has been recognized previously for her skill in cabinet-making, chip-carving, reverse painting on glass, and oils and watercolors.

The study shows Abram Quarry by his fireplace in the crude Shimmo hut where he lived all his adult years. At his feet rests a basket of herbs. Behind him a window opens on the distant town of Nantucket with the belltower of the Unitarian Church faintly discernible in the background. Patience and a sad recognition of his racial loneliness on his own island are emphasized in his face.

The portrait, which has already been highly praised by off-island art critics, notably John E. Bird, Boston portrait painter, will be shown at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, where the annual exhibition of the Artists' Association opened Tuesday. According to Miss Macy, Mr. Bird's comments indicated amazement that she has completed such a remarkable portrait with no assistance from anyone. The task took about seven months to complete and Mr. Bird valued it at \$1,000.

The story of Abram Quarry is an interesting one, Miss Macy said. Growing increasingly fascinated by the man's personality as she brought him to life on the rock maple board, she dug into old island newspapers and went through letters contemporaneous with his death in 1854 for details.

From these sources she learned that Abram obviously came from good, peace-loving Indian stock. His home wigwam was on the west side of Sesachacha Pond, not ordinarily the site of Indian homes. Franklin Folger, writing in 1854, from 'Seonset, said that while both Sarah and Joseph, parents of Abram, were leaders among their people, they placed their son in the white home of the Steven Chases. There he lived for many years, learning the ways of his white neighbors but remaining loyal to his own people whom he visited frequently. Mr. Folger also mentioned the oil painting made while Abram was living alone in his Shimmo hut by a French artist. It was a worn old photograph of this portrait that Miss Macy used as her model for the wood-carving.

Another record, located by Miss Macy, is of the same period and was written by George Franklin Folger, formerly custodian of the Nantucket Athenaeum. He tells the story of Abram's brush with the Nantucket law courts—apparently the only time he became so involved.

Off-island visitors, interested in Indian remains, and armed with shovels, began a thorough digging of the Monomoy area—one of the spots where early Indians were said to be buried. Presumably looking for arrowheads, weapons or utensils used by the red-skinned natives, they were suddenly interrupted by the sudden, angry appearance of Abram. Gun in hand he ordered them away from the place.

Arrested and brought into court, the judge queried Abram on the reason for his belligerent behavior. "They were disturbing the graves of my ancestors," was the rejoinder.

Gravely the judge pushed his probing questions. "Would you have shot them if they had continued in the face of your protests?" the judge went on. "Yes," the Indian's answer was sober and thoughtful, "I would." Fully understanding the position of the sole remaining member of his race, the judge sympathized with the man and permitted him to leave court with only a minor reprimand as punishment.

Another anecdote told by Miss Macy and taken from the Folger record concerns a group of boys who called on Abram one day. In his house was a small model ship which he had made. Coveting the lovely little thing, the boys asked the Indian what he would take for it. "Your head," was his grim response. The record ends with the comment that no attempt was made to pursue the negotiations further.

In 1911 Richard Swain wrote from Shanghai of his memories of the old man. He emphasized, Miss Macy said, the hospitality of Abram, who frequently entertained unexpected visitors.

On a day's outing to Shimmo, Nantucketers would be greeted kindly by Abram. He would spread an outdoor table with a snowy cloth (he was noted for the whiteness of his table coverings), heat water for tea and do countless other small services before he would disappear quietly into the woods, not to return until the party had packed their picnic baskets and returned to town.

Mr. Swain's letter ended with a description of Quarry's last days which were spent in the almshouse. It was with reluctance that friends persuaded the old man to give up his two-room hut and move there. Unable to help him as they would have wished, they knew that the care Abram needed would be given him there. After his death a fire of unknown origin razed the small shack—and the last trace of one of the island's most interesting personalities vanished.

Perhaps Miss Macy's intuitive quality in her carved portrait, stems a little from her strong sense of loss at the passing of her old teacher, Mr. Ceeley. "Never was that loss greater than this winter," Miss Macy said, "when I had to work alone without his kindly criticism to guide me."

Standing in front of an oil painting of Mr. Ceeley which now hangs on her wall, Miss Macy admitted that one night working late she suddenly felt that the technical problems of carving the Indian's face were beyond her. "It seemed I could not go on without him. I felt so desperate I was on the point of giving up the whole thing."

"And then almost as though he were in the room with me I could hear him say 'Go back and cut deep. Cut deep.'"

A feeling of complete calm settled on the artist and she returned to her work with confidence and courage. That night she carved until the sun touched the walls of her work-room.

In discussing the beginnings of her creative life, Miss Macy first refers to her inheritance through the Macys and the Dunhams, both hand-minded, capable men. "As a child," she said, "I troubled my mother repeatedly because I would hammer, nail, or try to carve any wood which came my way—floors, walls, furniture." She was according to her mother's views, "a destructive child."

Whittling and building continued a spare-time occupation until at 11 she went to work for Mr. Ceeley, painting Happy Jacks, the sailor weather-vanes which were a popular item in the cabinetmaker's shop. By her 15th birthday she had progressed sufficiently in skill to make a Martha Washington mirror as a gift to her mother.

"The training Mr. Ceeley gave me couldn't have been better," she said. "For him everything had to be exactly right. Half-way measures were not good enough. I have always been grateful that he kept my standards high."

During the years since those early days, Miss Macy's talent has matured and strengthened until now she has come to be recognized as an artist of outstanding ability. Excellent examples of her cabinet work, her oil paintings and chip-carving are in many Nantucket homes as well as in mainland cities. Mrs. S. Leo Thurston, of Nantucket, owns a lyre table, a small desk, a canthus leaf mirror, an exquisite grandmother's clock and a carved full rigged ship, all done by the Nantucket artist. Other lovely pieces are owned by Miss Gladys Wood, Walter Coffin and Henry A. L. Sand of New York and Nantucket, who bought the painting of the ship, the Nathan B. Palmer.

Beyond the creative joy of working in wood, oils and watercolors, Miss Macy has one other major interest. Since girlhood she has loved horses and delighted in riding. When the Autumn fairs were still an integral part of each season, Miss Macy used to delight in racing with others around the track of the old Fairgrounds.

In spite of a serious back injury which precludes active participation in the sport now, she finds a horse a rewarding companion. She is, therefore, caretaker of two fine riding horses recently purchased by Mrs. Mitchell Todd of Nantucket. One of these is a palomino, the other a black Tennessee walking horse.

In the paddock behind her charming four-room house furnished with her own craft work, Miss Macy will be in charge of the two well-bred animals when Mrs. Todd and members of her family are not exercising them on Nantucket's moorlands.

"I find horses satisfactory," she explains, "because they are intelligent and real personalities. They have their days, just like humans, when they feel nervous and fractious—and other days when just living is so easy and fine that nothing would ever frighten them. If horses are treated with consideration, the same kind of thoughtfulness you give your friends, they respond wonderfully and can be trusted to be loyal and willing."

If care of horses and creativeness seem, on first thought, wide apart, additional consideration will reveal beneath the surface a real kinship. Both require deep understanding of values and an honest devotion and care in mastering details and technical control. A master artist such as Miss Macy finds a satisfactory release in her sympathetic love of fine horses.

Sept. 1, 1951

Aletha Macy Complimented On Excellent Work.

Recently Dr. Frank E. Lewis, President of the Pacific National Bank, received the following letter from Gerrard Mannix, of the Whale Mammal Products Co., of Brooklyn, New York, regarding the handcraft of Miss Aletha Macy of Nantucket:

"We are enclosing herewith check No. 13608 of the Whale Safety Paper Company, signed by Mr. R. G. Whale, of Waupaca, Wisconsin, made out to us and endorsed by us to our friend Miss Aletha Macy of Madaket Road, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

"The reason we are sending this to you is to point out the great good which Miss Macy is doing for Nantucket and which may be going on unnoticed and unappreciated by her fellow Nantucketers.

"Already her art work, sculpture, carvings are in the hands of people from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, including New York and the Warner Brothers Motion Picture Studios, in Burbank, California, who will, in December, release the latest modern version, in color, of the motion picture 'Moby Dick' based on the literary classic of Herman Melville of Massachusetts.

"Nantucket, from the standpoint of history, art, climate, and health, is considered most highly and the advertising value to Nantucket of Miss Macy's works of art is adding immeasurably in directing attention to your island. . . ."

The check from the Whale Safety Paper Company carried in its corner, as expected, a drawing of a spouting whale, and the letterhead of the Whale Mammal Products Company not only is imprinted over a large drawing of a sperm whale, but gives the cable address of the company as 'Mobydick'.

Dec. 3, 1955

Nantucket Island, Massachusetts



A NANTUCKET TRADITION

Photo by Hamar

Res

ke
we
se
A
pai
two
Fr
Ind
a
sid
ter
tarin
the
ex
dia
th
s
P
f
and
thro
bable qu
walls an
of smoke
Pre-vie
portrait
wood-car
praise.
thus don
ity of t
who fou
she had
aided a

Mi

From

N
call
fam
stan
trad
prom
tradi
Pour
who
carve
their
homes,
spirit.
Miss A
one of th
is an
creati
rect
rece
Ab
Indi
her
wo
Ce
Mis
T
a 1-
22 i
by 1
nized
net-r
paint
colors

